

MAR., 1907

15 CENTS

# SMITH'S

MAGAZINE

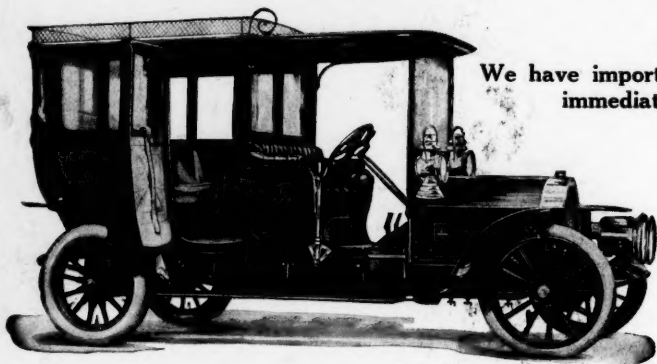


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Published Monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York

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# THE MARCH POPULAR

This is the greatest number that we have yet published. Your attention is particularly called to a new series by George Bronson-Howard which begins in this issue. It is called "Plantagenet Hock: Hero." It is humorous but full of adventure. Some of the good things in this issue are noted below.

**A WESTERN NOVEL.** One of the best we have printed. It is by a man who knows the West thoroughly and how to write about it, William MacLeod Raine. "Robbers' Roost" is the title.

**A HUMOROUS ADVENTURE SERIES.** "Plantagenet Hock: Hero," is the central figure in this new series of entertaining stories by George Bronson-Howard.

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# AINSLEE'S FOR MARCH

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

The March number of AINSLEE'S will continue, in the second instalment,

Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S  
remarkable story,

## "HER SON."

The opening chapters, in the February number, have been sufficient to enlist and concentrate the interest and attention of readers of magazine fiction and to lay a foundation for the claims made for the story on both sides of the Atlantic. What is to follow will more than justify those claims.

One of the most alluring stories that have ever been published in a magazine will be DOROTHEA DEAKIN'S novelette entitled "The Wishing Ring."

ROY NORTON will have another of his Western stories, and this one, "Nodsawana," has been pronounced the best work he has done. It has been eagerly sought by other magazines of the highest class and so AINSLEE'S readers are particularly fortunate in their own magazine.

BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG will have an absorbing mystery story, entitled "The Mystery of the Fence Work Bracelet."

Humor is abundantly supplied by L. FRANK TOOKER in his whimsical tale, "The Sinner."

Other short stories of the deepest interest will be supplied by GEORGE R. CHESTER, FRANCES WILLING WHARTON, EDITH MACVANE, JOHNSON MORTON and CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

Altogether it will be a number to remember.

There will be an essay by MARY MANNERS and the usual departments of dramatic and book news.

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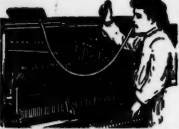
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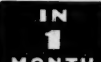


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Just look about you at the advertisements on billboards and in street cars and then realize if you can, the tons of ink required to place them there. You cannot view the result of this tremendous outlay of millions of dollars a year, reaching into every nook and corner of the universe, without drawing your own conclusions as to the stupendous amount of advertising being done and the field afforded you. And this is but one small part of the vast field for advertisement writers. Turn the pages of this magazine and give thought to the meaning of all the advertisements found here; then pick up another magazine, and another, and another, until you have become amazed at the number of similar magazines—3000 in all—showing thousands upon thousands of advertise-

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Page-Davis students who are now making daily use of their instruction and who are being paid handsomely for their services, first became acquainted with us just as you are now doing, and followed up the acquaintance.

They are now filling the most responsible positions as advertisement writers, earning from \$25 to \$100 a week, and managers; business men through this training have largely increased their business ability.

We will be glad to send you free, our large beautiful prospectus, telling all about this business; also, our list of employed graduates earning up to \$100 per week.

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**Page-Davis Company** Address { Dept. 329, 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO  
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# EGG-O-SEE

10¢

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## Cold Days Demand Energy

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EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY  
827 AMERICAN TRUST BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.



**-back to nature**



Vol. IV

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 6

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

MARCH

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

**WARNING.**—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints reach us daily from the victims of such swindlers.

*It is presumption to say you haven't a mind of your own,* yet that is what is practically said to you, when you ask for an advertised article and are offered a substitute by a dealer. He would give you what you made up your mind you wanted, but for the fact that a substitute pays him a larger percentage of profit. Such a dealer's interest lies only in making as much money out of you as possible. The first-class dealer would have given you what you asked for, by that course admitting that you had a mind of your own and were capable of exercising it. Show the substitutor that you have a mind of your own by getting *what you ask for.*

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 4

MARCH, 1907

NUMBER 6



MISS BLANCHE RING

SIXTEEN  
PRETTY  
WOMEN

"THE  
GREAT DECIDE"  
AND  
"ABOUT TOWN"

COGS



MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER



MISS LOUISE DRESSER



MISS TOPSY SIEGRIST





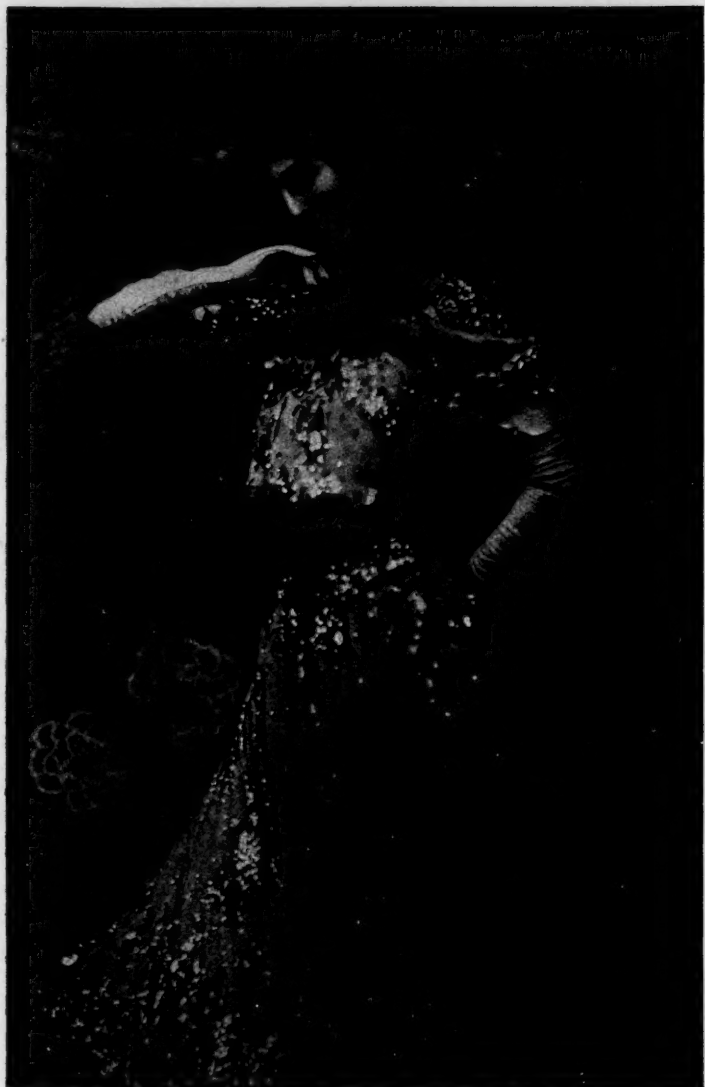
MISS EDITH ETHEL McBRIDE

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MISS ALICE HAGEMAN



MISS FRANCES HARRIS



MISS GERTRUDE MOYER

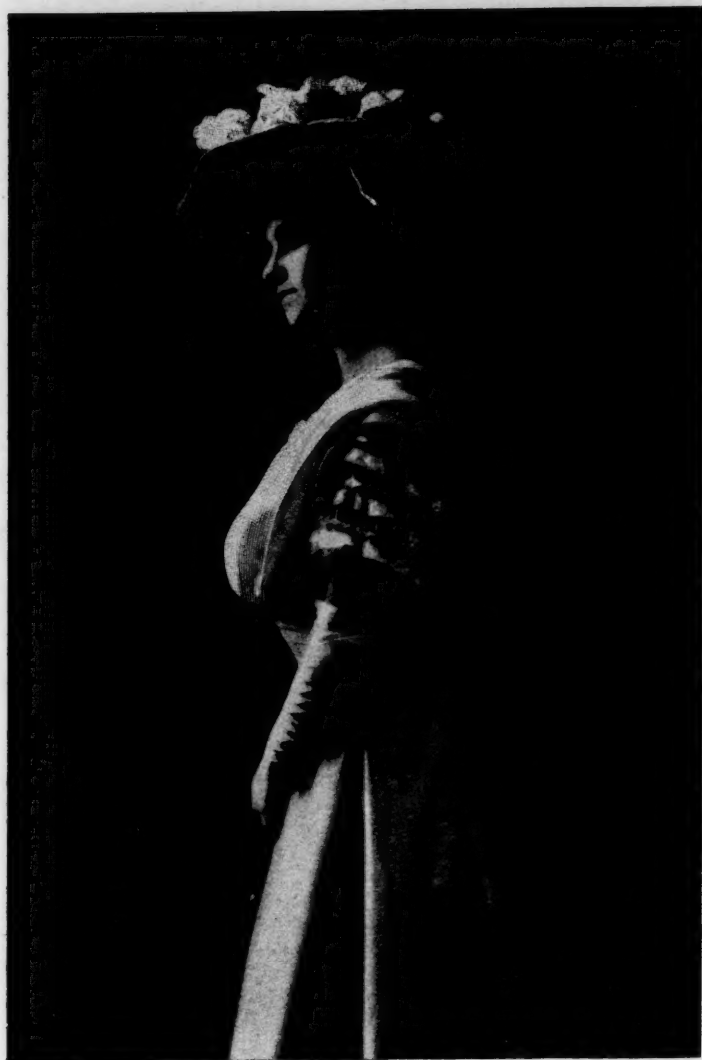


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MISS ELEANOR MANSFIELD





MISS ELINOR KERSHAW



MISS VIOLA HOPKINS



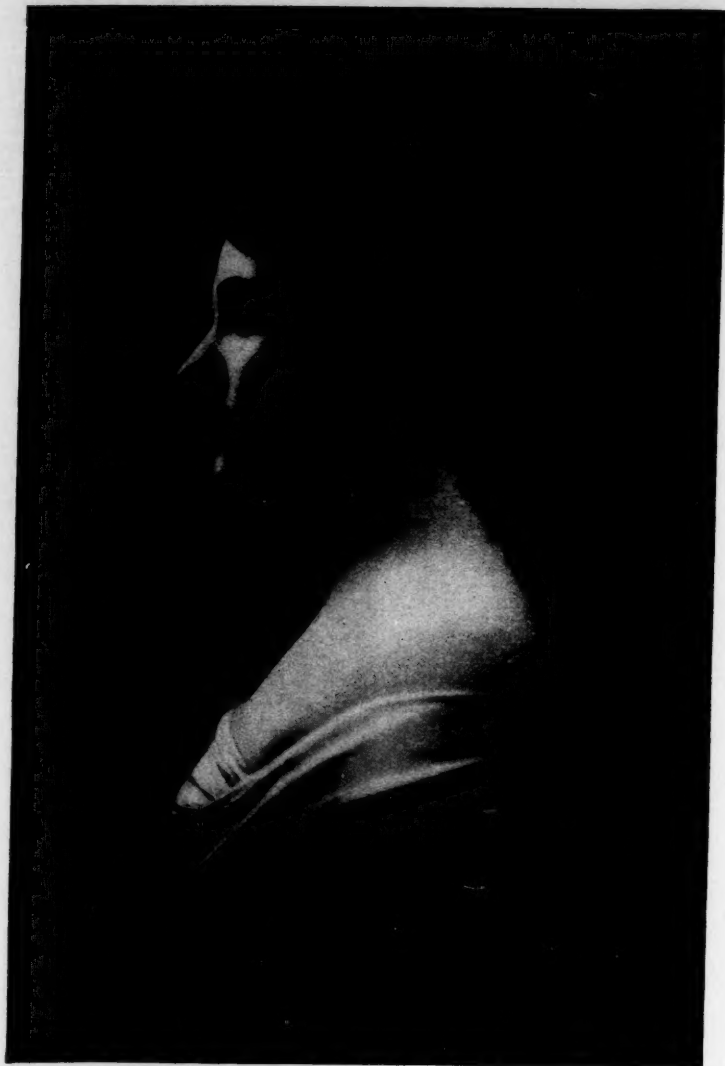
MISS MAY LESLIE



MISS VERA PINDAR



MISS BESSIE SKEER



MISS BETTIE DODSWORTH



## PROLOGUE

HER first wedding pointment to C gin with, the b per, parlor-maid at th house, had failed to child's eyes more a frilled gray-and-pink h in her every-day print black and white. Sec butter-maker, who play cant rôle of groom a had been anything but natured, whistling self was gone from his fa the liberal use of ba upon his shock of st could quite induce it t he presented a figure friends and neighbors heavily up the aisle w upon his arm. As for was his greatest social he scarcely retained e whisper his assent to taking Susan for his Charlene grieved over tion, not knowing it to failing of happy brid proach the marriage a driven cattle en route fo pen.

In those fairy-tales the chief of Charlene's up to this time, the brid of a resplendent beauty ding morns; their skir





ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

## PROLOGUE.

first wedding was a disappointment to Charlene. To begin with, the bride, Susan Pepper-maid at the great Trevelyn had failed to appear to the eyes more attractive in her gay-and-pink bridal finery than every-day prints or her spotless white. Secondly, Thad, the groom, who played the insignificant part of groom at the ceremony, anything but his ruddy, good-whistling self. All the color had faded from his face, and not even the use of barber's ointments could induce it to lie flat, so that he looked a figure of fright to his friends and neighbors as he creaked down the aisle with his rosy bride on his arm. As for whistling, which was his greatest social accomplishment, he had retained enough breath to give assent to the query about Susan for his wedded wife. He was grieved over this transformation, knowing it to be a customary thing for happy bridegrooms to appear at the marriage altar like dumb, motionless en route for the slaughter-

house. The fairy-tales which had been the staple of Charlene's literary studies at that time, the brides were always of radiant beauty on their wedding-day; their skirts never sagged

in the back as Susan Pepper's, albeit the handiwork of Charlene's skilful mother, undeniably did. In the green-and-gilt books which the little girl loved, bridegrooms were never scared bumpkins on these momentous occasions. And finally, though not least, the feet of the wedding guests never ached in hard, tight, shiny, new shoes as Charlene's did. She was very glad when the nuptials were over, when the feast of ices and cake, lemonade and cider in the servants' hall of the big house was safely consumed—a feast graced by the severely benedictory presence of Mr. Trevelyn himself, as well as by the less austere appearances of his wife, his little daughter Violet, and his big son Vance, with Vance's fiancée.

At last it was all over. Thad and his bride had caught the afternoon train for their wedding journey to Thad's old home across the State line. Charlene had kicked off her uncomfortable shoes, and had resumed the shapeless tan sandals of her accustomed wear. Her father, head farmer on the great country place of the Trevelyns, had allowed her to ride in front of him on his big gray to the mill. There he had swung her down, and bidden her "run along home to her mother."

She had followed a route of her own to that end; Charlene, at twelve, was no analyst of her own feelings, but it would have been evident to any observer that she generally chose a long

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road "home to her mother," the sprightly, discontented French woman who had, in her own words, condemned herself to a living death fifteen years before when she had allowed William Harkness to persuade her to give up being Mrs. Trevelyn's maid and become his wife instead. She was of the opinion that the act required excuse, and she was accustomed to offer it with a shrug and a little grimace: "He had the *beaux yeux*, and *moi*, I was one fool about him!" He had the *beaux yeux* still—if *beaux yeux* are clear, kindly, humorous brown eyes, with a trick of unclouded smiling through much conjugal nagging. But she had ceased to be one fool! Not even the dignity of being wife to the head farmer on the big Berkshire estate; not even the comforts which the position commanded, compensated her for the lost glitter of the city.

Her husband, as deep-rooted in the country soil as one of the immemorial elms, she could not understand.

"Pouf!" she would cry when on autumn days she caught him regarding, with a slow, long look of love, the amethystine hills, the bronzed and coppered hollows of the countryside. "Pouf! That for your hills! But, ah, the lights of Fifth Avenue, the dazzle of the carriages jamming their way home! William, I shall go quite mad if I have to live here another year!"

William, ascribing the outburst to mere racial vivacity, would let his slow, provoking smile dawn on her, tuck her under his arm, and bid her be a sensible little woman.

To the little woman upon whom sense was thus unwillingly forced, Charlene did not return at once when her father lowered her from his horse at the mill. Instead, she followed a brown brook that was bordered with ferns and cardinal flowers. The September sun came warmly through the trees; in the fields was a multitudinous chirp of crickets. In some of the lowlands a single maple flamed red, or a bunch of birches trembled to yellow; but for the most part the country still wore the green of midsummer. She

loved it all very dearly, very unconsciously, the farmer's little girl, and, as she went slowly, roundaboutly home, she sang a little, rimeless song she had made up about the golden princess. She did not inquire of herself whether the golden princess was the benignant, beautiful season, or the glorious creature whom Vance Trevelyn was going to marry, and who had flashed upon the landscape about Maplecroft for the first time that autumn, or the heroine of the last tale she had been spelling out in the green-and-gilt book.

She came to a bridle-trail through the estate, and remembered that near where it emerged upon a drive, her own maple held a nest which she designed to carry home and hang in the apple-tree outside her window, in the hope of luring a family of bluebirds to live there next summer. So she wound up the path toward the big-limbed tree. When she and Violet Trevelyn had been tiny children they had been wont sometimes to play together, for from the very cradle Violet had demanded society, and when society of her own rank had not been immediately forthcoming, she had democratically insisted upon having what could be obtained. In those days there had been built to the lower limbs of the big tree a small flight of steps, and in the leafy branches the two children had played wonderful games. Nowadays only Charlene went there. Since Violet had reached the discriminating age of ten, her mama had seen to it that she had plenty of companionship in the country without resorting to the daughter of the farmer and the ex-lady's-maid.

Charlene climbed agilely into the tree, disdaining the steps. The nest was in one of the upper branches, but she was almost as light as a bird, and a very slim limb indeed would have held her. She mounted, lost in the green. In a crotch near the top she seated herself astride—how her mother declaimed about her tomboy proclivities, and how her father laughed, and said to let the child alone!

From that aerie, she could sweep the

countryside for miles around—hills and valleys, the silver river winding among them, the farms, the villages. She could sit for hours in that perch, looking contentedly about her, forgetting even to play her little fairy games, forgetting even to mourn the defection of Violet, over which she had grieved a little in a puzzled, unresentful fashion a year or two ago.

To-day, as she sat on her throne, there came out of the woods below her two equestrians, who, however, walked beside their horses. Her heart gave a little bound. They were Vance Trevelyn and the lovely young lady whom he was to marry—ah, there would be a wedding worthy the green-and-gilt book! She watched them breathlessly as they came on, enacting a living tale for her. Once, she remembered, when all the estate had been invited to watch the unfolding of a night-blooming cereus in the conservatory at the great house, she had had the same breathless eagerness, delight, and awe that possessed her now as the lovers sauntered toward her.

When Charlene read her story-books, the author's feeble attempts to paint his hero entirely failed to reach her; the hero, for her, wore the familiar lineaments of young "Mr. Vance." He might be categorically described as a royal prince with a green feather in his cap, a black mustache across his face, a purple cloak blowing back from his graceful shoulders. Charlene ignored the details; the fairy prince was for her a clean-limbed, sturdy lad, his fair skin tanned to one color with his biscuit-brown locks, his eyes bright, laughing blue, a dimple in his chin—a cordial, gay, jesting, lovably domineering lad.

Her earliest recollection was—or she thought it was, having heard the incident often related by her mother, whom it had much impressed—of being suddenly snatched up from the farmhouse piazza, where she sat, a solemn-eyed mite of four, by a rosy boy of fifteen or sixteen, who kissed her and tossed her aloft, and said that she was a "darling baby, lots prettier than our

Violet." He had sent her little, special gifts in the big Christmas boxes; he had tossed her nods and smiles and cheerful "Hallos" as he scoured the place on his pony.

When he grew to be a tall, broad-shouldered young man, and the great house was full of his friends during the early autumn days, he never forgot his particular intimacy with the little girl. Even this marvelous summer when his betrothed bride was visiting at Maplecroft, he had called out, in passing the farmhouse where Charlene swung on the gate: "How's my old college chum to-day?"—a greeting of such wit and friendliness that she was divided between ecstatic giggling and ecstatic pride for the next half-hour.

And now this hero of heroes, this prince of princes, was coming up the path toward her retreat with the heroine, the princess, by his side. Surely she, Charlene, was a thrice-fortunate girl, for whom the most wonderful fairy-stories were enacted in real life, by real people. If only they would pause beneath her tree!

The gracious miracle was accomplished. They paused beneath her bower. Vance bade his Imogen look at the view. Imogen! How liquidly beautiful a name that was, thought the little girl in the tree top. And how lovely, how lovely beyond all the tales, was the owner of the name. She stood beside her horse, her hands crossed upon the saddle, her tall, supple young figure relaxed against the animal's glossy flank. Her hair, blown in curling tendrils beneath her stiff sailor, had the lights of ruddy gold; her dark-blue eyes shone with beauty, with joy. Her fair skin was delicately tanned, and the rose in her cheek had a splendid tinge of health. Her full lips made Charlene think of all manner of luscious things—dewy berries, velvety crimson petals, sun-reddened peaches. Evidently they made the man standing on the other side of the horse think also of delight, for he leaned suddenly across and kissed her.

"Oh, my darling," he breathed. In the tree top the little girl trembled.

She had never known how a voice could shake with joy, could deepen with surging emotion.

"Truly, do you?" said the golden princess, in half-coquettish, half-entreating reply to the declaration of his eyes.

"Do I, truly? Imogen, if I were all the poets that have ever been, if I were Spenser and Shakespeare and Browning and Swinburne rolled into one, I couldn't find the right word. Adore—oh, my dear, but words are poor things!"

She nodded, looking with suddenly pensive eyes down the slope.

"Poor — and inconclusive," she agreed. "Haven't you ever told any other woman you adored her?"

In the tree top, Charlene frowned. How could the lovely princess doubt her lover who stood there, straight and tall and noble, looking at her with a gaze more eloquent than all the words ever coined? How could the princess destroy the rapture of that golden, thrilling moment by dragging other people into it, as it were? And Vance had also frowned.

"I never did," he answered briefly. "Of course I know you've heard other men say all that I can say, except——"

"Don't be horrid," the princess pleaded. She raised her eyes to his. They were two melting violet wells of tenderness and yearning. He stooped suddenly and kissed them both. Then he caught her roughly to him and kissed the glowing face.

"Do you feel that that's more conclusive than words?" he demanded breathlessly, as she struggled out of his arms with a dismayed murmur.

"The highroad," she panted.

"No such thing. A path through the estate. 'No trespassing allowed.' And—suppose it were the king's highway? Aren't you mine? Can't I kiss you when I please? Can't I? That's what none of the others who told you they loved you could say—mine, mine, mine!"

"You are my master," she whispered softly. "On the king's highway or in

the deepest dell in the world. You are my master—and I adore you!"

The rough mood of passion and proprietorship which had won her, passed from him. He looked at her gently.

"It will take all my life to tell you the meaning of adoration," he said. "It is going to be a wonderful life—so good—so good, because of you, Saint Imogen! And great—it must be great, for you, Queen Imogen! And it's going to be a happy one—Wife Imogen."

The last words were very softly uttered. The girl to whom they were addressed gave a little cry.

"Love me like this always," she begged, "and, indeed, indeed, I'll be worthy and so loving, my lord, my master."

"Like this, but more each day," he promised her, with a note of solemnity in his voice.

They moved away again. The child in the tree top sat very still, caught up in their dream. The sunset reddened the western hills, was torn in ribbons of tender color, before she crept down again. She went softly home through the dusk, her bird's nest forgotten. She ate her supper in a silence which the talk of her elders did not penetrate. She took up no book before the fire that evening. When she went to her white little room she stood awhile by the window.

"I do not want to say my prayers," she told the silver night. "For maybe then I should forget all the words that they said to each other, Mr. Vance and the lady."

Her practical mother, however, came bustling in with a kerosene-lamp.

"You'll catch a cold, standing there in your night-dress," she said sensibly, as she opened a drawer in an old-fashioned chest and began rummaging for a hoarded material. "Why don't you get into bed? Have you said your prayers?"

"No'm," confessed Charlene.

"Well, hurry and do get into bed."

"I—I—I don't want to," blurted out the little girl.



*The door of the women's cabin swung wide and a girl slid from the stuffy interior to the damp freshness beyond.*

"You don't want to!" cried her scandalized mother, dropping a length of linen in her amazement.

"N-o'm," answered Charlene honestly. "You see, I would rather go to bed saying something else."

"What else?" Mrs. Harkness was naturally mystified.

"Something Mr. Vance and Miss—the lady he's going to marry—something they—something they said to each other to-day." Charlene was deeply abashed, but she did not know how to evade the truth.

"Something Mr. Vance and——" Mrs. Harkness' outraged surprise threatened to render her inarticulate. But she took a deep breath and recovered herself.

"Down on your knees," she commanded, "and pray the good God to forgive you for your impious thoughts."

Charlene was obedient. Her mother sat grimly by, while she dropped on her knees by her bed and until she arose again, with the "Wife Imogen" of the afternoon supposedly exorcised from her memory by the prayer to the *bon Dieu* whom the little girl reverently addressed each night in French, and whom she dimly conceived as a quite different deity from the one who presided over the various churches in the village.



## CHAPTER I.

There was the usual March Sunday afternoon crowd on the Long Island ferry-boat. In its cavernous dark center a half-dozen funeral carriages were coming in from the cemetery. The silk-hatted drivers lolled back on top of their hacks and exchanged pleasantries; the mourners showed faces of modifying grief through the windows. Two pleasuring automobiles, their power checked to a mere rumble, occupied the space in front, and their passengers, evidently all of one party, tossed back and forth remarks about runs and tests. The cabin seats were unequally divided between black-gowned women returning from memorial pilgrimages to graves, dull Long Island citizens bound for dull Sunday visits in town, and a few straggling golf-players coming in early from the clubs, and quite failing to relieve the preponderance of gloom. The March air was too moist and chill to tempt many beyond the cabin doors, while the steam within was of a malodorous intensity which rendered all those exposed to it stodgier and drearier than nature or the circumstances of their travel had already made them.

The boat was midway across the stream and New York was losing the glamour that the misty light of a little distance had lent it, when the door of the women's cabin swung wide and a girl slid from the stuffy, steaming interior to the damp freshness beyond. Mourning garb, which lends distinction to even the least noticeable woman, gave her a pathetic interest. She was tall, slight, swaying, with the willowy grace and movements which are rare in an era of steel and whalebone elegance and a community of restaurants. Her eyes, limpid, confiding, honest, brown as a hill brook, were shadowed by the soft black veil draped around her plain little hat. There was a look of bewilderment, as well as of sorrow, in their depths, and in the lines of the soft, red lips there was as much question as grief. To Charlene Harkness at nineteen, existence was a problem.

She had been out to the Long Island cemetery where her mother had been laid two months before. In the flat wilderness of graveled paths and marble slabs, the girl had been smitten with a more tempestuous homesickness for her hills than she had known in all the time she had passed in the city since her father's sudden death, six years before. To leave her mother in that vast, unfriendly mob of the dead had torn her heart. Even the pansies she had planted gave her no comfort. She pictured the burial-plot at home, nestling among the hills, shadowed by the passing clouds, caressed by the drifting leaves, blessed by the old, white church, as the dearest spot on earth. Was it not the spot where her beloved father lay beside his sires? But her mother would have none of it.

The instant her husband's death had freed her, Mrs. Harkness had sped to the city with his savings and the little sum an auction of her household effects had brought her. The worse, the more indifferently, the big town had treated her, the more determinedly she clung to it. She would not acknowledge herself wrong. The brilliant investments she had made of her little capital failed, a natural enough result when an ignorant, opinionated woman meddles with even minor finance.

Reduced to the small pension which she drew from the Trevelyn estate as a widow of a twenty-year employee and what her swift needle could earn for her, she could even then have existed in moderate comfort if the lure of speedy riches had not forever tempted her to try all manner of foolish chances. And each calamity that proclaimed her utterly unfitted for the sharp, strenuous struggle of the great city, had set her harassed face in more obstinate lines. She would not go back! She would never go back—not when all was over and her schemes and her ambitions were ashes with her restless body! In her last illness she had exacted from Charlene the promise that she should not be taken—"to that place," she called it; "home," Charlene called it—for burial.

And so it was from the dreary acreage of the city dead that Charlene was returning this dull Sunday afternoon.

From the other side of the boat a young man watched her with the kind look some men have for children and animals and dependent creatures in general. He was not an imposing figure. There was not much grace in his long body, and his garments were obviously ready-made—and ready-made some time ago, at that. He had either donned a thin spring overcoat before the season warranted it, or it had done him duty all the winter. Strapped to his shoulders was a botanist's tin box, and the baggy knees of his trousers gave evidence that he had knelt in muddy places searching for whatever treasure the box contained. Charlene, unconscious of his attention, gazed down the gray river.

A laugh, light, high, musical, struck her ear and called her regard back to the boat and its passengers. The melodious merriment had come from one of the automobiles, and she glanced toward it. From the seat beside the man who was driving the car a woman had turned to address the others in the tonneau. Her face was full upon Charlene. The girl looked at it with the dull blindness of grief for a second. Then its familiarity smote her. She knew that proud, gay, lovely face. The curling, ruddy, gold hair beneath the fur toque, the rich, warm, red and ivory that mantled the face above the fur wrap, the joyousness, the vitality of the whole personality, were not strange to her, she knew.

For a second she thought that it might possibly be one of her more frequent customers at the lace counter in Knapp & Seaman's store, upon whom she looked. She knocked at the door of her memory to recall when, within the last six weeks of hard experience, that opulent presence of happiness had brushed her vision. But she could not "place" the customer. Her eyes traveled to the other car, and she saw, leaning back in it, a man who told her who the woman was. The handsome, vigorous, clean-cut, clean-shaven, auto-

cratic face, the indolent attitude which proclaimed a voluntary relaxation of muscles, not weakness or weariness—of course she knew them. She had not seen Vance Trevelyn for seven years, but for the second she was again the palpitant little girl for whom his doings had been such exciting, absorbing romance! Her lips parted, her loyal little heart ran out a red flag on her pale cheeks, across which still a few country freckles were sprinkled. Then she drew into the corner and looked down the river again.

After all, she did not want them to see her, to recognize her, even if they could. She was no longer the little daughter of the head farmer, to be petted and laughed at and waved to. She was Miss Harkness, of Knapp & Seaman's lace department and Mrs. Lynch's boarding-house—a young person who might display her wares to Mrs. Vance Trevelyn's appraising eyes any day. Groppingly, she perceived that there was a thick wall between the past and the present.

The boat struck against the side of the slip. She stole another look at the cars. The years had changed Vance, indefinitely but unmistakably. His hand was on his steering-apparatus now, and his look was intent enough, but there were marks of boredom, of irritation, on his face. He would not laugh quite so easily, one perceived, and not quite so kindly, as he used.

Thirty-fourth Street, when she reached it, seemed in a somewhat disheveled holiday mood. The boat had been late in getting across and a mob of disgruntled waiters for the return trip jammed the gates. There was a tangle of trolley-cars at the dark terminal under the shadow of the elevated tracks, and a crowd of vehicles blocked the way to the gates of the pier. Sunday loafers hung around, women lolled on the tenement window-sills, children played in the gutters.

"Out of the way, there," cried some one to a group of boys in the middle of the road. The command was distasteful to the feelings of young America. The answer was a ston-

aimed at the motor-car in which Mrs. Vance Trevelyn sat. It grazed her fur hat.

In a second there was an amateur riot. The bearded gentleman beside whom Mrs. Trevelyn sat was evidently in favor of making a Juggernaut out of his car. The boys began slinging missiles in earnest. The onlookers of the neighborhood encouraged or discouraged them according to their tastes, but with no certain result beyond the swelling of the confusion.

Charlene, frightened, stood on the curb and looked toward the big machine which Vance Trevelyn drove. No young lord of France, before the Revolution had taught young lords the policy of gentleness, could have worn a more imperious blackness of brow than his as he called to his fellow driver:

"Clear a way through them, Lingard, then! I'll teach them to throw stones!"

And when he was about to teach the much-needed lesson in a way that would have darkened his own recollections forever, when his eyes were hard and his mouth set in unreasoning, masterful cruelty, a shabby, lank young man darted suddenly off the sidewalk and snatched something from almost beneath the car. It was a stumbling child of three, clad in a soiled red wrapper, and crowing with delight in the excitement of the street.

The shabby man addressed the stone-throwers, while a shriek rose from the baby's mother at her window-sill.

"You young ruffians!" he said. "If—if anything had happened, it would have been your fault. Throw those things into the gutter!"

Then he looked at young Trevelyn, who had stopped his car in horror when he saw how small and helpless a thing he had threatened. Trevelyn was fumbling in his pocket and saying: "Here, here. Take this—for the child, the child's family—anything."

"I'm not in the almoner business," answered the man curtly. He handed the soft, limp mass of red calico and baby to a voluble woman, and strode off. Charlene, crouched against the

stone stairs of an old-fashioned house, shuddered at the dangers past. And she wondered a little at the haughty, angered surprise which blazed in Mrs. Trevelyn's face. Did not the princess see what might have happened? How wonderful a life—to be so much the ruler of destiny that any cross to one's wishes, any delay in one's progress, seemed an unbelievable thing—almost a crime! And what a kind face that queer, poor-looking young man had!

She made her way toward Mrs. Lynch's in a little turmoil of excitement that for the time overmastered her extreme distaste for her journey's end. If Charlene, whose impulses were all gentle, whose judgments were all tender, could be said to hate anything, it was Mrs. Lynch's boarding-house. It had introduced her to a new feature of impecuniosity—slovenly squalor. She and her mother had been poor enough, in all conscience, during the six years of their struggle. The larders of the tiny, ill-lighted flats in which they had lived had often been slimly furnished; but the tables on which the scant repasts had been spread had been spotless and shining. Very tiny was the bag in which coal had come from the cellar of the coal-dealer, and they had been treated almost as if they were those aristocratic relatives of coals, diamonds. But there was no trail of ashes about the stove, no red of rust on its lids. The six years had been hard—cruelly hard to the young girl who longed for her birthplace during every day of then; whose neck and back and eyes ached at the work in which she dutifully but skilllessly helped her mother—but they had not been squalid years.

But the stipend of six dollars a week on which Charlene began her proud career as "an independent wage-earner" at Knapp & Seaman's did not permit of even the most frugal house-keeping. Nor did the hours of labor at the Twenty-third Street emporium leave much time or strength for what the women's pages call "homemaking." Charlene had been deeply grateful when that one of her mother's customers who had steered her toward the



Knapp & Seaman counter—a girl who herself worked in a Sixth Avenue shop—had directed her also to Mrs. Lynch's as a resort much patronized by sales-ladies and deservedly popular with them as inexpensive, respectable, and "a place where she don't hound you for her money all the time." After she had lived there a week Charlene's gratitude to Katie Husted was a somewhat mixed quantity. At the end of a month it was, in this regard, an entirely negligible one.

Of Mrs. Lynch's good nature and sociability there could be no question. Never did a stout landlady climb so willingly to a sick lodger's room with a breakfast-tray and conversation; and never was a tray so unappetizing as that of Mrs. Lynch's preparation. From crumpled, coffee-stained napkin to chipped cup and greasy plate and gritty fork, everything was calculated to destroy the most robust desire for food. Mrs. Lynch herself, in ungirt wrapper, heelless felt slippers, smudgy, bared forearm, oily locks—Mrs. Lynch herself was *awful*.

Charlene had said it to herself, with the feeling that she was a traitor and an ingrate, the only time she had ever permitted herself a Sunday morning headache and had been the recipient of her landlady's good offices. After that experience she would have dragged herself from her death-bed to the dingy basement dining-room, with its stored scents of griddle-cakes, cabbage, onions, and Rio coffee, rather than be again the direct victim of Mrs. Lynch's ministrations.

She schooled herself to bear the dining-room—the paper peeling from the wall in one corner, the red table-cover chronically soiled and crumpled, the metal of the cloudy castors always tarnished, the limp napkins, which were, in spite of one's most determined efforts at identification, a sort of common property. She schooled herself to bear the holes in the dusty old carpets, and she trained her feet to be wary in avoiding them; she became quite expert in evading the balustrade where it was rickety; she taught her eyes not

to look at the unwashed gas-globes, behind which the light flared feebly from the "doctored" burners of boarding-house tradition. The horrible zinc tub of Mrs. Lynch's bathroom—unlighted save for a leaky skylight—she used to scrub with ammonia and sandsoap on Sunday mornings, and there she used to wash not only her own belongings, but many articles for which her slovenly landlady was supposed to be responsible—the muslin sash-curtains of her window, towels, even once a bed-spread!

The other girls who boarded in the house took the untidiness cheerfully enough. They were a good-natured crowd, who bore their household tribulations easily, dressed themselves with striking taste, formed swift intimacies, slanged one another and Mrs. Lynch's four or five men boarders with great volubility, and extracted what seemed to be a fair amount of enjoyment out of the somewhat unpromising materials of their lives.

On this Sunday afternoon, when Charlene reached the house, she found a group of them on the steps. It seemed that from a house opposite the police-patrol had just departed with a prisoner—a too-zealous celebrant of his Sunday holiday. The young ladies at Mrs. Lynch's had the vivacious temperament which found in the circumstance only a providentially arranged "free show," and they were accordingly gathered at the door. They hailed Charlene as she drew near.

"Didn't you see it at the corner—the Sunday jag-wagon?" they inquired cheerfully. "You must have passed it. He was yellin' blue murder when they chucked him into it—get on to the guinea."

A small, dark woman had paused, and was addressing the group in a language unfamiliar to her hearers. Her looks and inflections denoted that she was asking for information. Charlene turned from the laughing faces above her and spoke eagerly to the stranger.

"Will ye listen to that, now?" commented Mrs. Lynch admiringly from

the doorway, which her ample presence blocked. "Talkin' to the dago woman like a native."

"It's not Italian, it's French." An elegant young lady with a twenty-inch waist and a forty-inch chest, a monumental pompadour, and a triple string of blue glass beads, languidly vouchsafed this information.

"Ye don't say?" commented Mrs. Lynch amiably. "Well, 'tis all one to me. Mother of mercy, if here ain't Mr. Shields!"

A tall, lank young man, with a botanist's tin case strapped to his shoulders and earth stains on the knees of his baggy trousers, turned in at the steps. There was a confusion of greeting, from which one might gather that Mr. Shields, though a regular inmate of Mrs. Lynch's, had been some time absent from her hospitable roof, that she rejoiced at his return, that the young ladies were mildly indifferent to it, and that his attention was more occupied with Charlene, talking French to a bewildered, astray woman, than with the others. When the conversation had ended with a voluble succession of "*Mille mercis*" from the stranger, Charlene turned toward the group on the stairs.

"She has lost her way; she was a stranger here," she began explanatorily. Then she saw the young man and stopped abruptly. "Oh!" she said.

Mrs. Shields performed the ceremony of introduction with a lavish use of personality.

"Mr. Shields, let me make you acquainted with Miss Harkness. She came here to live the week after you went off on that trip west. She's our only young lady from Knapp & Seaman's. She's got Miss Murray's old room, on the fourth floor. Mr. Shields is an awful quiet one, Miss Harkness; if he's got a sweetheart, there ain't no one here that knows it. He's all for flowers and weeds—look at him now an' his tin box! You ought to be great friends, you two, bein' both so shy."

"How do you do?" said Charlene, blushing and stiff in acknowledgment of this exordium.

"I am very glad to meet you," Mr. Shields assured her. "I think we crossed on the same ferry from Long Island."

"Yes," said Charlene. "And I saw you—it was so good, so fortunate. You were just in time. It would have broken their hearts if they had run over that baby."

This view of the effect of his action had not struck Mr. Shields, it seemed. But before the fusillade of questions from the girls in the hall he was compelled to abandon his interpretation of the automobilists' characters and probable emotions. He seemed embarrassed at the inquiries hurled at him, and beat a hasty retreat up the stairs.

"He'll save a life for you, all right; it doesn't cost anything," commented Miss Louisa Huntley, carefully examining her highly polished finger-nails, and brushing them upon her tweed skirt for a more brilliant luster. "But if you're not keen on that sort of entertainment, I'd advise you to have mighty little to do with him. As for the theater—or a plate of cream of a summer evening—not on your tintype! My! but he's a contrast to Harry Harlock, isn't he?"

The young ladies and Mrs. Lynch all agreed that he was, and cautioned Charlene that she would derive but little financial entertainment from the life-saver. That Mr. Shields refrained from making himself their escort because he shrank from intimacy with them, or feared some uncongeniality of tastes, was an idea which had never crossed the young ladies' minds. Charlene thought of it, however.

And so heedless was she of the possibility of future merrymakings, that when Mr. Shields, with a sort of bashful directness, asked her after supper if she would give him French lessons in return for a small money stipend or for instruction in anything which he knew and she did not, she accepted the offer gratefully. Her mother had been able to spare her from the sewing-room very little after they had come to New York, and the girl had often lain with hot tears smarting against her eyelids,

thinking into what an ignorant creature her father's daughter, the child of many ambitions, was growing.

#### CHAPTER II.

In her office on the fifth floor of the Knapp & Seaman building, Mrs. Will-

Mr. Knapp, on the Riviera, certainly took his more lightly—that she knew.

The seven-foot partitions which separated her severe little box of a room from numerous similar boxes did not act as a non-conductor of sound. From the lunch-room in the southwest cor-



*Mrs. Lynch performed the ceremony of introduction with a lavish use of personality.*

iam Channing Lorimer pushed her iron-gray pompadour back from her finely aquiline, olive face, and sighed. She was extremely tired, and at the moment it seemed to her that her responsibilities were as great as those of Messrs. Knapp & Seaman themselves.

ner of the floor she heard the laughter of the late lunchers eating their "cost-price" meals. A typewriter clicked noisily in the den a door or two removed from hers, where the advertising man dictated accounts of the bargains to be had at the Knapp & Sea-

man counters—compositions, the effort of which whitened his hair, as he endeavored to compete with the most flamboyant of his rivals while abating no jot or tittle of the dignity which Mr. Knapp, on the Riviera, held to be essential to the store announcements.

The lady whose wearisome vocation and employment it was to teach the Knapp & Seaman cash-boys and cash-girls, in relays, a few rudiments of commercial knowledge, had just been in to tender her resignation, through Mrs. Lorimer. From the emergency sick-room, at the north end of the floor, came the odor of liniment, testifying to the fact that Nellie Stacey was having the trained nurse bind the finger which she had injured in a playful scuffle with one of the elevator-boys. Mrs. Lorimer had seen the finger, and had said what the situation seemed to demand concerning the advisability of decorous conduct in a moving "lift." She had also shown herself in the rug department at the earnest solicitation of an old Denver friend entreating her advice and assistance there; the possession of those old Denver friends with plethora purses and a good-natured willingness to empty them where the process would be most beneficial to "Lina Lorimer" had been carefully considered by the astute gentlemen who gave her her position five years before.

She was very, very tired, Mrs. Lorimer, and as she sat at her roll-top desk she asked herself if she had not erred when, at the time of her husband's sudden failure and suicide, half a decade ago, she had applied to her old friend, Mr. Seaman, for a chance to sell her multifarious, unclassified accomplishments. If only she had taken in washing instead! A laundress' lot seemed calm and restful to her when compared with her own anonymous business—of adviser in all the internal social complications of the big store and head of its teaching and club movements—"its uplift work," as some one had once called it, to Mrs. Lorimer's shuddering disgust.

"I am going to run away from it all,"

she told herself. "At least, for this afternoon. I won't listen to another one of Mr. Jenkins' effusions on our own importations of lingerie. I won't revive any fainting girl from any department. I won't plan when the Junior Ivies can have the hall for a club-dance, and I won't, won't, won't begin the fiendish business of arranging the summer outings and calling for vacation schedules."

A rap sounded on Mrs. Lorimer's door. Down from the beautifully brushed hair came the firm, white hands, guiltless of a single ring except the band of her unhappy marriage. Banished was the look of lassitude. "Come in," called Mrs. Lorimer cheerfully. It was the head saleswoman of the costume department who answered—an alert, well-dressed, businesslike little Irishwoman.

"It's trouble I'm in, Mrs. Lorimer," she began. Miss Delaney held Mrs. Lorimer in very high respect; she was accustomed to say that she hadn't been handling and selling the best-made garments all these years without being able to recognize "the real thing" wherever she saw it.

"Sit down and tell me about it," answered Mrs. Lorimer, clearing a chair of trade circulars, charity bulletins, and daily papers with a sweep of her arm.

"We lost Madame Desplaines' order yesterday for all the frocks she was to wear in 'Camille,' because we had no one to speak French with her. You know the costumes she brought with her from Paris were burned with the scenery in that Toronto railroad fire. She lost her temper dreadfully when she couldn't make us understand, even by talking loud."

"But," began Mrs. Lorimer, remembering the "*ici on parle Français*" of the firm's cards, "why on earth was there no one to speak French? Haven't we—"

"We have two," interrupted Miss Delaney crisply. "But Miss Fleury spends less and less time here—she is docked more than half her salary, though," grimly. "You wouldn't guess it from her clothes. And Plevin was

out at luncheon. Our buyer's furious. It's gotten around to Mr. Seaman—and you know how unreasonable he can be! As far as I can make out he's dictating want ads to appear in all the papers, demanding salesladies who have the gift of tongue. He says," Miss Delaney smiled demurely, "that no woman who knows only her own language is fit to be in his employ."

Mrs. Lorimer also smiled. She knew the vehement Mr. Seaman very well.

"There's a girl in the lace department," she said thoughtfully; "rather a newcomer and shy. But not a bad saleswoman of a certain kind—unobtrusive and well bred. She's part French, I think." She began to run through a card catalogue of names, still talking. "Gertie Bannan dragged her in to the meeting about the girls' gymnasium the other evening—ah, here's her card. Charlene Harkness."

"Well, if I could get her, and if she does know French," replied Miss Delaney, "it would probably save me having to break in some six or eight French-speaking greenhorns to-morrow—and it would probably save some of our girls their jobs."

"I'll see what I can do," said Mrs. Lorimer.

Twenty minutes later Mr. Eugene Scranders, who felt that fate had been unjust in keeping him out of the British Life Guards, and who tried to compensate himself for the injustice by wearing a longer taffy-colored mustache than ever guardsman wore, and by expanding his chest to a degree that threatened the buttons of the magnificent waistcoats in which he encased it—Mr. Eugene Scranders, prince of floor-walkers, the very pink and perfection of "aisle men," stood before that part of the counter where Charlene patiently opened the sample book of German veils to a querulous dame, and addressed her.

"Miss Harkness," he trumpeted magisterially. "You are wanted on the fifth floor, in the office."

Charlene glanced apprehensively at him. There was no reassurance in his look; as a matter of fact, he had no

idea why she was wanted in the office, having snatched the message, as it were, from the boy who was bearing it. But Mr. Scranders never permitted a lack of information to interfere with an appearance of wisdom. One glance at his portentous countenance convinced Charlene that she was about to be dismissed. She went toward the elevator, her heart fluttering so that it hurt her. Her little purse shut over a solitary silver piece since she had paid the last of the undertaker's bill and had bought her new shoes. If she should lose her position—Mrs. Lynch's greasy refuge seemed very desirable at that moment.

In the office there was a little conclave. Mr. Seaman, having involved himself in this matter, was there—his thick, curly, white hair on end, his excitable blue eyes keen, for all their excitement; an incarnation of energy. The buyer of the costume department was also present—small, dapper, Jewish, he wore his hat on the back of his head, to show himself unawed by his employer and unembarrassed by Mrs. Lorimer; he conveyed the impression that on his way to a steamer he had paused a minute to adjust a difficulty which might otherwise go on unhindered to positive disaster.

Mrs. Lorimer and Miss Delaney made up the number of the judges before whom the frightened Charlene appeared.

"No presence; won't do," Mr. Klein confided to Mrs. Lorimer. "She'd kill one of those sumptuous creations, fur and lace and brocade. It takes a stunner to show them off and to sell 'em."

"Ssh," Mrs. Lorimer warned him with a quick frown. And she herself continued more softly than he had spoken: "She has a charming manner; with saleswomen like that we could keep the best-bred trade in town."

"And lots of good that would do the business," jeered Mr. Klein.

Mr. Seaman was hurling questions about her French at Charlene. Miss Delaney was sliding in a few about her knowledge of fabrics. The end of it all was that Mr. Seaman said:



"Very well, then; don't go back to the lace counter, Miss—er—Harsworth. Go with this lady, here," he indicated Miss Delaney, "straight to your new department."

There was some mention of a raised salary. The girl's heart expanded happily at the sound of eight dollars a week; then it contracted again. The desolate question of the bereaved was hers; what did it matter now how much she earned, how little she earned? There was no one to be helped, no one to rejoice, no one to care. So, rather sadly, she followed her guide to the comparative luxury of the costume department, with its upholstered settees, its soft carpets, its atmosphere of warmth and daintiness.

Among the sinuous salesladies of the department, many of them chosen with a careful regard to the effect which their figures, draped in certain lovely garments, would have in persuading ladies of quite other lines to buy those garments, she felt at first a little shy. But at Knapp & Seaman's there was little time for indulgence in the egotistic emotions; very few minutes passed before Charlene found herself learning the mysteries of the new stock under the tutelage of a crisp-spoken young damsel, who confided to her not only the meaning of hieroglyphic price-marks, the abiding-place of different varieties of goods, but also the young damsel's personal impressions of her fellows and her matrimonial intentions.

There was a little dimple in Charlene's left cheek, not far above her mouth; it was an attractive little dimple when it showed itself; it seemed to match a sparkle in her brook-brown eyes which came at the same time. Both of these marks of pleasure appeared on her face as she listened to Miss Dottie Smart, and planned, unmaliciously enough, how she would react, for Duffield Shields' benefit that evening, Miss Smart's manner.

The evening lessons—there were four a week, to the infinite noisy delight of her fellow boarders—had become rather pleasant features of existence. In Mrs. Lynch's economically

managed ménage, the apartment known variously as drawing-room, parlor, living or sitting-room, did not exist. The "front room" served the landlady and her nine-year-old daughter as a bedroom. When any of her young ladies, as Mrs. Lynch insisted upon terming her lodgers, were going out for the evening, their escorts were permitted to wait in this room. But for the most part it was barred against intrusion. So that the mutual French-English lessons went on in the basement dining-room, at the table with the red cloth. Mr. Shields had purchased a lamp to supplement the flickering gaslight, and this—a bright tin affair with a shade as green as the light before a police-station—was the most cheerful thing in the establishment, to Charlene's mind. They had had such a lamp at home! Her mind was busy in that room, rehearsing to her grave, amused tutor and pupil Miss Smart's monologue, while she followed in the wake of that young woman.

"You won't like Irene MacCarthy," Miss Smart announced, shaking out a salmon-pink crape. "This goes with the fancy-colored. She's a cat. Eugene Scranders is her best feller; some say they're married already, but ain't announcin' it till they're ready to give a big blow-out. He give her a lovely ivory-white broadcloth opera-coat last winter. That's her, holdin' up the black voile dolman for that fussy-lookin' old party with the parrot's nose. See her—smilin' an' noddin' toward the door? Wonder who all that's for? Oh, I see! Miss Vanderpool just come in—see her? Not that way—say, you're a reg'lar bat—over there by the elevator, in the champagne-colored peau de— What? Who's Miss Vanderpool? Say, do you mean that? Where have you been livin' at, might I inquire? That's Miss Vannie Vanderpool—ain't you seen her in 'Queen of the Canary Isles'? My goodness, but you're a greenie! Why, she has an account here bigger than almost any one's! An' if you'd like to know who guarantees it, well, it's—"

Miss Smart whispered the name, and

the dimple fled from Charlene's cheek and the innocent merriment from her eyes. Six weeks in the big department stores had taught her the meaning of much evil, but she was not yet callous to the knowledge.

Miss Vannie Vanderpool, who was attended by a furbelowed, sharp-featured woman with avaricious eyes and a superabundance of powder in her wrinkles, had sunk languidly upon one of the circular, velvet seats, to await her favorite saleswoman, Miss MacCarthy. But the parrotlike old lady was difficult to suit in the matter of the voile jacket, and the delay was long. A frown began to appear upon Miss Vanderpool's vacant countenance, beneath her bands of black hair. Her eyes, two black circles in the enameled whiteness of her pert, three-cornered face, grew ill-tempered. Her hanger-on, swift at reading signs and at offering the advice she thought most acceptable, urged her to leave, to call the floor-walker, to summon the head of the firm, if need be.

"They'd miss your account," said the lady, with much satisfaction in the thought. Miss Vanderpool agreed that something must be done, and immediately. The result was that in another minute Charlene, blushing, nervous, stood before her.

"Miss MacCarthy will be disengaged very shortly, Miss Vanderpool," Miss Delaney had assured the irritated customer. "Meantime, this young lady could be showing you something."

Twenty minutes later Miss Vanderpool left the store, richer by one cerise chiffon velvet frock which had been sold to her by Charlene.

"By the way," said the Queen of the Canary Isles in what she fondly conceived to be a regal manner, as she swept from the section, "I'll have that little thing wait on me always hereafter. She has such a light touch. Miss — er — my usual saleswoman — has hands like a kitchen-maid when she fastens one up."

Thus Miss Vanderpool paid off Miss MacCarthy for not having immediately attended to her; thus also she vindicated

her claim to the titles of beauty and of favorite; for were not capriciousness and cruelty the very hallmark of such power as hers? And thus also she made for Charlene a furious enemy. Miss MacCarthy, who spent a goodly part of her time out of the store in the practise of manicuring rites, was certainly not going to let an insult to her hands—hurriedly repeated to her—go unchallenged; and as she couldn't very well challenge Miss Vanderpool, she made up her mind that Miss Harkness should suffer for the libel.

### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Vance Trevelyn, that favorite of the gods, had slept ill. Late as it had been when he sought his bed, he had been not in the least drowsy. The Scotch whisky which had stood at his elbow all the evening at the club had inflamed his blood rather than dulled his senses. The stiff game in which he had sat had acted similarly upon him. He had gone home at two, very much more wide-awake than he had been at ten of the previous morning.

He had stood a minute outside Imogen's closed door when he came in. He had rather wanted to tell her a truth which had forcibly occurred to him on that evening, and on other similar evenings—the truth that the idle, pleasure-seeking, excitement-craving life they led was likely to end in havoc for them. Fortunately, he had decided to defer his moralizings until morning; for Imogen at 3 A. M. would have very little relished a dissertation on the tendencies of modern life.

The troubled, remorseful reflections of the too-late wise were his for the next few uneasy hours. Vance was forever alternating between conduct which was a violent reaction against the Puritanism represented by his austere, personally irreproachable father, and reflections which embodied his father's very code. This morning, tossing on his drink-and-card-fevered pillow, he was a very Roundhead in his zeal for all forms of self-restraint.

The early light aroused him from a doze. It was half-past six. Well, he would waste no more time in futile efforts after sleep and in more futile self-reproaches. He would date a reform from that minute. He would arise, take a tub, call for a cup of coffee, and go for a ride in the park. At nine or ten, refreshed and invigorated, he would return and promulgate to Imogen the rule of their future life! He put down the recollection that once or twice previously, when he had attempted to do this, Imogen had seemed to have a few words of her own to say. Such recollections were irrelevant. The new order should date from that moment.

The surprised servants, unaccustomed to see their young employers before ten o'clock, furnished him with the coffee he demanded. He telephoned to the stable near the park where his riding-horse was kept, to have it meet him at the Fifty-ninth Street entrance. Half-past seven saw him at the park gates, bestowing a careless glance at the cross-town cars packed to the doors with men and women on their way to work.

"Poor devils!" he said to himself, on the first impulse of the more fortunate. Then he added, with darkening brow: "I don't know about that, either. Not so badly off as I am. They do an honest day's work, get honestly tired, and have an honest night's sleep. And I'll bet every miserable, pale clerk of them had a woman who cared for him make him his breakfast this morning!"

The groom from the stables, touching his cap and pocketing his tip, diverted the current of the social philosopher's thoughts. The brisk riding through the paths, tenderly green in the early spring, the dewy freshness of the air, the rhythmic motion of his favorite exercise, continued the work of diversion. Mr. Vance Trevelyn, reentering his home at half-past nine, was much less concerned as to what the world was coming to than the Mr. Vance Trevelyn who had left it two hours previously. Even personal reform, he felt, though necessary, was not so immediately exigent.

Imogen was not down, of course.

Imogen had early given up the Darby and Joan practise of breakfasting opposite her husband. She had even laughed him out of the feeling that he was defrauded of one of the greatest domestic blessings by her defection. He remembered the slip of paper on which she had computed the number of times they would be obliged to confront each other across the coffee-urn if they lived the allotted period of man's life and clung to the habit of breakfasting together. She had a whimsical fashion of winning her own way, Imogen.

Breakfast was laid for him at one end of the table. The mail was brought to him there. He read and ate comfortably enough. His letters were soon exhausted—the scrawl from his sister Violet, who had that winter achieved the distinction of a runaway match with a college football hero who happened, by Violet's luck in generally landing on her feet, to be also a good fellow not entirely unblest with "prospects;" a long, closely written letter from his mother, who, with his father, was in Egypt. Mrs. Trevelyn, senior, belonged to the school of letter-writers who must look for a posthumous publication of their works; her letters were a combination of guidebook description and copybook platitudinism—a thoughtful, cultivated style, she would have called it.

Through with his letters, Vance picked up a copy of *Society Scribblings*. He grinned here and there as he recognized some thrust. Suddenly his eyes darkened. A decorous paragraph referred to his parents, wintering in Africa; the next contained a perfectly unobjectionable, perfunctory account of some theatricals in which Imogen had been conspicuous; and then followed an anonymous warning to "a certain young husband" whose wife had a pretty dramatic talent—the husband, so the lines ran, did not possess a similar gift or lacked the interest to use it, and there were others. Something sinister about a bridge debt, for which payment would not soon be demanded, and an occult allusion to a rehearsal, finished



with a quotation from a little poem of Louise Imogen Guiney's ending "Was *that* in the play?" concluded the choice bit of literature.

Except for the gambling hint, it was all clear enough to Vance; Imogen had starred in the theatricals for the Crippled Children's Hospital; Lingard, who was Imogen's present tame cat, had played opposite her. The whole thing had bored Vance—including Lingard's half-burlesque devotion. The righteous, reformatory virtue of the early morning gave place to something harsher as he ran up the stairs toward Imogen's room, the offensive paper in his hand.

Imogen was in bed still, but awake and approachable. Indeed, she was already in touch with the world, for she was just hanging up the receiver of her bedside telephone. A breakfast-tray, fitted with a service of pink-and-ivory-colored china, was on the bedside table. Pink and ivory and gold blended in all the appointments of the luxurious apartment; through hangings brocaded in those colors, Vance caught sight of a great, gilded basket of pink roses in the boudoir.

"Where did those come from?" he demanded.

Imogen's delicate brows were raised for a second.

"Good morning, liege," she said, with a sort of humorous gravity, as one reminds a child of its "manners."

"Beg pardon," said Vance. "Good morning, dear. But where did the—vegetables—come from?"

"Not from the lovely lady's lord, who forgets even to leave a standing order at the florist's any more." She smiled at him merrily over her foam of laces and ribbon. Her dark-blue eyes were the gayest in the world; her golden hair, damp and curling about her face from her morning plunge; the splendid, peachy color of her ivory skin—everything about her, expressed the joy, the self-confidence, that beauty—beloved beauty—feels. Yet, when Vance turned his look discontentedly toward the mass of bloom beyond the door again, there was a swift questioning, a swift balancing, on the gay face.

"I know I'm a neglectful beast, dear," acknowledged the husband thus put in the wrong. He sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled at one of her curls. "But I'll reform. You shall have a ton of roses a day and a sonnet with them, if that is what you require. But I've got to have a monopoly. Tell Lingard and the rest to save their pennies."

"Poor things! It's the only way most of them have to pay their dinner debts and such. And wouldn't it sound pretty to hear me saying 'No, kind sir, I can receive no more of your admirably selected roses, violets, orchids, or what not—my husband objects to your wasting your money?'"

"It's no joke, Imogen," Vance insisted. "Of course I know—" he floundered. He felt that it was an unpardonable indelicacy even to assure his wife that he understood her entire lack of culpability. Imogen eyed him narrowly. Her lovely, soft lips hardened.

"Of course you know what?" she demanded, forcing the issue.

"That it's all right, your having hangers-on and senders of bouquets, and the rest of it. But—"

"Thank you," said Imogen icily. "What else were you going to say beyond to express your realization of the fact that the marriage vow is not quite the same as taking the black veil?"

"I was going to say," Vance's tone was no longer conciliatory, "that the stupid world in general does not take so easy a view of a young married woman's harmless, vanity-feeding relations with men. Look at that!" He thrust the paper toward her.

"Oh, that!" She achieved a splendid contempt. "Do you read that thing? And do you wish me to regulate my life by the ideas of decorum that it pretends to possess? My dear, I should as soon run my kitchen to suit the dietetic standards of the garbage collector!"

"Nevertheless, read it."

"I will not. I do not care to soil my mind with it."

"If the account of your behavior can soil your mind—"

"Vance, you are insufferable. I will not permit you to stay here talking to me like this. I suppose you have been misbehaving again—losing more money than you can afford at your silly club, or drinking more than you want! I notice that my conduct generally seems blackest to you on such occasions."

"That is quite true," Vance gloomily conceded. "But the fact remains that you are unmistakably indicated in that dirty sheet as a woman in debt to a certain man—"

"What!" Her voice had a ring of terror.

"Oh, of course, I know that's rot. But it's the whole situation that is wrong. Oh, Imogen, I am sick of the way we have been living."

"Your allowance is somewhat inadequate to our position," answered Imogen, wilfully misunderstanding.

"My dear, don't blame dad. My allowance is plenty enough, if we tried to live within it. Besides, he's given me opportunities. He naturally did not suppose I was going to become a mere loafer."

"As the opportunities were always thoughtfully located in Mexico or Burma or some such quarter, they never seemed bona-fide ones—to me."

"You see, dad is not such a stickler for New York as you are."

"No. That is true. And I hope you won't think me disrespectful to your dear parents if I say that I think they would both enjoy New York as much as I do, if New York had ever shown any disposition to enjoy them as much as it does me! Really, dear, your parents, lovely and estimable as they undoubtedly are—"

"You can omit that."

"Were not dazzlingly successful in a social way—doubtless because they didn't care for society."

"We will drop my parents, if you please," said Vance, with cold anger, "and come back to ourselves."

"Egoists that we are," murmured Imogen.

"I am totally dissatisfied with our present way of life."

"I had almost inferred it."

"Imogen!"

"Crosspatch!"

She leaned forward on her pillows, her lovely face full of teasing laughter. It never paid to fight with Vance, she remembered. So she merely brought her bright, dark eyes, her roses, her dewy sweetness, close to him. "Ah, don't scold any more. It's such a nice May morning."

"That's just it!" he exclaimed, his arm about her shoulders, his brightening face close to hers. "Think how it is up in our woods, dear. Come up there. Let's shake the town and the stupid game. Come on and see the spring come in with me!"

"Dearest," said Imogen, with decision, "there is absolutely no one in the Berkshires at present, and I must tell you, much as I hate to refuse you anything, that I have no intention of going up to Maplecroft and playing dairy-maid or *hausfrau*. I shall never forgive your father for settling that estate on you—it simply eats its head off, up there—and—"

"It wouldn't if I were ever there to run it. Don't you see, Imogen, that that's what I'm really meant for—a country gentleman?"

He spoke with a sort of sick humility and yearning. He had learned how many brilliant things he was not fitted for since those early days when it seemed to him that he had only to choose among resplendent careers the brightest.

"Dearest." She leaned closer to him, deliberately dragging him into the close circle of her lure. "Dearest, look at me—look hard."

"I'm looking," he whispered, stirred by her nearness and her beauty.

"Do I look to you like a person who's meant for a country lady?"

The delicate perfume from her hair, her ribbons, stole upon his senses.

"You're meant to be what you please, to do what you please," he yielded, his voice lost against the ineffable warmth and sweetness of her tresses. He de-

spised himself for the surrender, but he made it; he called it deferring the decision. She, too, was faintly dissatisfied with herself for the weapons she had used to gain her victory.

So that the net result of Mr. Trevelyn's May morning plans of reformation was that he and his wife lunched together at Sherry's, and afterward went shopping, after their honeymoon habit. Their first visit was to a famous jeweler's.

"It's horrid, but it's easier," Mrs. Vance Trevelyn stilled her reproachful good taste as she continued the game of coquetry with her husband. "And if he gets me something good enough to dispose of temporarily, I can pay off that abominable debt. How on earth do those wretched *Scribblings* people learn everything?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

Charlene was reflecting upon the great truth that even nobility and virtue must be opportune and expedient, not to land one in situations as painful as those which are soothingly supposed to be the logical outcome of wrongdoing. She did not call her mental process by any names so mouth-filling as these; she only thought it a great pity that late study at night—in itself so praiseworthy an occupation—should lead to heavy-headedness the next morning, to a late arrival at the store, to being docked two hours therefor, to inattention, vagueness, and weariness in the discharge of her duties.

The night before had been her lesson night. She and the long, lean, shabby, kind, abstracted, young man had sat in the dingy basement, and had patiently considered the case of the colonies against that of the mother country, back in the early seventies of the eighteenth century. It was wonderful, the number of things she was learning—the geography, grammar, rhetoric, chirography, that were bound up in the study of American history under the Duffield Shields method. And on the nights when she gave her French lesson, she received nearly as much in-

formation as she imparted. She had discovered that Duffield Shields' desire to be made master of the language of fashion and frivolity was due to his desire to read a French botanical work as yet untranslated. It was a revelation to her, this awkward young man's absorbed interest in a thing so remote, so impersonal, as the secret processes that showed themselves to the uninitiated in flower and leaf and bark. When he had told her something of his story—his hard, wholesome young boyhood on an Ohio farm, his ambition for college, attained at the cost of all sorts of personal privations, his specializing in botany in a small way such as the "fresh water" institution's resources permitted, his coming out indebted for the learning he had acquired, his journey to New York, the position he had obtained in the wholesale chemical works where his skill was salable, the hard, pinched, lonely life at Mrs. Lynch's, bare of all luxuries and most decencies, until the college debts should be paid—all this was amazing to her. It was such a very different life and such a very different code of life from that of the jovial Mr. Harry Harlock, for example. But the gentle strength which disregarded hardship in the pursuit of its worthy aims had a fascination for her beyond the persiflage of Mr. Harlock or of the young men at the store.

It was because he had that great gift of the teacher—the power to arouse zeal and enthusiasm for learning—that she had studied late the night before by her miserable gas-jet, and had, therefore, come late to the store this morning. And it was probably because of the morning muddle-headedness of the sleepy that everything had gone wrong with her since.

In the first place, a lady with a sharp, decided manner had approached her, not in pursuit of cloak or frock, but to gather statistics regarding the lives of the shop-girls, their duties, emoluments, nationality, amusements, and aims. How much, the investigator demanded, did Knapp & Seaman's pay their saleswomen? How much of that

weekly wage went for living expenses, and how much for recreation, clothing, and the like? Did the store supply the number of seats required by law, and were most of the girls respectable? Had the cash-girls all reliable age certificates, and was there a sick fund? Charlene, friendly and courteous by nature, had begun to answer as fully and as civilly as she could; the lady jotted down the items of information in a note-book. Miss MacCarthy, in a moment of leisure, observed the dialogue. She reported it, and in three minutes Charlene was snatched from the information-seeker and sent to Mrs. Lorimer's office—for censure, she inferred. Certainly, both Miss MacCarthy and Miss Delaney made her feel as if she had been surreptitiously disposing of the firm's wares. But in Mrs. Lorimer's box there was balm. The lady had smiled pleasantly upon her.

"I hear that an investigator has been putting you through the inquisition, Miss Harkness," she said. "You ought to have been told before that it is customary to send inquiries on the treatment of the employees to me. But it doesn't greatly matter. Indeed, at times, as in the present case, I think it a good idea to let some unauthorized person talk; it seems less cut-and-dried. And I am sure you would not be complaining to a stranger until you had first complained to the store authorities. . . . How do you like your new department? Has there been a great demand for French?"

"The only foreigner who has been in since my transfer," answered Charlene, dimpling, "was a German lady. But Miss Mac—the young lady who



"So you won't go to supper with me?" he remarked.

was waiting on her thought that she was French, and sent for me to interpret. It was very funny. The German lady seemed to feel insulted!"

"So your accomplishment came near precipitating a race riot among the costumes? That would have been a new experience in the shop. Well, I hope you'll like it there, and that you'll find a great deal of opportunity for speaking French. And if any more social investigators come, send them to me."

She had gone back from this talk slightly soothed and refreshed. But

an elderly gentleman, accompanying a queenly, golden-haired young woman through the shop, and producing a fat wallet whenever she stated her need of money, had cast his evil eyes upon Charlene. He tried to engage her in conversation while she acted as Miss Delaney's aide in waiting upon his companion. His words were not particularly offensive, but the look out of his bagged, wrinkled eyes was alarming to her instincts. She answered him monosyllabically, or not at all, and she avoided his gaze.

"So you won't go to supper with me?" he remarked, lounging after her as she came out of the fitting-box in which his companion was temporarily immured, a silver sequin frock upon her arm.

Charlene affected not to hear. He shrugged his fat shoulders, laughed, and lounged over toward Miss McCarthy.

"What Sunday-school did you get that shrinking violet out of?" he asked. "She must help trade a great deal." His eyes swept Irene's Junoesque figure, well displayed in a tight black frock. Irene was of the proud opinion that she "knew where to stop," and that "she could jolly any of them up to the limit," and she immediately put her theory to the triumphant test. Later, after the fat pocketbook had done full duty and the queenly, golden-haired one had departed with her ancient cavalier in her wake, Miss Delaney found it necessary to give Miss Harkness warning not to be "too stiff with customers." The girl's cheeks burned and her lip quivered.

"Not that I mean you should put up with everything or ever have a thing to do, outside the store, with the likes of that old mass of corruption," the Irishwoman amplified her counsel. "But it's easy enough to jolly one of them along, without actually turning him down and giving him grounds for a grouch. He understands fast enough. But, never mind, child. You'll learn, like all the rest of us, to keep men in their places without turning money away from the counter. Don't worry,

I only told you because I heard you'd been too curt with him, considering what he was spending."

The flush produced by these successive mishaps was still burning upon Charlene's face when she was summoned to show tea-gowns to a customer. The customer was an elegant person, who carefully explained that she was obliged to buy a ready-made garment, contrary as such a proceeding was to her custom and disagreeable to her taste, because she was "unexpectedly sailing on Saturday." Her position thus established, she ordered almost everything in the shop brought out for her inspection. One sweeping confection after another Charlene slipped over her black cashmere, and held together that the buyer might see the lines. On the settees about her lace and silk and chiffon billowed. On the floor behind her ruffles swept—protected, to be sure, by their narrow white-lawn bindings—but graceful, exquisite. The buyer querulously shook her head again and again. "Too pale; too loud; too fussy; too plain," fell in swift alternations from her lips.

"Try that one," she commanded suddenly. She pointed to a lovely gown of crape. Over a creamy ground bunches of pale purple wistaria wandered. The lining, revealed after the frank fashion of negligées, was of lavender silk. Lace foamed about the feet, the arms, the neck. Charlene, who had the normal woman's adoration for exquisite clothes, took it up gently and slipped it lovingly over her shoulders. She stood in front of a pier-glass to adjust the train, and she would have been a very blind creature indeed not to perceive that she looked charming. A little throb of envy ran through her as she drew the ribbons of the soft, luxurious thing together. Why shouldn't she have such gowns as well as other women—as well as that sharp-featured, sallow woman for whose inspection she was assuming it, or that fat, made-up creature whom the leering old man had accompanied?

The section of Knapp & Seaman's costume department devoted to the sale



of intimate clothes like tea-gowns, negligees, and kimonos was the section nearest the elevator. A lady and gentleman, prosperous, languid, handsome, proceeded from the fur-repair department in the corner toward the exit, and passed near Charlene and her customer.

"See what a pretty picture, Vance," said the lady, calling her companion's attention to the girl in her lavender-and-white foam. The man turned idle eyes in the direction indicated. "Now you'll forgive me for dragging you in here, won't you? A vision of spring in the city, isn't it?" The soft voice fluted on. "If I were only a minor poet, I'd do a madrigal about it—if I were quite sure what a madrigal should be."

Vance paused, stared with brightening eyes. Imogen touched his elbow lightly.

"My dear!" she whispered protestingly. "One doesn't stare so, even at an uncommonly pretty shop-girl."

"But I think—I'm almost sure," he replied, peering. "By George, yes, it is!"

Charlene had turned toward the mirror again. In it he had full sight of her reflected face. She also saw h'n staring toward her with surprise, friendly recognition, a dozen pleased expressions in his face. Imogen had the amazement of seeing him dash forward toward the spring vision to which she had obligingly directed his attention. With incredulous eyes she beheld his greeting of the shop-girl. She waited a second. The girl had flushed like a flower, had glowed like a star, at his rush of words. The customer had resigned herself to delay with no very amiable look. The department employees who had witnessed the encounter stood staring.

"Charlene! It is, isn't it, little Charlene Harkness from home?" The young man had seized her hand and was shaking it before the glad affirmative had passed from her eyes to her lips.

"Mr. Vance!" she had faltered.

"I—I—don't let me detain you."

He had caught sight of the customer's wrathful countenance.

"I will take that one if it fits me," snapped the lady. "Will you please get a fitting-room and a fitter at once?"

"This is such a surprise," Vance went on incoherently. "What are you doing here? Your mother—is she well? Oh, my dear child, forgive me! I hadn't heard. Don't let me detain you, but—my wife—I want you to meet my wife."

A cash-boy came grinning toward them.

"The lady says she'll wait for you in the carriage," he announced.

Vance, the customer, Charlene, and the onlookers all had a sense of confusion and haste. A minute or two only had passed before Charlene, laden with chiffons, was opening the door of a fitting-booth and ushering her customer into it. Vance was going down in the elevator, saying to himself that he called it very shabby of Imogen. And Charlene, with hot cheeks and icy fingers and fluttering heart, was struggling with a passion of sudden homesickness, of heart-sickness, of tumultuous longing for she scarcely knew what.

## CHAPTER V.

"Say, what did you say to her, Gertie?"

"You sent her away with a flea in her ear, didn't you, Gertie, all right?"

The girls were crowded in the cloak-rooms, spearing their hats, struggling into their coats, powdering their noses, pulling their belts down an extra inch, laughing, talking, reminiscing, preparing to go home. Gertie Bannan was the heroine of a small group toward which Charlene edged her way. Gertie was Charlene's best friend, almost her only intimate friend, in the big shop. Their acquaintance had for foundation the fact that they walked through the same long, shadowed cross-street to their homes, and for superstructure many little kindnesses which Gertie had performed for the less sophisticated girl.

"I guess I did," Gertie boasted now, applying a rabbit's-foot candidly to her cheeks—a performance which one or two of the others observed with nudges and tightening lips. "She says to me: 'Are your lunch-rooms and retiring-rooms comfortable and sanitary?' 'Comfortable and sanitary?' I says to her, like that. 'They're sumptuous,' I says to her. 'We have half an hour forenoon and after,' I says, 'for massage; it's so restful, don't you think? And two afternoons a week we all have a dancing-lesson—Mr. Knapp says there's no better exercise; of course those are the two afternoons when he has to shut up shop.' Mad! She was like a turkey-gobbler for color. She said she'd report me for impertinence. 'Be sure and show your transfer slip when you do,' I says—the mean skin hadn't even bought a cent's worth—they hate to have us rude to customers that are leaving a lot of money in the shop."

"Oh, Gertie," giggled a delighted chorus.

"Well," contended Gertie, "what did she want to come asking fool questions for if she didn't expect fool answers? Coming, Shar?"

"I'm all ready," answered Charlene. She looked with a little dismay at Gertie's cheeks.

"Gertie," she whispered, "it—you know—the rouge isn't on even; and—it's—have you looked? It's awfully red."

"Couldn't get near a glass," said Gertie good-naturedly. "Wipe it off even, will you? I'm so pale lately."

The two girls pushed their way out of the back door into the swarming street. Delivery wagons crowded to the curbs. Porters were carrying parcels from the packing-rooms to the vans. Some of the young men loafed, waiting for the appearance of favored girls. Other establishments were disgorging their forces into the narrow highway. Gertie squared her elbows and pushed her way along, carrying Charlene in her path. Although she tossed gay badinage back and forth with her accustomed sprightliness,

Charlene recognized a certain tension in her manner.

"Say, Shar," she began, when they had breasted the Broadway torrent and were in the comparative quiet east of that thoroughfare—"say, will you come home with me this evening?"

"Oh, Gertie, I can't," cried Charlene, in a worried voice. She could not have told why it seemed to her imperative to get to her room, to have silence for her own thoughts and her own excitement. But since Vance had recognized her in the shop that afternoon, had recognized her and had spoken to her with all the old kindness in his manner, she had wanted to be by herself. She suspected herself of wanting to cry, long, loudly, sobbingly, for the old home that he recalled, the old life that he represented, for her father and her fields, her hills, her dreams.

"All right," said Gertie briefly. But there was something more than disappointment in her voice.

"I'm sorry," faltered Charlene.

"It doesn't matter. Only—only I sha'n't go home alone."

"Why, Gertie?"

"I won't," cried Gertie fiercely, passionately. "Oh, you don't know what it's like. He—he—he turned me out last night, but she let me in."

Charlene was familiar enough with the history of Gertie's home to understand the indefinite pronouns. Her father had refused her admission to the tenement, or had put her out of it; her mother had connived against her father.

"What—oh, you poor Gertie; poor, dear Gertie!" She was broken and incoherent in her sympathy and affection. "What made him act like that?"

"What always makes him act like that? What made him act so that Larry ran away two years ago? What made mother herself say she'd leave him—the great drunken brute!"

In the enfolding, pale, amethystine dusk of the May evening, a tear coursed its way through poor Gertie's rouge. Charlene, her eyes brilliant with sympathy and anger, put her arm across her friend's shoulder.

"I'll come home with you, if you

want me, Gertie," she said. "I know he—he won't act quite the same way if there's some one else there. I'll come."

"I wish you would," said Gertie forlornly. "Not that it makes much difference. You see, he was mad Saturday—I wouldn't give him any of my money, the miserable old soak——"

"Ssh!"

"I won't 'ssh.' It's what he is—a miserable old soak. And I simply had to have some new things—you know I'm nearly in rags. And—I can't tell you how he went on. Well, last night—I went out. I went to the Murray Hill with a friend to see the show, and afterward we stopped for a—for some cream and cake. When I got home it was late. He was home first. My gentleman friend left me at the hall door, but when I got up-stairs, he"—it was wonderful what hatred and dread and repulsion Gertie put into the word when it was used to denote her father—"he said things to me I'd be ashamed to tell you—awful things—and he said the likes of me couldn't stay in his house. He made such a noise that the Flynns in front of us and the Schmeds across the hall heard him, and came to the doors. They told him what they thought of him—making a row like that in a decent house that time of night. And they told him what they thought of me, too, all right—that I was hard-working and decent, and it was no thanks to him that I was——"

Gertie's voice broke as she recounted her virtues. Charlene squeezed her arm in dumb sympathy.

"But he wouldn't let me in. And I turned and said: 'All right, I'll go and be the thing you say, and you'll answer for it on judgment-day,' and went down the stairs. But mother came after me, and whispered to come in quiet when he'd be asleep—— And I'm so sorry for her—— So I went. But to-night it just seemed as if I couldn't go home alone."

Some one blocked their path. Charlene looked up surprised. Gertie affected a similar astonishment.

"Why, Mr. Jones," she cried. Charlene grasped her arm more tightly. Mr. Jones had won distinction at Knapp & Seaman's by buying more gloves in a week at Gertie's counter than the most persistent glove wearer could wear in a year. Mr. Jones had waylaid their evening path before. Mr. Jones was not so young as he once had been, but he was dapper and "elegant," the store declared.

He fell into step beside them. In the light of the early lamps, Gertie's eyes were seen dried of their tears, her cheeks brilliant with rouge and excitement, her pretty, passionate face all alight and aglow. Mr. Jones asked if she had rested well after their dissipation of the preceding evening, and if she would again try the theater. Gertie hesitated, looked at Charlene.

"And Miss Harkness, of course," Mr. Jones added pleasantly.

But Miss Harkness interposed with a hasty refusal. It was strange to her, who had her own ideal of a gentleman, that Gertie should mistake this palpable imitation, loitering at corners, leering at women, for genuine. Her regrets were tersely made. Gertie chimed in haltingly with others. Mr. Jones was insistent. But Gertie's refusal gained strength with its second iteration. Mr. Jones, with flamboyant sorrow, took himself and his English checked suit, his close-set eyes, and his thin-lipped smile away at the next corner.

The two girls went on to the tenement which Gertie called home, and the querulous, anxious, white-faced wreck of a woman whom she called mother. By good fortune, her besotted father did not come in. The girls ate at the cluttered kitchen table in the light of an unshaded kerosene-lamp.

Afterward, they went to a dance at a settlement, and Gertie, in a clean, white waist and a fresh ribbon belt, played the belle with the young men of Good Citizenship Club number 8. They were the boys of the district; good-natured, noisy, irrepressible, tough, or gentle of manner as it chanced, roughly dressed or gotten up after the fash-



ion of the sidewalk "dude" of the neighborhood. There was one, very ruddy of face, very slick of hair, very horny and not quite clean of hand, in whose arms Gertie, on several occasions, did the variation of the waltz popular in that circle—a long, gliding performance of two tightly interlocked persons. The settlement managers shrugged their shoulders despairingly over it, but their suggestions as to an improved style fell on deaf ears. And, indeed, there seemed to be no more evil intention in this remarkable embrace, rhythmically indulged in, among the gum-chewing young maidens and men of the Lily Club and the Good Citizenship Club number 8, than in the more decorous waltzing in other sets.

When the two girls were going home, Charlene said timidly, for personalities did not come easily to her lips: "One of them seemed to like you a lot, Gertie."

"Neil Blake? Yes, he wants to keep steady company with me," answered the girl, with no trace of coquetry.

"Oh, Gertie! And don't you like him?"

"He's got such red hands," objected Gertie trivially. Before Charlene's eyes there flashed a recollection of Mr. Jones' long, slim hands, growing sirr-ewy and veinous with years, but polished at the nails like a chorus girl's. She sighed.

"I like him—Neil Blake. Oh, Gertie, don't you really?"

They paused before the entrance to Gertie's tenement. All along the street the children played in the gutters, late as it was. The warmth of the spring evening had tempted wrapped, slatternly women to the doors and window-ledge. From a saloon across the street a phonograph brayed the witticisms of the minstrel shows. The elevated roared past the corner. The trolley shrieked and clanged its way through the street itself. Along the sidewalk from the corner a man reeled toward them—big, burly, drunken.

"There comes my father," said Gertie quietly. "Once he looked like Neil, I dare say, to my mother. But he

didn't have any money. He couldn't keep what he made—that's the Irish of it, and Neil's Irish, too. And they had babies regular, and whether they lived or died, the house was always cluttered and crowded and squalling. And he liked to go out and get drunk better than to stay in the dirt and the noise. And I don't blame him. I don't blame him. I hate him, Shar, for a drunken beast, but I don't blame him. No, thank you, when I go to the devil, I'm not going to take my mother's road."

The saloon across the street had been the cause of a timely *détour* on Mr. Bannan's part. Charlene was frightened to her timid heart by Gertie's words and the fatalistic calm of her voice and manner.

"Gertie," she entreated her friend, "don't—don't talk like that. Don't feel like that. And—ah, don't—don't see that Jones man any more. Jones! I don't believe it's his name at all."

"I dare say it isn't," agreed Gertie composedly. "But—his money's real, if his name isn't."

Horror-stricken, Charlene dropped the other girl's arm. Gertie looked at her strangely under her fine black brows. The folding doors across the street were swung violently open, and Mr. Bannan was ignominiously and noisily ejected by a barkeeper whom he had tried to pay in the tinsel coin of compliment instead of the usual legal tender.

"Good night," said Gertie. "I guess I'll get in before he crosses. No, Shar, dear, good, little Shar, I'll not try my poor mother's way."

Unexpectedly she threw an arm around Charlene, kissed her, and then left her and ran into the murk of the narrow hall. A hideous epithet from the lurching drunkard pursued her. Charlene hurried toward the corner, full of sick forebodings.

At Mrs. Lynch's she found the lights out in the lower hall. She stumbled up to find the rooms of the second story open, and some of the girls, who were practising home millinery, calling encouragement across to one another. They greeted her with much interest.

An automobile had been there after her that evening—an automobile with a howling swell in it. Various they described the machine and its occupant. Charlene's heart beat unevenly.

"Who's your pick-up?" they inquired cheerfully. She assured them that she had no idea. But she was regretting, in her foolish little mind, every minute spent in Gertie's wretched home, every second at the settlement dance of the city hobbledehoy. She climbed to her aerie in a rebellious passion against the fate that had taken her away from home on that one evening of the year. A clink of light beneath Duffield Shields' door told her that he was still up. She pictured him with his books, his magnifying-glasses, his specimens—so clean, so busy, so kind, so nobly interested that the basenesses, the squalidness of life did not touch him. A pang of compunction smote her—why, she could not have told.

The next day Gertie was not at the store. She came no more. At her home her mother sobbed and her father cursed. When Charlene had heard those sounds, she went away with a heavier heart than she had ever before carried in her breast.

## CHAPTER VI.

Back of the river the woods were pale, feathery masses of green. The air was warm and soft, the sunshine soothing and gentle. Duffield Shields' tin box was carefully packed with tender, young, growing things. Some of them were not of a rarity to command his attention as an eager botanist, but he had his own designs for the common ferns and the round clumps of violet laid away in the damp moss and paper. Those designs were connected with Charlene, who sat opposite him on the high bank of the river and looked dreamily toward the city lying east. He pictured a low box of the greenery beneath the white sash-curtain of her window. A glimpse of Charlene's tiny room, revealed through an accidentally open door one day, had taught him amazing things about the possibilities

of even Mrs. Lynch's apartments. And he had been vaguely, pleasantly haunted, ever since, by the thought of a window-box upon which Charlene's waking eyes should turn gratefully.

"There's one gingersnap left," announced Charlene, withdrawing her regard from the roofs and chimneys of New York and turning it upon a pasteboard lunch-box. "You may have it, because"—she laughed at the revelation of her unselfishness—"because I can't eat any more."

He extended his hand. "I can," he announced. "I am as hungry as a hatter. Do you know how hungry a hatter is?"

"A hatter isn't hungry," she corrected him gravely. "A hatter is mad; one is mad as a hatter."

"The madness follows the hunger; the hatter goes crazy from lack of food." Indolently he tossed the nonsense back.

"It's a bad day to be hungry," observed Charlene thoughtfully. "You see, it's Sunday, and dinner is at one instead of seven. They are through dinner now—barley soup—"

"With oily patterns on the surface."

"Roast beef—"

"Sole leather, you mean."

"You needn't run it down. You'll be sorry you missed it when you face the cold, sliced corned beef, the prunes, the cookies, and the tea to-night."

"I'm not going to face them," declared Mr. Shields. Charlene looked at him in slight, momentary surprise. To be sure, he never had graced Mrs. Lynch's Sunday evening board; but to-day, when he had invited her, Charlene, to go on a botanizing-luncheon-picnic in the woods back of Fort Lee, she had inferred that he was going to bring her home after the expedition, and take his place at the slim, disorderly Sunday night feast.

"Neither, I hope," pursued the gentleman, in answer to the lady's glance, "are you going to face that repast. There's going to be a banquet to-night to celebrate—guess what?"

His kind eyes were dancing with

pleasure, there was a look of joy all about him. Charlene shook her head. She could fathom no cause for the holiday mood.

"To celebrate Mr. D. Shields' emancipation from debt," he told her. "The last cent I owed I paid yesterday. I'm a free man now, Miss Harkness."

At first she flushed up in quick sympathy with his pleasure. "Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "All the college ones, and everything? It's splendid."

"A free man—it's a bully feeling," he assured her. Across her April face another change ran. Some thought that hurt, depressed her, showed in her eyes and lips.

"And you'll be leaving Mrs. Lynch's right away, I suppose," she hazarded, again finding the distant sky-line interesting.

Duffield, though kind and sufficiently discerning as a usual thing, was, after all, a mere man.

"Bet your life," he assented promptly and cheerfully. "She's an admirable soul, and I wish her every manner of luck. But to think that I may once more come into the land of clean towels and napkins—really clean towels and napkins!—you don't know how it makes me feel. I could toss my hat in the air over it."

Then, across his masculine preoccupation with his own immediate affairs, some perception seemed to flash. He saw the profile resolutely presented to him—the round little chin held so proudly, the curve of the slim young neck, the delicate obscuration of the brow and eyes by the blown, brown hair. His heart, to his own great surprise, began to beat unevenly and heavily.

"Do—you—mind?" he asked slowly and stumbingly, though directly. Charlene turned her face full upon him, eyebrows slightly raised, brown eyes wide and puzzled.

"Mind?" she said, with elaborately apparent bewilderment. "Mind what?"

"My—my going away from the house," he floundered, rather horrified at the coxcomb sound of his query.

Charlene laughed melodiously. "Of course we shall all miss you," she granted him, with disarming, confusing politeness. "But——"

"We'll still have our lessons?" He was pleading now, and quite unaware of the process by which he had been reduced to suppliancy.

"Oh, I hope so—as often as we have the time."

"No." He grew dogged. "No such haphazard business as that. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, as we have been doing."

"You could get on alone with the French perfectly now," she demurred. She herself was a little amazed at this power of disguise that had come to her at call. She was so ashamed of that revealing look of dismay with which she had realized his announcement.

"Well, I am not going to," replied Mr. Shields with finality. "We are going to have our lessons in just the same way. Promise it—or——"

He arose, brushed some dirt from his clothes, and stood looking down at her. He had intended the tomfoolery of a threat about the dinner of that evening, but, as he looked, the phrase fled his lips. He found himself stirred by a desire to touch her, to draw her to him, to kiss her. Angrily he shook his shoulders once, as though throwing off the temptation of his longings. It was nonsense. He was not in love with the child—he had never thought of such a thing! He was sorry for her, he was grateful to her, he liked her gentle presence—that was all! And here were the vagrant desires of a cad creeping up within him! He wouldn't allow them.

"We'll have our lessons surely," he resumed, in quite a different tone from the one in which he had begun. "Just as many as you can spare the time for. And now, Miss Harkness, will you do me the honor to celebrate my escape from my creditors with me to-night, not at Mrs. Lynch's?"

What we say is so small a part of what we convey to our companions! Aloud there had been no word spoken to chill the girl, to fill her with the

desolated sense of loneliness that was so often hers. But that swift, unspoken dialogue of his with himself, not wholly understood by him, not indicated to her by any external agent of expression, had left its imprint upon the conversation as clearly as a palimpsest shows traces of many records. She was very heavy-hearted as she accepted his kind invitation, and the little jest and burlesque of the grand manner with which she strove to lighten her gloom fell flat, she knew.

It was in a quiet hotel restaurant that the feast came to pass. There was no braying of bands, no extreme glitter of lights, no marvel of decoration. The guests were evidently unobtrusive people who lived in the hotel, or unobtrusive people from the neighborhood whom the exigencies of housekeeping sent out for their Sunday evening meal. But Charlene breathed deep with delight when she entered the room. Her feet caressed the thick pile of the carpet. Her eyes approved the satiny texture of the white napery, the polished brilliance of the silver, the sheen of the china. The simple viands of Duffield's choosing seemed to her wonderful. But yet, through all her delight in the quiet comfort and luxury, her heart was vaguely heavy and lonely.

The next morning she was leaving the house with a stream of girls bound for the shops when an expressman drove up and demanded Mr. Shields' trunk. It seemed to her that there was almost a fatal presagement in it.

## CHAPTER VII.

There were many ways in which the phenomenon which met Mrs. Lorimer's eyes at the Sans Souci Tavern might be described. It all depended upon the will and the knowledge of the describer. To the totally uninformed observer, with no malicious proclivities, it was merely a very pretty, tremulously happy young girl dining with a young man obviously of the *Grand Seigneur* class beneath the sparkling, colored lights of an open-air restaurant. To Vance Trevelyn, the young *seigneur* in ques-

tion, the aspect of the case was manifold. One of his many selves said, with the casuist's indisputability, that he was being kind to a poor, overworked girl, who was, after a fashion, a dependent of his family. Another, with vindictive satisfaction, announced that he was paying Imogen out for her cool, temporary desertion of him on the flimsy pretext of being needed by her sister in Paris. A third ego—for Vance was a many-sided product of his generation—informed him that he was acting a despicable part, and imposing shamefully upon a very unsophisticated girl's ignorance of social usages. And still another voice silenced all the others with a careless: "Oh, bother the conventions! I'm doing no harm. I'm amused; she's given the fresh air which she needs—poor, pale little thing!—and it's nobody's blamed business, anyway."

As for Charlene, she was beyond definitions. She was awed, proud, frightened, shy. All the veneration which had been born and bred in her for the authority of the house of Trevelyn was given to its representative. If Vance had told her to pitch herself headlong from the tower of the highest building in the city, she would have had to think twice before apologetically refusing. She had run home on many an errand of Vance's to her father in the old, unforgotten, beautiful days at Maplecroft. When he, riding by, had laughed and called: "Here, catch this!" she had caught that! And now, when she was hot and weary and lonely, behold! the young sun-god of her childhood came, and with casual imperiousness and utter kindness said: "Come, ride, rest, eat, drink, forget your drudgery." What should she do but obey, gratefully and yet fearfully? For suppose she should require that magnificent benevolence by wearying him?

It had begun, this era of tranced delight, only a fortnight ago. The day had been a horrible one at the store. All the women in New York had come to Knapp & Seaman's, and had demanded to be outfitted, immediately—their sons and their daugh-



"Good evening, Miss Harkness," said Mr. Shields. "Don't apologize, please——"

ters, their man servants and their maid servants—for their summer holidays. The mercury had performed a record-breaking ascension. The real Irish lace bolero, which was thoughtfully intended to save a silk-petticoated blue chambray from the reproach of inexpensiveness, had disappeared from the stock of the costume department, and the young ladies connected with that section were in the throes of proving that they had never seen or handled it. All over the shop, girls had been fainting from the unseasonable, sultry heat, and from the imitative hysteria which makes swooning an epidemic in the big

stores at the rush seasons. Oh, it had been a terrible day!

Charlene, aching in every nerve from the strain of it, had pushed out into the swarming back street at closing time. Her head throbbed with pain; the thought of Mrs. Lynch's dining-room table almost nauseated her. It was Tuesday night—the first Tuesday since Duffield Shields' change of residence. She was too worn and ill even to wonder if he would remember to come for his French lesson, too full of pains to care whether he did or not. With ineffable tiredness and loathing she thought of her own box of a room.



Not even the green pots of the preceding Sunday's gift could impart any freshness to it in her thoughts.

She was alone as she walked eastward toward the discomforts from which her tired mind could picture no escape, and suddenly she was horrified to find that she had spoken her wretchedness aloud. Her own voice smote her ears, saying: "Oh, I can't, I can't!" She actually stood still in confusion when she realized what she had done—at home no one ever talked to himself unless he was crazed! In the close, summer air she blushed for her lapse from decorum, and paused at the curb a moment as though to repair it. Only a few feet beyond her a big motor-car lay stalled. Its driver was hidden from view after the habit of chauffeurs in accidents. And as Charlene looked, its owner, leaning over the side of the tonneau, said sharply: "Never mind, now. We've missed the ferry. Might as well give it up and take your time."

Charlene had remained transfixed at the sound of the voice. It was Vance Trevelyn's. Something—perhaps the intensity of her regard—compelled his gaze toward her as he withdrew it from the gutter. He gave an exclamation, and was out of the car in an instant.

That had been the beginning. He had poured forth a stream of information and of inquiry. He had been bound for New Jersey to make a run down the coast for a breath of air, but the untoward accident—no, the fortunate accident!—had delayed him. The other fellows would have gone without him. Did she know that he was a poor, lonely, quasi widower, whose wife was lost to him in the maze of Paris shops? No? Well, he was—Mrs. Trevelyn had sailed only last week to join her sister abroad for awhile. Perhaps he himself would run over later, and they would return together. By the way, had Violet had a chance to look up Charlene before she went off to Maine? No? That was strange. Violet had been so immensely charmed to hear that he had unexpectedly run against her old playmate of Maplecroft, and had extracted Charlene's address with the

avowed intention of renewing the childish acquaintance before she and Redding—of course Charlene had heard all about that silly, satisfactory match?—were off. No? Ah, what a great many things he would have to tell her—nearly a whole decade's worth of history and anecdote! They had better begin at once. She had no engagement, had she, which would prevent her coming for a little, cooling spin with him, and then for dinner?

"Ah, you mustn't say 'no,'" he had pleaded, when, at the end of his rapid flow of talk, she had obviously hesitated. "Think of the years and years it has been since I saw you. Come and let us talk about the hills. Do you remember—"

And on the wings of that "do you remember" she was borne back to the Berkshire country. Gone were the aches and pains. Gone was everything but a confused, dizzy sense of pride and pleasure, with loneliness throbbing through it like the minor strain through a dance. There was a touch of embarrassed shame, too; her garments—she glanced at them with timid disapproval, and hesitated.

"Aren't they this week's style?" he asked her, laughing. "I can never tell anything about these matters. All I know is that you look very sweet."

It was bald and banal enough, but there were sincerity and kindness in the voice, and these warmed Charlene's heart like a cordial. The spin through the city, until, in a minute, it seemed, the park was reached, the breeze blowing freshly upon her hot forehead from the acres of trees and shrubs, the delicate viands, chosen not to sustain life at the least possible expense, but to tempt, to pique the appetite which they satisfied—all these things were wonderful and delicious to her.

It had been late when they wheeled into Mrs. Lynch's shabby block—so late that the front steps, occupied earlier in the evening by men in their shirt-sleeves, and ladies in equal though less unattractive dishabille, were empty. Charlene, for some reason she did not too carefully diagnose, was glad of the

comparative desertion of her shabby neighborhood. But on Mrs. Lynch's steps, when the car paused, she saw the red flicker from the bowl of a pipe.

She stepped from the car, Vance awaiting to hand her out courtierwise. A long figure rose from the steps. The smoker was Duffield Shields.

"Oh!" she had cried, suddenly remembering the Tuesday evening lessons. "Oh, Mr. Shields!"

"Good evening, Miss Harkness," said Mr. Shields. "Don't apologize, please—" for she had begun an eager rush of explanation. "I loitered—out of force of habit, I suppose; and because it seemed too hot for the exertion of going home again immediately. But it is absolutely all right, I assure you, about the French. I'm afraid it's going to be too warm for lessons, anyway, for awhile."

Then he had achieved what he flattered himself was an indifferent "Good night," and had sauntered off, leaving to Vance the privilege of the last adieus. So, he thought, he revenged himself for his three-hour wait upon Mrs. Lynch's informal stoop, and the society it had enforced upon him. So, he thought, he cried quits with Charlene for coming home with this stranger—when had he seen the brute before? Very high did he hold his head as he walked away from Charlene—until an automobile whizzed by him, and flashed into the broad avenue at the corner. Then pity and rage had threatened to strangle pride and its resolutions. But—

"What is it to me?" demanded Mr. Shields of himself. "I'm not in love with the poor, foolish, little thing. And if she's that kind"—he scowled darkly after the disappearing motor-car—"I don't want anything to do with her."

"But she's not—she's not that kind," clamored an angry voice within him, as though his own honor had been questioned. And another said, though he tried to stifle it: "She forgot the lesson; she does not care, she does not care!"

On the whole, it was a rather miserable young man who had marched him-

self home to his superior lodgings that night, telling himself that it was much too hot for lessons!

And that night had been two weeks before the one when Mrs. Lorimer's astonished, disapproving eyes had beheld Charlene dining, with an air of sufficient familiarity with the process, beneath the twinkling lights in the arbors of the Sans Souci Tavern. She had frowned so swiftly that her companions, a party of old friends, had asked her the reason.

"Oh, nothing much," she answered, with a half-laugh. "Or at least something I should be used to by this time. I've just learned again that I am not infallible in my character-reading."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Gertie, diffusing more perfume than the canons of a severe taste permit, radiating patronage, shaking out the aroma of prosperity from her champagne-colored voile, had been back to the store—a customer who put Miss Vannie Vanderpool to the blush for capriciousness. Gertie proclaimed herself married, and as proof of her assertion she ordered goods sent to Mrs. Reginald Jones, on an upper West Side street. Charlene had been privileged to sell her the frocks which she selected. There had been one which she regretfully declined to order.

"It's a peach, all right," she pronounced, eying it critically; "but it's not my style." It was black and thin; the fabric achieved the effect of airiness, despite the color. There was lace set in the yoke revealingly, yet not too candidly.

"It's a model," sighed Charlene. She did not altogether like to put it away again, its dull transparency and grace had so won her.

"It would suit you down to the ground," said Gertie.

"It's not likely to," answered Charlene. She spoke a little bitterly. One does not dine at beautifully laid tables in town and suburb without becoming aware of the enhancing value of pretty clothes, no matter how naive a child of

nature one is. And in proportion as one's host is kind and utterly considerate, one wishes to do him honor. Gertie marked the bitterness. Her face flushed and paled a little before she spoke again.

"Shar," she said quickly and softly, "come up and spend the day with me, and we'll make you one like it! I'll give you the stuff—it'll be a present, and I'd love to! And we'll have a sewing-bee, you and I. You know I'm a wonder at clothes—served a beastly apprenticeship with Hardique. Will you?"

"Oh, Gertie, would he let you—your husband? Can he afford it? And, oh, Gertie, why don't you go to see your mother, and let her know all about—?"

"Ssh! We have to keep the wedding secret. Mr. Jones has an awful old mother, who would disinherit him if she knew he had married a shop-girl," said Gertie glibly. "And my mother knows—I send her more than I was ever able to before. I don't dare face—you know—him. My father. You know what he is—he'd tell Reginald's mother, for pure spite. About the dress? Of course I mean it. Come on. To-morrow's a half-day for you, and we can go on working, Sunday. Mr. Jones has to go out of town, anyway, for Sunday with—his mother. Please."

"Oh, Gertie! I'd—I'd love to!" Old-fashioned prejudices as to the way of passing Sunday had been met and vanquished in the half-second between the "Oh, Gertie!" and the rest of the sentence. It was such a pretty gown! And if the horrid Mr. Jones were going to be away with his horrid mother, what a pleasant day she and Gertie could have! And Vance had gone off to some distant spot on Long Island to spend Saturday and Sunday. And Gertie had always been clever with her needle!

Mrs. Lorimer, full of an intention which had been growing in her mind since the night when she had seen Charlene at the Sans Souci—an intention to break her lifelong rule and to meddle, to interfere, to advise, caution, influ-

ence by the crude means of speech—came through the department. She saw Charlene and her customer. Her face hardened at sight of Gertie in her new finery. She witnessed a rapturous parting between the girls.

"It's no use," she told herself. "I was really deceived. I thought her such a gentle, modest, little thing, and believed that even her appearance with young Trevelyn could be explained creditably. But she's evidently intimate with that wretched Bannan girl—who is unmistakable. It's no use, I won't say anything. Let her dine where she pleases—with whom she pleases. It's the beginning of the end for so many of them."

She walked back to the elevator, and was swept aloft to her office, where she frowningly studied vacation schedules and planned a shop excursion to Seabright. After all, that was what she was paid to do—not to go off on side-tracks seeking whom she might drag from the paths of their own choice! In the haven of her respectability, Mrs. Lorimer was unaccustomedly satiric with herself for the next hour.

Gertie's husband was as good as Gertie's promise. He was absent. The flat was an airy one, and the two girls spent the day and a half, comfortably and even gaily, in manufacturing a copy of the French model. Gertie was curiously vague, to be sure, about her Mr. Jones, but, then, Charlene was no more interested in him than the barest politeness required. The meals which Gertie's colored maid served were palatable even to Charlene's newly acquired taste in viands. The companionship had been unexpectedly grateful, too, to the lonely girl.

When evening came they exchanged the wrappers in which they had kept cool all day for street clothes. Gertie offered to accompany Charlene part of the way home. The open cars, she opined, would afford them a cooling off and an agreeable sense of society.

The car they boarded happened to be sparsely filled. On the front seat they caught every breeze. Gertie's large hat



was lifted by the zephyrs, and became thereby very conspicuous. Somehow, Gertie was altogether conspicuous—from her up-blown chip brim to her high heels and her laced instep, from her collar of beads to her girdle of snake-skin. And surely Gertie's hair was brighter than it had once been. Charlene began to feel uncomfortable at the attention they attracted. When, finally, three men, all somewhat "the worse for wear," as Gertie phrased it, took the seat opposite them and began to address remarks at, if not to, them, she begged Gertie, in a whisper, to get off the car.

"And have these Johnnies followin' us to the sidewalk?" said Gertie quite distinctly. "No, sir. We stay where we are. But I'll ask the conductor to put the drunken loafers off——"

"Oh, please, no," whispered Charlene, in agonies at the thought of attracting any more attention than they had already gained. And then from two or three seats behind them a man swung his way along the platform and into the aisle between the front seats.

"Good evening, Miss Harkness," said a strong voice, which seemed, somehow, to be addressed to the three men opposite also. "I thought it was you from the seat where I sat."

"Oh, Mr. Shields!" cried Charlene, in a gust of relief. She had planned, since his defection a month ago, to treat him with a chilling hauteur when their paths should cross again. And here she was ready to fling herself and all her trouble upon him the instant he appeared!

He sat beside the girls, was introduced to Gertie, and rode with them to the cross-street on which Mrs. Lynch's was situated.

"I guess, if you'll take Miss Harkness the rest of the way home," Gertie addressed him at this juncture, "I'll take a car right back. Mr.—my husband—might come in and wonder where I was."

Duffield agreed without much demur to this plan. And, as he and Charlene walked due east through the hot street, he tactfully began the work of reinstating himself in her regard.

"You mustn't be seen with that woman or any one like her," he said magisterially, "if you wish to avoid such unpleasant experiences as you had aboard the car to-night."

"What do you mean?" demanded Charlene.

"I don't care to explain any further," said Mr. Shields. "But you must see that she is the sort of person likely to attract an undue amount of attention."

"She's very pretty, if that's what you mean," said Miss Harkness mutinously.

"That is not what I mean."

"Then I don't understand you. You talk like the girls at the store, who are jealous of her because she is so pretty and has married so well. But I don't suppose you are jealous of her?"

Thus Charlene endeavored, late though it was, to imbue her manner with some of the scorn she had intended it to show forth to Mr. Duffield Shields, when they should meet again.

"Please don't defend her," he answered wearily. "You—can't fail to see what——"

The things that had been said at the store when Gertie had left it, the things that had been said only two days since, her mother's tears, her father's oaths, the peculiar atmosphere of the place in which she lived, the insulting attitude of the men on the car, all these recurred to Charlene, reinforcing Duffield's unspoken charges. But there was in her a resentment against him for some slight she had not quite defined, as well as a passionate, pitying loyalty for the one girl who had shown her love in the careless, cruel horde of the city. She paused abruptly.

"If you think my friends not good enough for you," she began weakly, impotently enough, "then——"

"They are good enough for me; it is you for whom they are not good enough," he interrupted her stubbornly. "Can't you see, don't you really see——"

At this opportune moment, the murky light of the street, shining through the thick, July air, was reinforced by the headlight from a motor-car. It was just steaming away

from Mrs. Lynch's. Duffield paused abruptly.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said formally. "I forget that we are no longer mutually pupil and teacher. Certainly you are quite competent to choose your friends—and doubtless you choose the kind you like."

"Good night, Mr. Shields," flashed Charlene. She was in a rage, though she scarcely knew why it was so fierce a one. "Good night. I have learned something about the choice of friends to-night, thanks to you."

"I understand you. You may be sure that I shall not attempt to impose my friendship upon you."

They bowed coldly to each other, and Charlene ran hastily up the stone steps. In her own room she slammed the door behind her, as though she feared pursuit. She flung herself and the box which contained her new frock upon the bed and cried: "Poor Gertie, poor Gertie! Oh, how could she? Why did she? What else could she do? I'll never, never forgive him—never. Ah, I wonder if he will be back to-morrow."

In some such jumble as this ran her restless thoughts and surmises. But when she began to think of Vance's return, the thought of Gertie and the thought of Duffield fell away from her. The world narrowed to a pair of laughing blue eyes.

## CHAPTER IX.

The new dress was very becoming. Vance told her so. Vance pretended, with the burlesque humor which had entranced her childhood, to be dazzled by her fashionable air and her brilliance as she came down the stairs to the awful parlor of Mrs. Lynch. She had thought that he was not coming. He had sent her no note, no word, had made no appointment with her, and she had come drearily home from the store at six o'clock. Knapp & Seaman made their five-o'clock closing as brief a period as possible.

She had gone to her room to brush her hair, to change her wilted stock, and to wash her hands, as enough prep-

aration for Mrs. Lynch's evening banquet. And to her, gloomily engaged in these perfunctory toilet rites, the good Mrs. Lynch herself had puffed up the stairs.

"He's down in the parlor," she announced, sitting, uninvited, upon the edge of Charlene's narrow bed. "Mr. I'm-Monarch-of-All-I-Survey. I asked his name—I always do. I don't know that my young ladies want to go down to see people who are ashamed to let their names be known. But he smiled, and said: 'I think she's expecting me.' So you are, I guess, about all the time. But it don't pay, child. There ain't any of them worth it. I've tried two, and I know. I hope he means honest." This last was more in the nature of a query than a declaration of any real hope. But Charlene had not answered. She was confronted with the difficulty of not knowing just what to answer. She did not know how universally true it is that it is almost impossible to explain the peculiar righteousness of one's own unconventionality. And to-night, thanks to Mrs. Lorimer, Charlene knew what an unconventional course hers had been during the past few weeks.

The knowledge had added excitement to her anticipation. She must go about with him no more—that she knew. No matter how instinctively she obeyed his behests, this one she must obey no more. It had all been put to her very kindly, very candidly, very unmistakably.

"As far as the firm can manage it by careful supervision of the working force, Miss Harkness," Mrs. Lorimer had said, "it wishes to have thoroughly reliable, self-respecting men and women in its employ. You know how difficult that is in a place where there are so many persons from all ranks. It isn't usually our custom to talk much—to warn. But I liked you, if you will let me be personal. I was sure your indiscretions were the result of—social ignorance—even before you explained the situation. It was very sweet of you, my dear, to do that. For I might have seemed merely a meddlesome old

thing! But be guided by me—as your friend who knows the world better than you do. It's important, as far as the shop is concerned.

When things go wrong, as they have been doing in your own section lately, who are suspected? The girls who are known to be lively, to be associating with men with whom, for any reason, they should not associate. In the men's departments it is the same way. If there are shortages, trouble of any sort, who are suspected? The men who gamble, drink, frequent the loud restaurants—oh, the firm knows it all. A place like this couldn't run without its detective system. And—it's all much more important out of the store than in it. It's your future happiness you juggle with, dear child."

It had been a long talk, and Charlene had come forth humbled, touched, enlightened. She had felt another kiss than Gertie's on her cheek, and her heart was warm with a sense of friendliness, though it ached with new knowledge and the premonition of lonely days. But of course one could not, without explanation, suddenly drop one's old friends, ignore their kindnesses, disdain, cut them.

So she had gone down to the dingy

parlor with the copy of the model frock on her lissome young figure, and a pretty hat shading her eyes.

A cab awaited them outside. He explained that he had come in late from Long Island, and had sent the faithful motor to the garage for a little rest. Nevertheless, they were not to dine in the stuffy city. The hansom would take them to South Ferry, a boat to Staten Island, where some one had told him of a wonderful place—would she like that?

She faltered that she would. She wondered when she ought to begin to tell him that it was not right for her to go about with him, and that she was not going to do so any longer. Not in the hansom, she was sure.

The boat down the bay was soon revealed to her not to be the suitable place for the announcement, either. The dinner-table, spread in an arbor, served by the proprietor himself, French, eager, delighted with monsieur's praise, desolated by madame's lack of appetite, was equally ill adapted for the disclosure.

A desultory, tardy moon had risen by the time they crossed the water again, between nine and ten. There were hatless girls aboard, who had



*She had gone down to the dingy parlor with the copy of the model frock on her lissome young figure.*

come out for the breeze; boys lolled by them in the angles of the deck seats; Charlene and Vance had the stern almost to themselves.

The lights of the city swam ahead before her eyes. The boat moved on with mighty rhythmic sound and motion. The city, that must end it all, grew nearer. If only the voyage, the little, little voyage would never end!

On the lower deck beneath them, a German singing society, coming home from a "fest" on the island, broke suddenly into song—singing as only Germans can, with great-chested strength subdued to sweetness. Charlene listened, trembling.

Anna of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
Thou art my life and my goods and my gold.

It rang out into the deep blue of the night. The lonely child, who was to put away something very dear to her heart, gave a little sob as the strains floated clear.

"Charlene!" cried Vance. He had been looking down over the rail of the upper deck into the pit below, indolent enjoyment in all his bearing.

"Thou art my life and my goods and my gold," rumbled a bass. Vance had caught her ungloved hand. It shook in his like an aspen leaf.

"Charlene! Dear heart—dear child, what is it?"

"It is—it is—that I must not see you any more," she wept, careless of what her tears revealed.

"So they've spoiled your innocence with their evil knowledge, have they?" he demanded, with fine fervor. "They forbid your old playmate to you because he has a wife? They deny you to him when he needs you—needs you so much, dear, kind, little Charlene—for the same excellent reason? Oh, the social constitution is a lovely thing!"

He was very eloquent in denunciation. To Charlene, the eloquence was novel, original, the arguments incontrovertible; perhaps they were also to him. But she mustered from some source the strength to oppose it all: "I must not. You know I must not."

They rode back and forth several times while Vance arraigned the cruel order of civilization which forbade a man to eat his cake and have it, too. The singing society had left at the end of the first trip over, but the air seemed to Charlene still vibrant with the refrain:

Thou art my life and my goods and my gold.

When finally they descended from the upper deck and pushed toward the lights of the Battery Park, Charlene heard an exclamation close to her. Miss Irene MacCarthy and Mr. Scranders, with friends, were running for a Broadway car. But Miss MacCarthy had stopped abruptly.

"Why, Miss Harkness!" she exclaimed, with unprecedented cordiality, "who would have thought of seeing you here?" Her eyes were fastened upon Charlene's frock, rather than on the girl's pale, tear-stained face. Vance glared impatiently at her. Charlene murmured greetings and escaped, pursued by Miss MacCarthy's voice: "It is. I know it is. I tell you I'd know it anywhere."

Anna of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
Thou art my life and my goods and my gold.

The wheels of the cab revolved to the refrain. She heard Vance humming it softly to himself as she leaned back in her corner of the vehicle. In one evening many things had been made suddenly plain to her; she was woman grown now. And what she was praying, with a child's ardor, was a woman's prayer—that no rush of protective tenderness, no emotion, worn to the sudden-snapping point, would induce him to touch her. She felt his caresses, insubstantial and unreal, in the air about her. If one should become actual, she felt that something would give way within her, that new knowledge, new feeling, new weakness, would overwhelm her. So she prayed that his hand might not touch hers, his shoulder brush hers. And Mr. Trevelyn, by the help of much self-communion and castigation, was providentially helped to answer her prayer.

He stood on the step below her, finally, on the deserted, narrow, midnight street. His head was bared.

"Good night, dear little girl," he said. "You don't know what you are taking away from me—all that is best in me—my boyhood, my boyhood memories. Never mind. You are quite right and they are quite right—the wise persons who have made little Charlene so suddenly wise. Only—tell them this—and think of it sometimes yourself, please, my dear—you leave a gap in my life, and I leave you utterly untouched!"

"Good-by," shivered Charlene stupidly. She had no fluent words of farewell.

Up the stairs she climbed to the refrain:

Thou art my life and my goods and my gold.

#### CHAPTER X.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Charlene, white-faced and staring, sat on a bench in the upper end of the park. She looked dazed, so that passers-by turned once or twice to stare at her. Occasionally her lips worked as though she were speaking.

She could not quite realize her position. Discharged, branded a thief, accused, by implication, of things more dreadful yet—it was stupefying. She sat huddled, cold, in spite of the hot, breathless July air, and tried to force her benumbed brain to work.

She had gone late to work—that was the beginning of her terrible day. But it was only at daylight that she had fallen into a troubled, broken sleep—and then how it had lasted! How her heavy head had refused the summons of bells and clocks! So she had struggled to the store late, and had been docked two hours. A curious lethargy had possessed her, however, and she had stayed in the establishment, awaiting the hour when she might report for work.

It came, and with it confusion—a drawing away of her fellows, a triumphant scorn on the part of her old enemy, Miss MacCarthy, a puzzled,

angry, questioning air from Miss Delaney. She had been summoned to the manager's office.

Bewildered, she had heard herself accused of the theft of a Paris model frock. She had been seen wearing it the evening before.

"That?" cried Charlene. "But that's a copy."

"Where is the original?" They snapped the question at her. She did not know—either in its case or sold, she supposed. She was curtly informed that it was a waste of time for her to assume any such ignorance; the frock had not been sold; neither was it in its case or in the workrooms for copying. It had been stolen—like a lace bolero, like the Mechlin net of a certain sleeve, like half a dozen things during the last month.

"But I made my dress—I and Miss Bannan—Mrs. Jones. I can prove it."

"The testimony of that young person is likely to do you as little good as her friendship," declared the manager.

They had badgered her fiercely, she could scarcely remember all the ways! They had alluded to her own frequent presence in various public places, to her acquaintance with a man well known in the society circles of the town—to her being with him on the preceding evening alone, at an unseemly hour. Mrs. Lorimer, who was present at the hearing, cast such a look at her at this that Charlene started toward her.

"Oh, let me tell how it happened," she began, but they had bade her sit down again, and she had heard Mrs. Lorimer say icily to the manager that she feared she had been much deceived in her estimate of the young woman.

And by and by, when she had shown that she could not be badgered into confession, she found herself leaving the shop discharged, disgraced, undone.

She had hurried to Gertie's with the wild feeling that perhaps, after all, her friend's testimony might help her. But Gertie was not in the flat, and the colored maid did not know when she would return. So Charlene had scrawled a little, frantic note and left



it. Then she had found her way into the park, automatically, as it were, coming to the northern end, which, a little rougher, a little wilder than the southern, reminded her of her beloved country.

A sudden thunder-shower cleared the air and emptied the park of its afternoon nurse-maids and children, its "unemployed" and its old gentlemen still employed with the morning papers. But Charlene sat still.

The sun came out again and the sky was blue with dappled clouds. A bridle-path entered the highroad opposite Charlene's bench. Two or three horsemen trotted out, glanced at the forlorn figure, and rode on. By and by came one who jerked his horse to a standstill at sight of her.

It is a universal human experience that what we call chance has a habit of unexpectedly throwing together two persons whose thoughts are passionately occupied with each other. The explainers-away of all psychic phenomena account for it readily enough with their "subconscious memories," and the like. But Charlene was no amateur psychologist. When, raising her miserable eyes, she beheld Vance, saw him leap to the ground, hold a second's converse with a mounted policeman to whom he consigned his horse and a tip, she felt that her destiny was no longer in her own hands. Last night, when she was not all unfriended, all abandoned, she had bidden him, in sincerity, a final farewell. And now he stood beside her! It was fate's concern, not hers.

Vance, too, though he was not unfamiliar with the law of chance meetings, felt that this one somehow put a new face upon the situation. He had been riding with the honest intention of riding himself, by wholesome exercise, of the unsound fancies which had kept him company through the night. He had been stirred by the girl's sweetness, by her loneliness, by her open, unconscious admiration of him. It had been a dangerously long time since Imogen had offered him the heady wine of sincere flattery. Imogen no longer cared

for him—was immersed in her own games, her own emotions, excitements.

And here, when he was at the weakest moment in a moral struggle—the moment when a man thinks he has exhausted the armory of resistance—here was Charlene in such bitter need of him. She had caught at his hands when he sat beside her, and had poured out the whole story. Then she leaned back, limp, relaxed. She transferred her burden to him, secure in the belief in his strength. He sat still for awhile, looking at the toe of his riding-boot. Something dangerous, enervating, tingled through him. She was so near, so dear, so pretty, so alone. And he was so alone!

"Charlene," he said abruptly, by and by, "come with me."

The words were out. They had been hard, but fluency followed, as a pent-up stream pours through a first opening.

"I need you. I love you, little girl. You belong to me—I loved you when you were a baby, Charlene! And I need you—to keep me kind and——" it was difficult to say "true," but he forced that out. "I am as lonely as you are—lonelier. People who have lost are lonelier than those who have never had. Come with me. I will never let you be unhappy again."

She heard him through. At first she had not comprehended the drift of his words. And when she did understand, chiefly she understood that he said he loved her. What did it matter? Who cared for her, if he did not? Who believed in her except him? Even—even Duffield Shields had let her go on unfriended, alone. She turned her sad eyes to him, surrender in their depths. How sad his voice was, how even and mellow! How the laughter in his eyes was quenched in grave resolution!

"You will come, Charlene? Ah, my dearest, my sweetest, you shall be always happy!"

The flush of strong desire mounted his forehead. His brooding eyes lit sudden torches. He leaned toward her. Her eyes, her relaxed hands, her weary, lax pose, all gave her to him.

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And then the miracle of salvation was wrought. He was speaking, planning eagerly. "First you shall go home and rest, poor, tired, little bird," he promised her. "Do you remember Susan and Thad? They'll take you in—I'll come to the house itself. And in the woods——"

He paused, startled into silence by the growing wildness of her look. For with his first mention of "home" a memory came to her and replaced the present utterly. She was a child, hidden in a leafy house. Beneath her, the prince of all the world plighted his eternal troth to a lovely lady. She saw them both—the noble rapture of their young faces; she saw the rolling, river-threaded country; she saw the child's pure soul; she saw her father.

So, at her need, angels rallied to her. And the strongest, the most flaming of these was that young Vance Trevelyn, whom she had adored when she was a simple-hearted little maid.

"Oh!" she cried, springing to her feet. "No, no! Never! Oh, my dear, my dear—don't you remember that day and all you promised her—greatness and goodness and happiness? Go to her. Go from me."

It was all a wild rush of words. Before he could understand or could answer, she was off up a hillside, careless of the fact that no path led her. In an instant he had lost sight of her.

## CHAPTER XI.

The hot room beneath the eaves was a refuge to which she sped with furious haste. The greasy house was sanctuary. She was saved, saved, saved! The morning's uproar and shame were as nothing. She had escaped a precipice. She had the dizzy, trembling gratitude of a mountain-climber whose foot has just grazed the crumbling edge of the crevasse.

In the close, little asylum to which she finally made her way, she fell hysterically on her knees by her bedside. From out of that past which was now so vividly present with her, her mother's sharp voice commanded her.

"Down on your knees," it said, "and pray the good God to forgive you for your impious thoughts."

She knelt and prayed, and calmness came. Came to be broken by a knocking on the door.

"Mr. Shields," shrilled Mrs. Lynch's young daughter, "wants to see you."

She went down, shaken, yet sustained by the consciousness that she could meet his eyes unashamed. He was pacing the dirty room when she entered it. He met her with an impetuous outstretching of hands.

"You poor child!" he said. She looked at him puzzled.

"Your friend—Mrs. Jones—she came to my office when she found your note and could not find you. She has told me all about—everything. She is a good, kind, poor soul. She has gone to the store about the dress. And I came here."

"Ah!" breathed Charlene. She was grateful, relieved, but without words. "Ah—what shall I do about—everything?"

He looked at her for a full minute. Then he proved how accurate had been his diagnosis of his own emotions when he had decided that he was not in love with Charlene, by saying suddenly:

"What will you do? Let me take care of you, dear, forever and ever." Then when she shrank back a step with a look of pain on her face, he changed the form of his request. "Then, for a little while—only as long as you need me, only as much as you need me. Let me be your brother for awhile."

Charlene's little hands fluttered out to him.

"Really?" she whispered.

"Really," he promised her.

So she laid down, for a little while, she thought, the burden that was too heavy; so, for a little while, she thought, she gave in to more skilful hands the tangled skein of her life to be untangled. But, through him, kissing the slim fingers she offered him, the joyful assurance crept warmly that the burden would always be his, that the inept little hands would never more play with the threads of destiny.

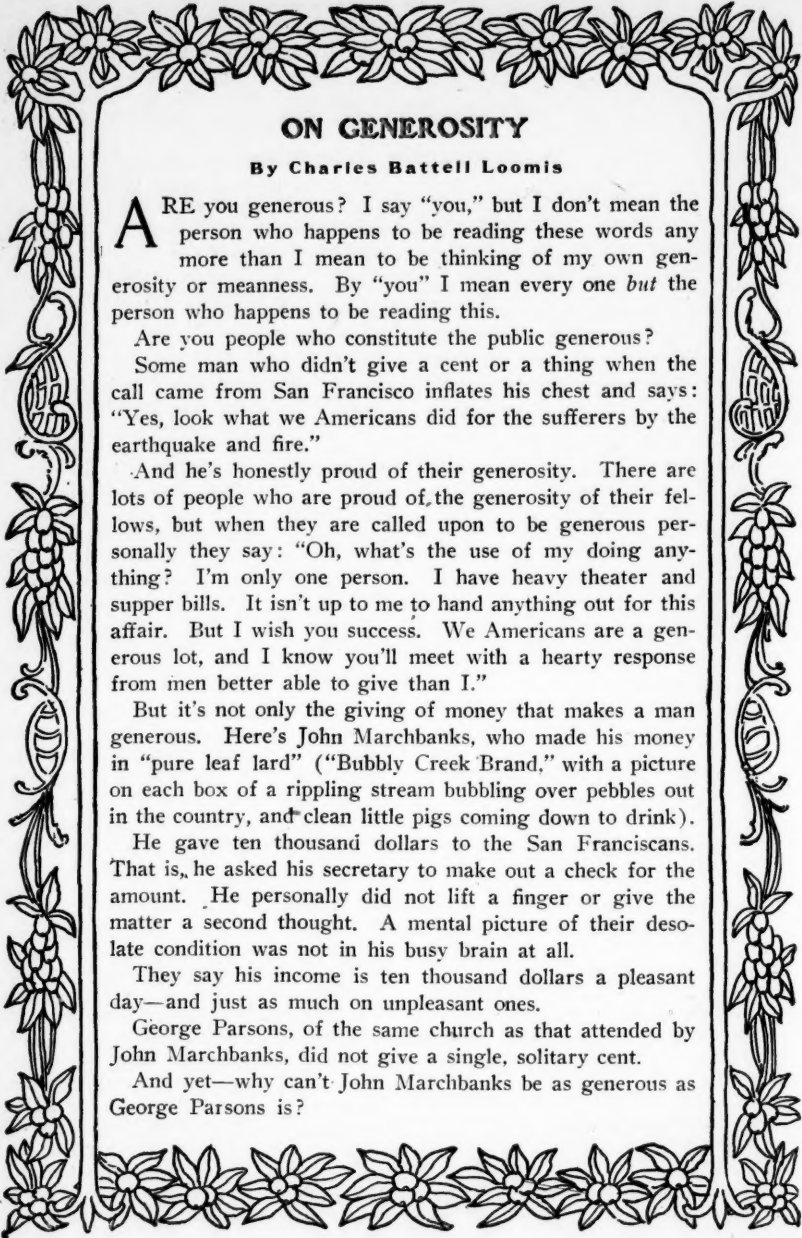
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## ON GENEROSITY

By Charles Battell Loomis

**A**RE you generous? I say "you," but I don't mean the person who happens to be reading these words any more than I mean to be thinking of my own generosity or meanness. By "you" I mean every one *but* the person who happens to be reading this.

Are you people who constitute the public generous?

Some man who didn't give a cent or a thing when the call came from San Francisco inflates his chest and says: "Yes, look what we Americans did for the sufferers by the earthquake and fire."

And he's honestly proud of their generosity. There are lots of people who are proud of the generosity of their fellows, but when they are called upon to be generous personally they say: "Oh, what's the use of my doing anything? I'm only one person. I have heavy theater and supper bills. It isn't up to me to hand anything out for this affair. But I wish you success. We Americans are a generous lot, and I know you'll meet with a hearty response from men better able to give than I."

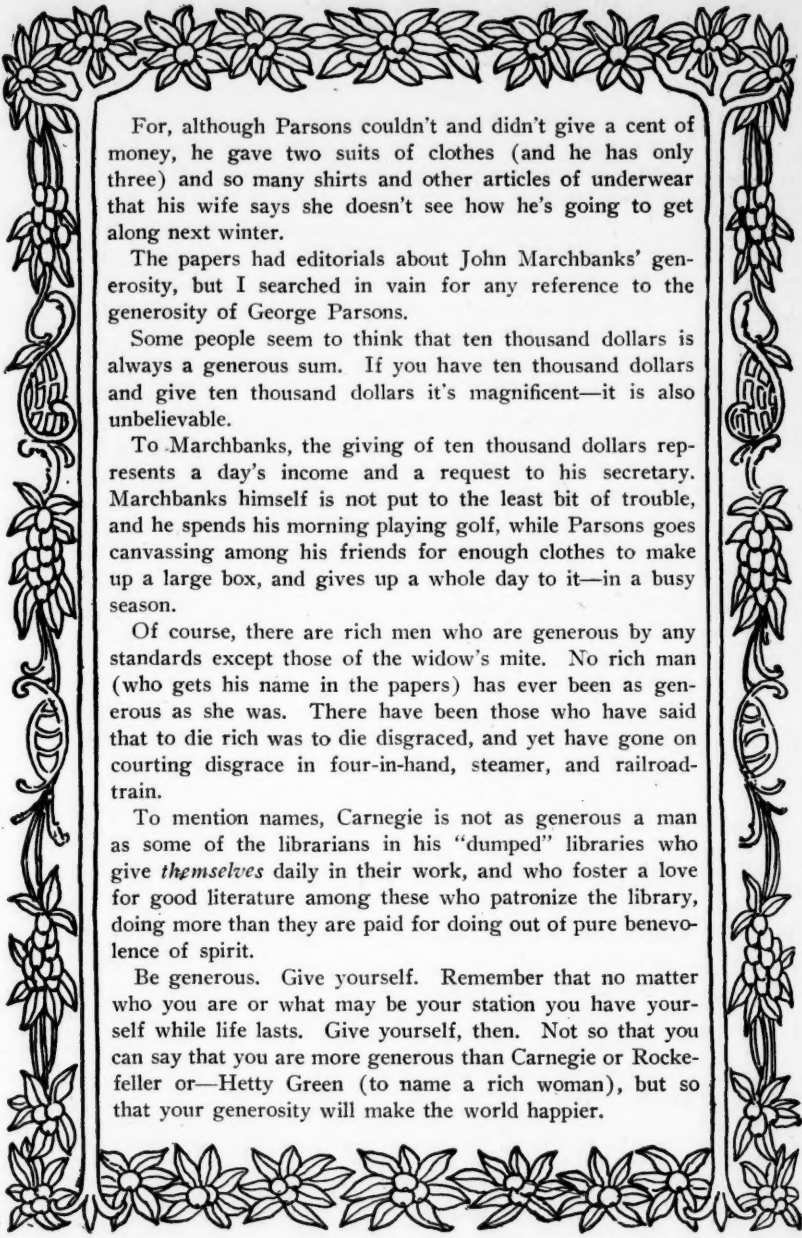
But it's not only the giving of money that makes a man generous. Here's John Marchbanks, who made his money in "pure leaf lard" ("Bubbly Creek Brand," with a picture on each box of a rippling stream bubbling over pebbles out in the country, and clean little pigs coming down to drink).

He gave ten thousand dollars to the San Franciscans. That is, he asked his secretary to make out a check for the amount. He personally did not lift a finger or give the matter a second thought. A mental picture of their desolate condition was not in his busy brain at all.

They say his income is ten thousand dollars a pleasant day—and just as much on unpleasant ones.

George Parsons, of the same church as that attended by John Marchbanks, did not give a single, solitary cent.

And yet—why can't John Marchbanks be as generous as George Parsons is?

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are arranged in a repeating pattern along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

For, although Parsons couldn't and didn't give a cent of money, he gave two suits of clothes (and he has only three) and so many shirts and other articles of underwear that his wife says she doesn't see how he's going to get along next winter.

The papers had editorials about John Marchbanks' generosity, but I searched in vain for any reference to the generosity of George Parsons.

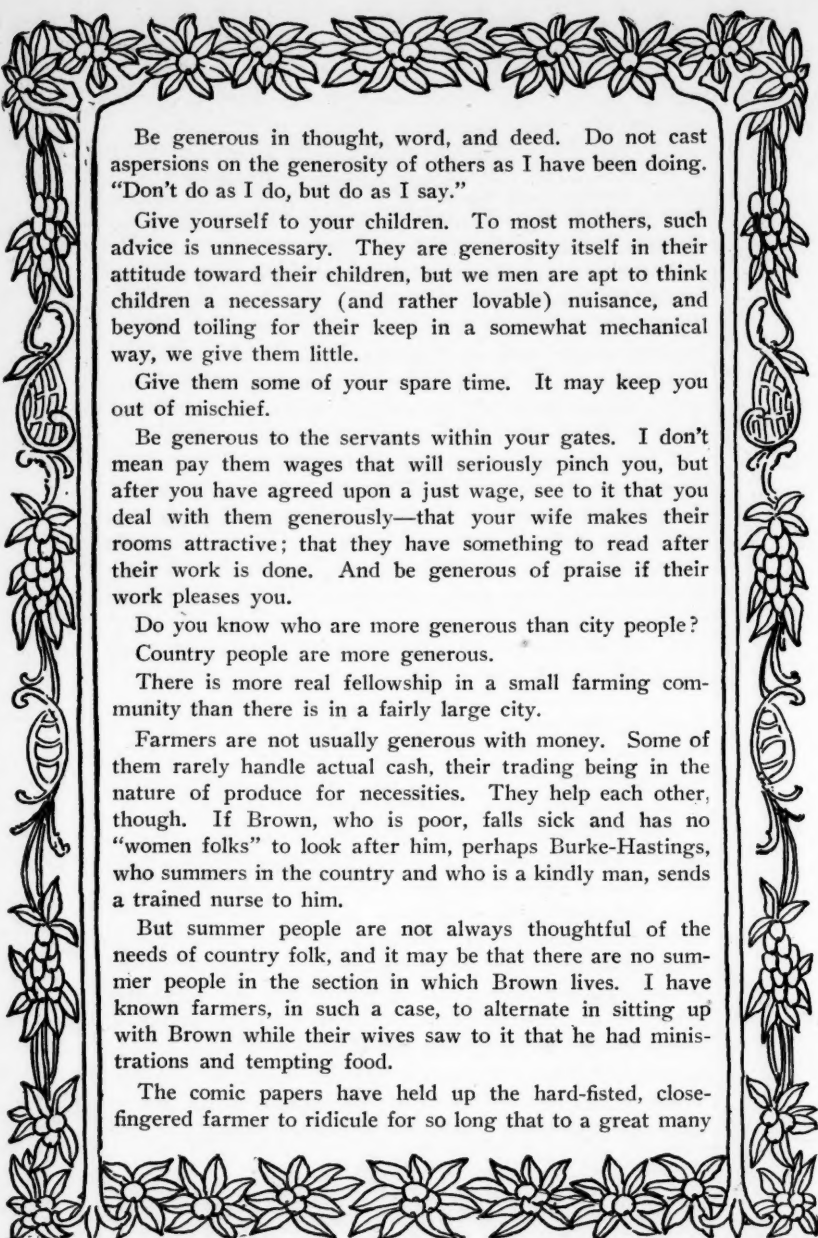
Some people seem to think that ten thousand dollars is always a generous sum. If you have ten thousand dollars and give ten thousand dollars it's magnificent—it is also unbelievable.

To Marchbanks, the giving of ten thousand dollars represents a day's income and a request to his secretary. Marchbanks himself is not put to the least bit of trouble, and he spends his morning playing golf, while Parsons goes canvassing among his friends for enough clothes to make up a large box, and gives up a whole day to it—in a busy season.

Of course, there are rich men who are generous by any standards except those of the widow's mite. No rich man (who gets his name in the papers) has ever been as generous as she was. There have been those who have said that to die rich was to die disgraced, and yet have gone on courting disgrace in four-in-hand, steamer, and railroad-train.

To mention names, Carnegie is not as generous a man as some of the librarians in his "dumped" libraries who give *themselves* daily in their work, and who foster a love for good literature among these who patronize the library, doing more than they are paid for doing out of pure benevolence of spirit.

Be generous. Give yourself. Remember that no matter who you are or what may be your station you have yourself while life lasts. Give yourself, then. Not so that you can say that you are more generous than Carnegie or Rockefeller or—Hetty Green (to name a rich woman), but so that your generosity will make the world happier.



Be generous in thought, word, and deed. Do not cast aspersions on the generosity of others as I have been doing. "Don't do as I do, but do as I say."

Give yourself to your children. To most mothers, such advice is unnecessary. They are generosity itself in their attitude toward their children, but we men are apt to think children a necessary (and rather lovable) nuisance, and beyond toiling for their keep in a somewhat mechanical way, we give them little.

Give them some of your spare time. It may keep you out of mischief.

Be generous to the servants within your gates. I don't mean pay them wages that will seriously pinch you, but after you have agreed upon a just wage, see to it that you deal with them generously—that your wife makes their rooms attractive; that they have something to read after their work is done. And be generous of praise if their work pleases you.

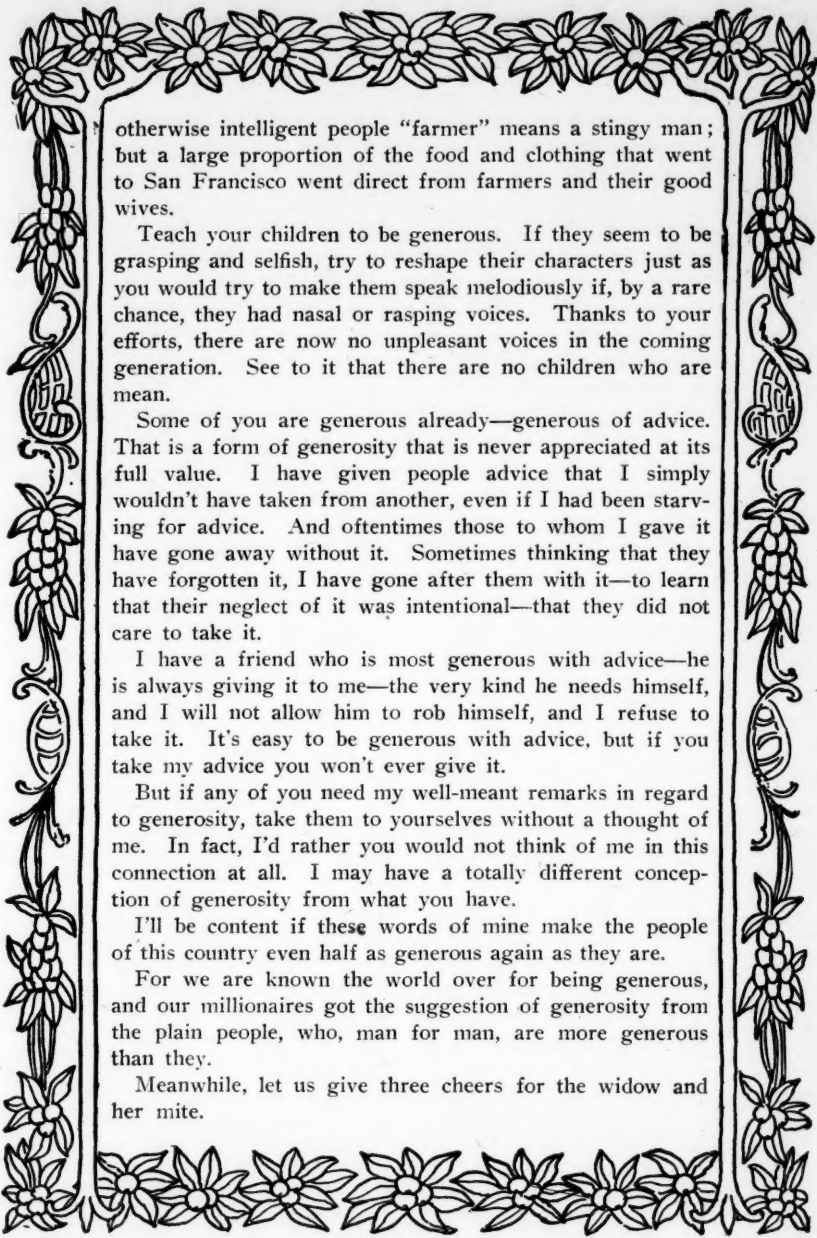
Do you know who are more generous than city people? Country people are more generous.

There is more real fellowship in a small farming community than there is in a fairly large city.

Farmers are not usually generous with money. Some of them rarely handle actual cash, their trading being in the nature of produce for necessities. They help each other, though. If Brown, who is poor, falls sick and has no "women folks" to look after him, perhaps Burke-Hastings, who summers in the country and who is a kindly man, sends a trained nurse to him.

But summer people are not always thoughtful of the needs of country folk, and it may be that there are no summer people in the section in which Brown lives. I have known farmers, in such a case, to alternate in sitting up with Brown while their wives saw to it that he had ministrations and tempting food.

The comic papers have held up the hard-fisted, close-fingered farmer to ridicule for so long that to a great many



otherwise intelligent people "farmer" means a stingy man; but a large proportion of the food and clothing that went to San Francisco went direct from farmers and their good wives.

Teach your children to be generous. If they seem to be grasping and selfish, try to reshape their characters just as you would try to make them speak melodiously if, by a rare chance, they had nasal or rasping voices. Thanks to your efforts, there are now no unpleasant voices in the coming generation. See to it that there are no children who are mean.

Some of you are generous already—generous of advice. That is a form of generosity that is never appreciated at its full value. I have given people advice that I simply wouldn't have taken from another, even if I had been starving for advice. And oftentimes those to whom I gave it have gone away without it. Sometimes thinking that they have forgotten it, I have gone after them with it—to learn that their neglect of it was intentional—that they did not care to take it.

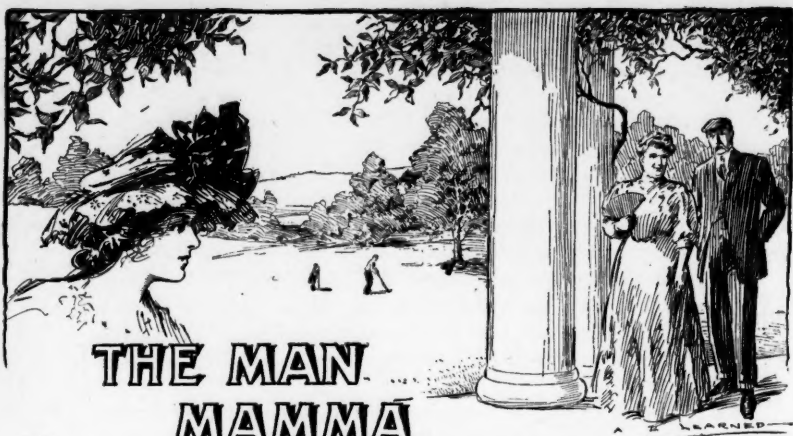
I have a friend who is most generous with advice—he is always giving it to me—the very kind he needs himself, and I will not allow him to rob himself, and I refuse to take it. It's easy to be generous with advice, but if you take my advice you won't ever give it.

But if any of you need my well-meant remarks in regard to generosity, take them to yourselves without a thought of me. In fact, I'd rather you would not think of me in this connection at all. I may have a totally different conception of generosity from what you have.

I'll be content if these words of mine make the people of this country even half as generous again as they are.

For we are known the world over for being generous, and our millionaires got the suggestion of generosity from the plain people, who, man for man, are more generous than they.

Meanwhile, let us give three cheers for the widow and her mite.



# THE MAN MAMMA RECOMMENDED

BY GERTIE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. G. LEARNED

INASMUCH that he was rich (a quite nice thing to be) the Man Mama Recommended was all right; but except from his financial point of view, I regarded him as a failure from the first moment I saw him.

Mama had apparently met him before, because when they advanced toward me, as I sat eating ices on the veranda of the Lenox Golf Club-house, she was treating him to the pretty intimate air of friendliness which she reserves for eligibles whose incomes overlap five figures.

"So nice to run up against you again!" she was saying in her high, silvery voice which carries a long way. "It was four years ago we met, wasn't it?—at the Huntlys' (it seemed so sad about poor Mr. Huntly, didn't it! Such a *sweet* man!) and afterward at Kitty Redmond's. And you've been abroad ever since (*how* investigating!) and still remained an unfettered bachelor (awfully ungallant!). We are staying here for actually a whole month's golf—my sister and her husband are gentle

maniacs, you know, and we are putting up at their place—the '*we*' meaning myself and a tiresome daughter who was in the schoolroom when we last met. Ah! here she is—eating ices and ruining her digestion!"

At this point mama halted as though she were surprised to see me (she had been steadily steering in my direction for the last three minutes), and then flopped elegantly into one of the other low, wicker chairs.

"This is my daughter, Evelyn—Mr. Brooks," she said, treating me as if I were of no account in order to raise manly instincts of chivalry.

Mr. Oliver Brooks bowed decorously, and I smiled artlessly from beneath my floppy muslin hat; then as he stood talking upon the most conventional topics within reach, I took stock of the Man Mama Recommended.

At a *first* glance one would have put him down at thirty-eight and a half; at a second, forty-two; and then when one actually knew that he would be fifty after three more birthdays had



gone, one felt surprised at ever having been surprised to hear he was so old!

He was a good average height, with a well-bred, gentlemanly back; he knew how to sit and stand and bow very nicely, although there was something wrong with the muscle of one leg; his hair was cut very short, so that the gray hairs which had already arrived should be given as little scope as possible; his ears were large; his forehead higher than his collar, and he had a thick mustache (I fancy it hid a coarse, ugly mouth) which grew *à la walrus*.

"And are you a champion woman golfer, Miss Alston?" he said, after the weather and scenery had been got through.

Up till then I had felt neutral about my new acquaintance, but when he made this unnecessary remark in a cheery, chaffing voice, which entirely showed how amusingly absurd he thought his own suggestion, my neutrality turned to a healthy dislike.

"I am an extremely good player, but I have never made any effort at becoming a champion. Probably I could if I wished to," was my most objectionable reply, made solely for the purpose of putting him off.

Mama's eyes froze up till they looked like blue hailstones; but apparently Oliver Brooks quite enjoyed my answer, because he drew his chair up closer and laughed genially. (Heavens! how I hate *genial* people! Let them be polite, good-natured, well-behaved, or anything else that's dreadful, but not *genial*—oh! not *genial*!)

"We must fix up a match one day," he went on in the same diabolical tone.

"What is your handicap?" I drawled.

"Er—er—twenty-four, I think."

"Oh? Well, if I give you two strokes a hole that would be about right, I should imagine."

Again Oliver laughed, so, seeing that he was evidently pleased, mama's eyes unfroze.

"I wonder—" she began, when suddenly looking back into the clubhouse, she darted to her feet.

"Oh! excuse me *one* moment—I'm

sure I saw Colonel Brown, and I want to arrange with him about the match for this afternoon—I sha'n't be a second!" she exclaimed, hurrying through the French windows and leaving us alone together.

Of course her "second" stretched to half an hour—it was bound to do so, seeing that I had reached the *passée* age of twenty without annexing a suitable eligible, and that Mr. Brooks' income ran to five overlapping figures!—during which thirty minutes the Man Mama Recommended fell in love with me.

I knew it while it was happening, and I anathematized my blue hat and gown for being so inconsiderately becoming.

After this, of course, he haunted us, and as I saw that mama meant him to propose, I began to seriously plan as to how this catastrophe could be averted.

Somehow or other he must be put off, but the question remained as to how it could be done.

I had tried several methods, but without success; so as I had already seen mama studying wedding-gowns in the fashion magazines, I began to grow desperate.

"Let's have a round to-morrow before breakfast," I suggested one afternoon when we were having tea (again mama had been called away).

"Er—er—you don't think ten o'clock would be better?" queried Oliver, who loved to digest his eggs and bacon and dry conservative papers before commencing the day's exertions.

"No, I *don't*, but if you don't care to play I will ask—"

"My dear Miss Alston, what a suggestion! Of course I care to play, and the early morning air is specially beneficial. I will be ready at eight-thirty."

"Eight would be better," I interrupted mercilessly.

"By all means, eight let it be."

The next morning my Oliverian admirer and I drove off the first tee precisely at five minutes past eight, and as we walked over the virginally green wet grass with all the rapture of new-





"We must fix up a match one day," he went on in the same diabolical tone.

ly born day surrounding us, I couldn't help realizing how my heart could feel under the same circumstances only with a different companion.

The companion was as yet unfound save in my own dream-world, but all the tender, passionate glory of unsullied nature—the marvelous hush, marvelous sounds, and marvelous mists of an early summer morning—made me long for all that was lacking in my life. Oh, dear!

"You had better take your brassy for this, hadn't you?" suggested Mr. Brooks, about an hour later when we had nearly reached the far-distant ninth hole.

I calmly selected an iron (owing to the pristine hour there were no caddies

procurable) ran nimbly forward with an exhibition of kittenish enthusiasm and silk underskirt—and *slipped on the still-moist grass!*

"Oh! my ankle!" I groaned, sinking back in prostrate agony.

"What have you done? Are you hurt?" he cried, looking horribly alarmed, but not a bit *tender* like my unfound dream-prince would have looked under similar circumstances.

"*Hurt!* Yes—awfully—*fearfully!*"

"I'll hurry back at once and get assistance."

Gaspingly, I answered:

"Indeed you w-w-won't—I can't be l-l-left alone in this pain—how can you be so disagreeable and cruel—you must c-c-carry me!"

In acute dismay (which was only partially hidden by the walrus mustache) Oliver eyed my recumbent form.

"You don't *really* think——" he began again, when I at once broke into a showy attack of hysterics, which lasted a full ten minutes.

After that he was quite tame, although pale with apprehension (I *have* been described as a "beautiful young junco"! ) and ready to begin his task.

"I had better leave the clubs, hadn't I?" he suggested, kneeling down by my side.

"Not on my account," I snapped; "they might be stolen. No, you can put those over your shoulder—they won't be in my way."

And then began the worst three-quarters of an hour the poor man ever experienced.

I insisted upon his carrying me, and I leaned on his manly arms with a confiding abandon which must have been trying—especially when borne in conjunction with two bags of clubs and with the sun rapidly gaining full and almost tropical power!

Added to this, the agony I was suffering made me evidence the full and unchecked force of my feminine bad temper, with the result that by the time we reached the club-house and a carriage was found to take me home, I felt quite sure that the pallid, perspiring, trembling Oliver must have been disillusioned forever.

Certainly I had played the little game very well indeed (that preliminary tumble had been as great a histrionic triumph as anything Mansfield ever did), and although it would be rather a nuisance to keep up the necessary limp for as long as the probabilities demanded, it was well worth it to get rid of the Man Mama Recommended.

But he *wasn't* got rid of—not he!

At four o'clock he came round to tea just as genial, just as honorably intentioned as if he hadn't wit-



And then began the worst three-quarters of an hour the poor man ever experienced.

nessed the most despicable side of my nature!

I could positively *see* a proposal hanging on the hairs of the walrus mustache!

That night I thought deeply, and the following morning, when mama's recommendation found me sitting in the shade, I was reading with an air of enthralled interest.

"There!" I cried, shutting the book at the last page. "I've just finished the cleverest and most brilliant book that's ever been written. Absolutely it's a liberal education."

"Pray let me be educated, then—do be kind and lend it to me," he said, with his most genial desire to please.

"Oh! by all means, only let me have it back this evening, won't you? You can begin it right away, because I've got to go off for a drive with auntie, and let's discuss it when we meet!" And with a smile that was rather picture post-cardy, I handed him the book, and limped gracefully away.

But the book was returned before lunch, and when I got back from the drive to find a parcel waiting for me, I guessed that the Man Mama Recommended was now finally, irrevocably put off!

I opened the parcel, which contained the book and two letters.

The first letter ran as follows:

DEAR MISS ALSTON: Thank you for the book. I regret to inform you that I inad-

vertently read part of the enclosed letter, which by mistake you had left between the leaves. Pray believe me when I assure you that this error was involuntary, and that I ceased directly I realized that the contents were of a private nature.

I leave Lenox this afternoon.

Trusting your ankle will shortly be restored to its normal condition of health,

Yours very truly, OLIVER BROOKS.

The second effusion was this:

Your letter has made me so happy, darling, and I am overjoyed to hear you are bored. When we are married, sweetheart, you shall never be bored unless it is by my devotion. I love you, Evelyn, oh! how I love you—and to know that you care for an inadequate youngster like myself fills me with supreme happiness and conceit. Dearest love—etc., etc.

It went on in this strain, and was signed "Arthur," and as I re-read what I had been so busy writing the night before, I couldn't help thinking that I ought to set up as a calligraphical expert!

The disguise was perfect—especially the suppression of my own pet Greek "E's!"

In looking back upon this episode I certainly *do* feel ashamed of myself, but as the Man Mama Recommended is now the genial and conventional husband of a ladylike widow, I'm sure things work out much better as they are.



#### HE UNDERSTOOD.

LITTLE Jack had found it difficult to understand about Shetland ponies never growing to be big horses, however old they might be, but his mother at last explained it satisfactorily. Some days later, when the very diminutive mother of one of his playmates was calling upon his own mother, after looking at her attentively for a moment, he said: "Mother, isn't Mrs. Brown a Shetland lady?"



#### WAVES.

THE boss hair-dresser from Syracuse looked out upon the ocean and wept. "Oh, they make me so homesick," he sobbed.

Naturally, we asked the man what it was that reminded him so unhappily of his home.

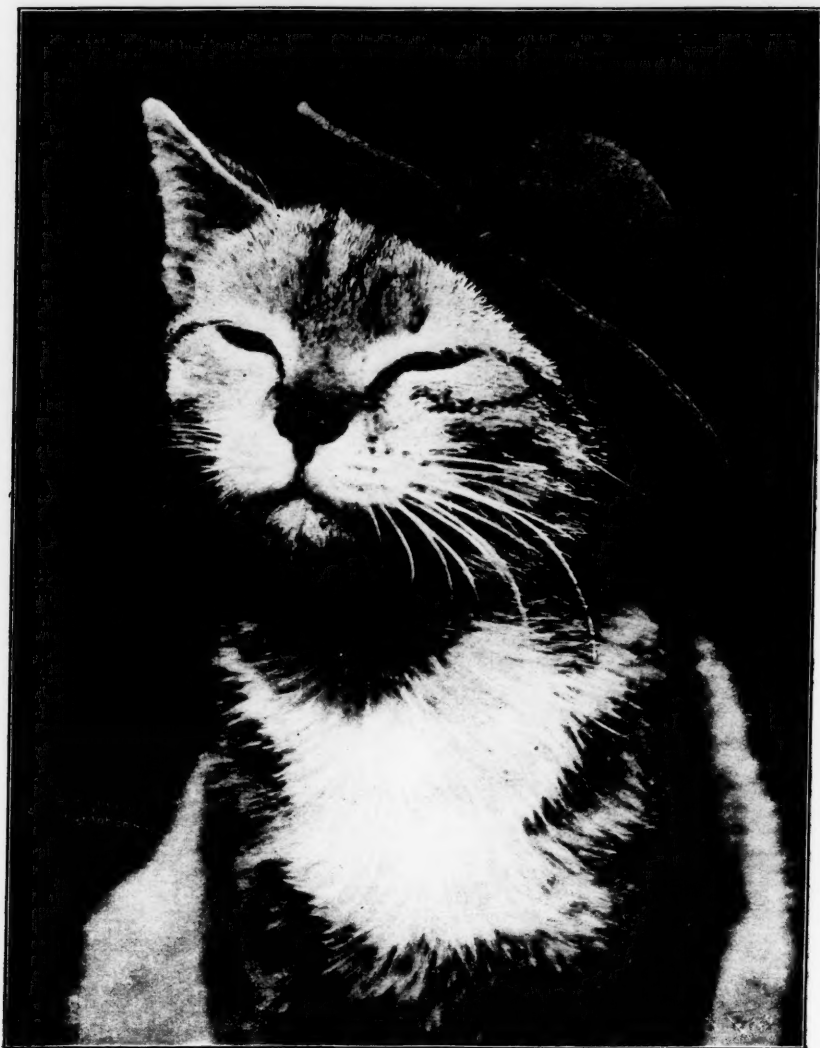
"The combers," he moaned, weeping with increased agitation at the sound of the word.





## OUR HOME PETS—THE CATS

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"AN OLD ROUNDER"





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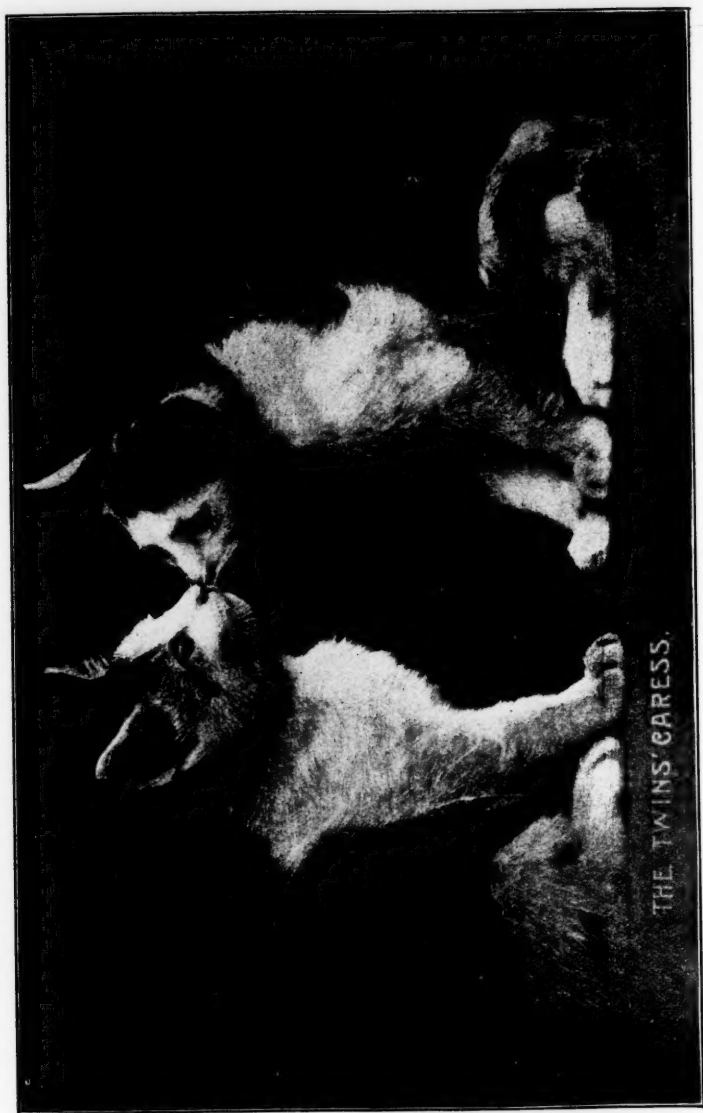
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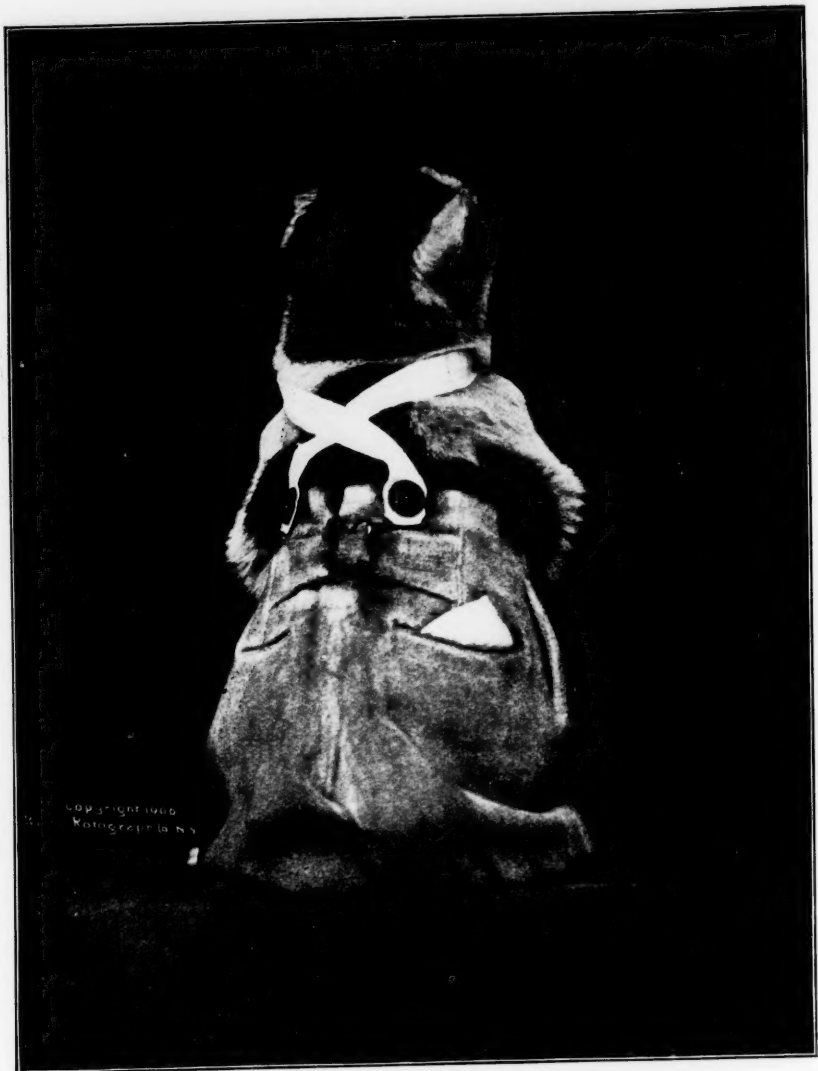
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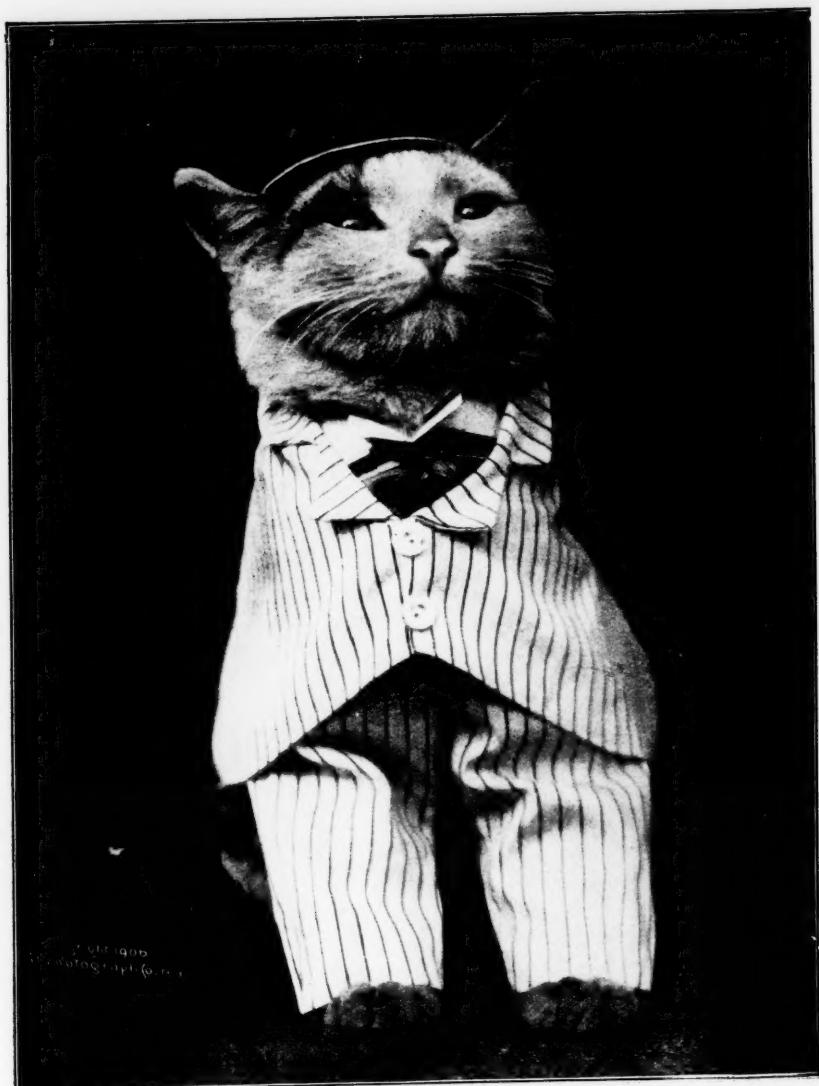
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I WANT MY MOMMY



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HIS FATHER'S TROUSERS



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"ONE OF THE SWELL SET"

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DOES MY BONNET BECOME ME?





# THE LAST OF THE BLACKWELLS



ILLUSTRATED BY  
F. X. CHAMBERLIN

**ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE**

**T**HE Blackwells had writ their name large upon the county.

They seemed to have had a passion for building big houses. Whenever, as we jogged along, a particularly fine old homestead, half-hidden by ancient trees, swung into view, it was almost certain to be a relic of the Blackwells. And the lands matched the houses. Before the sheriff had sold them, piecemeal, for farms, they had comprised from five to fifteen hundred acres each.

As we rounded the summit of Peach-Tree Hill, and looked down into a valley as fertile as the Garden of Eden, my driver pulled up his horse and spat promisingly.

"That big house yander," he began, pointing with his whip, "was Horatio Blackwell's. You've heerd of him, of course. Governor of this State twice, and United States Senator once. When it come to a debate, he could crowd Dan Webster, I've been told. He had two daughters. I reckon they could have had their pick of the earth, bein' beautiful as well as rich. But both of 'em married scoundrels—Blackwells, of course—and both of 'em died of a broken heart. Hod's boys—he had three—simply went to hell.

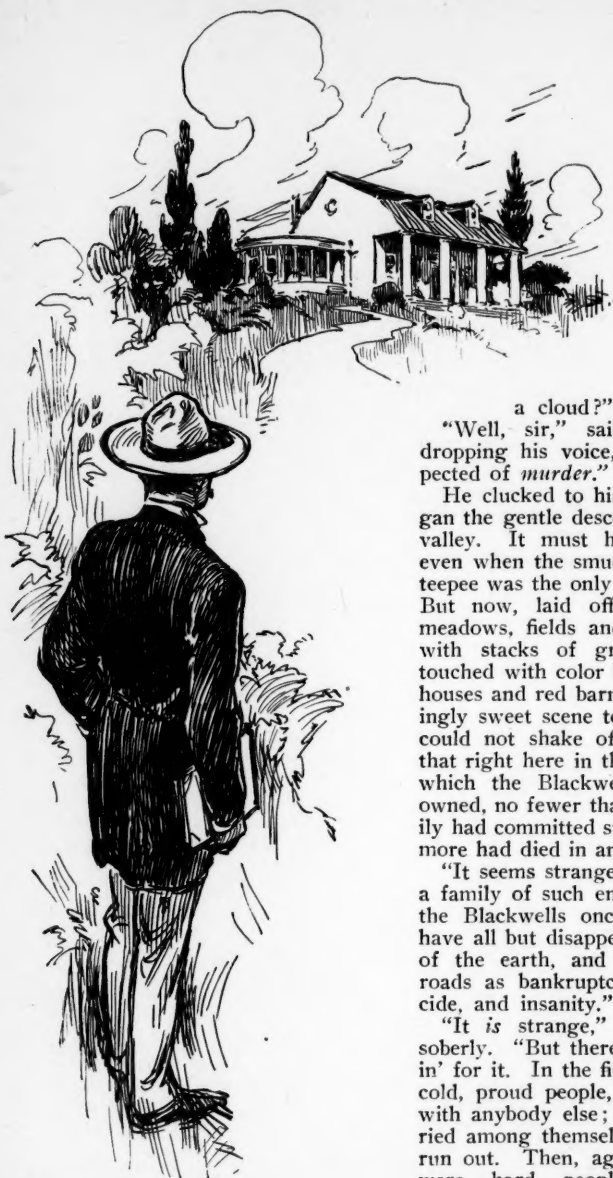
"That house"—swinging his arm

through a quarter of a circle—"was Nat Blackwell's, brother of Hod. They say he wouldn't allow cider to be served at his weddin'. Yet he died of delirium tremens. Some change, eh! Blackwell style, though. Yander—you kin see the sun shinin' on the winders—was Luther Blackwell's—old Luther. Uncle to Hod and Nat, and brother to Lawrence. The old man was worth half a million once. Him and Lawrence was the first Blackwells to come to southern Illinois. Luther's children wasn't particular dissipated—for Blackwells. I don't know what was the matter with 'em. They just naturally run out, like potatoes; married, but didn't seem to have no children to speak of; lost their money, and died off.

"You can't see Lawrence's place. It's about two miles back of Luther's. He was rich, too. In his old age he moved into town. Got it into his head that if he stayed in the country he would be murdered some night. I've heerd my father say that Lawrence once collected rent from fifty-seven houses and stores in Kingston."

"Where are all these Blackwells now?" I asked. "You don't mean to say they are all dead."

"All except Miss George. She's the single, solitary Blackwell that's left.



*I walked out to get a good view of the place.*

She lives in Kingston. I'll show you her place when we git back." He spat again, reflectively. "Some think that one of her brothers—Hatton—is still livin'. But if he is, no one has heerd from him or of him in thirty years. He left here under a cloud."

"What kind of a cloud?" I asked curiously.

"Well, sir," said he impressively, dropping his voice, "he left here suspected of murder."

He clucked to his horse, and we began the gentle descent into the smiling valley. It must have been beautiful even when the smudge from an Indian teepee was the only sign of human life. But now, laid off in orchards and meadows, fields and woodland, dotted with stacks of grain and hay, and touched with color by a score of white houses and red barns, it was a surpassingly sweet scene to look upon. Yet I could not shake off the remembrance that right here in this earthly paradise, which the Blackwells had practically owned, no fewer than three of the family had committed suicide, and as many more had died in an insane asylum.

"It seems strange," I observed, "that a family of such energy and power as the Blackwells once possessed should have all but disappeared from the face of the earth, and by such appalling roads as bankruptcy, debauchery, suicide, and insanity."

"It is strange," replied my driver soberly. "But there's ways of accountin' for it. In the first place, they were cold, proud people, having little to do with anybody else; and they intermarried among themselves till they simply run out. Then, again, the Blackwells were hard people. They always thought of themselves first. They were

full of policy, of course, and they'd call you Bill or Tom when they met you. But, somehow, you always felt that it was because they expected to use you some day. And they did. If you stayed with them long enough, you was sure to get the worst of it. They played the game successfully for a long time. But finally, after two or three generations, there was scarcely a man in this county, sir, that didn't have a grudge against one or more of the Blackwells; and, naturally, he'd knife 'em every chance he got—at the polls, in business deals, and even in church. Several of the Blackwells were put out of church. In fact, they reaped what they had sowed, for many was the man they had ruined."

He spoke with an undercurrent of bitterness which made me wonder, as I glanced at his rusty clothes and broken boots, if he or his had suffered from the rapacity of the Blackwells. Then he added justly:

"The Blackwell women, though, were always good."

The big house on the outskirts of the village which my driver pointed out as Miss Georgianna Blackwell's, was shrouded in gloom when we got back. So early the next morning, while most of Kingston was still asleep, I walked out to get a good view of the place. It proved to be a great, two-storied structure, with dormer windows set in a steep roof, and a portico whose four white columns rose to the eaves. Numerous outbuildings, quite after the style of the negro quarters about an ante-bellum Virginia planter's home, flanked the house and stretched away to the rear. All were built of brick, in the same substantial manner as the central edifice, and looked as if they would stand the wear and tear of a hundred years yet.

As I leaned on the picket fence in the morning hush, and pondered the tragic history of the Blackwells, the house before me seemed rather a monument to their departed pride and power than a tenement for their single survivor. The faint rustle of the grave

old pines was like whispers from the dead; and the tall, bleached grasses made me think of a neglected graveyard.

Yet the place was not really neglected. The weeds along the fence had been kept within reasonable bounds. The shrubbery, the beds of hardy, old-fashioned plants, and the scattered clumps of sunflowers, hollyhocks, and golden glow, all showed care. Even the woodbine, trumpet-creeper, and climbing roses which matted every wall, pillar, and trellis with greenery, betrayed the touch of a restraining though loving hand.

As I stood thus, the massive front door swung open; and to my surprise, for it was not yet six o'clock, an elderly woman with old-fashioned curls and a white mantilla over her shoulders appeared. For a moment she stood with uplifted face, as if inhaling the sunshine, bird music, and sweet breath of the earth. Then she plucked a rose, stuck it in her gray hair, and sat down on one of the portico's iron chairs.

It was Miss Blackwell, of course. Now, I had been told at the hotel that she had not passed her gate for years, and that the inside of her house was a veiled mystery to all except half a dozen of Kingston's oldest inhabitants. But in spite of this, and of the earliness of the hour, something prompted me to risk a call; and the next moment I opened the old ball-and-chain gate and committed my presumptuous feet to the inequalities of the flagged walk.

At my approach Miss Blackwell rose as quietly as if she were in the habit of holding a six-o'clock levee every morning, and modestly awaited me by her chair. I had just time to note a pair of penetrating, purplish eyes, apparently untouched by age, a sharp, hawk-like nose, and a chin to match. Here, certainly, was one Blackwell who had not "run out."

I apologized at once for my invasion by stating that it was quite unpremeditated, and only for the purpose of arranging an interview at a more seasonable hour. I added that I was engaged in writing a history of the State,



and felt sure that a more intimate knowledge of her family than could be gleaned from musty archives and local traditions would be of great value to me. The last was a lucky stroke.

"I am very proud, *sir*," said she, "of the share my family has had in the making of this State. My grandfather, with a rifle across his saddle-bow, rode into this country at the head of a wagon-train containing his dear ones and all his earthly goods. He was no backwoodsman or adventurer, or even mere trader. He was a merchant, and had already accumulated what was then considered a respectable fortune. His first act was to build a home for his family—a home which was looked upon as a palace in that day, and which people came a hundred miles or more on horseback to see. I have a sketch of it, made by his eldest daughter, my aunt, who was a very talented woman, in that as well as other lines. You may use it in your history, if you see fit."

I accepted her offer forthwith. Sketches of houses built a hundred and twenty years ago are not numerous in Illinois. She then asked me to remain for breakfast, and again I accepted, after a faint and somewhat perfunctory protest against this abuse of hospitality.

"I breakfast at a quarter past six, winter and summer," she confided, with a rare little smile, as I followed her to the dining-room, through a high-ceiled, central passage, whose rich, antique furnishings I mentally resolved to know more about soon. "I believe young ladies nowadays are not required to rise so early; but it was always the rule in my father's house, and likewise in his father's, and I believe it to be a good one."

After a simple breakfast of coffee, toast, and eggs, served by a silent, softly moving, middle-aged woman, Miss "George" showed me the family portraits. There were twenty or more in all, life-size, and framed in massive gilt. Her grandfather, Lawrence Blackwell, was an aggressive, intelligent-looking man, but on the whole one whom I should not have cared to trade horses with after dark. He had a sin-

gular defect in one of his eyes, making it look out at a different angle from the other. In his brother Luther the same peculiarity was observable; but pronounced enough in this case to be called a squint, and to give his features a positively sinister cast. I chose to fancy that it had been brought about by holding beaver-skins up to the light, while he calculated how much less than their value he might safely offer the copper-colored trapper.

In the next generation the family squint was still more obvious. Even their mouths were slightly awry, and it seemed to me that their ears did not exactly match. And though at a glance one would have pronounced them large, fine-looking men, the more I studied their faces the more I was impressed that their defects were as much moral as physical. The third generation—the brothers, sisters, and cousins of Miss George—were mostly represented by daguerreotypes, in which their peculiar cast of countenance, considering the men only, was brought out even more startlingly than in the paintings. It seemed, indeed, to be the key to the sad stories I had heard from so many lips of domestic infelicity, breach of trust, debauchery, childlessness, early deaths, and all but final extinction of the great family.

"This was a very, very dear friend of mine," said Miss George, pausing before a dark, handsome, curly-haired young fellow. Her tone was so tender than I half-guessed her secret; and when she added, "He was a distant cousin," I was certain she wished me to know that he had been her sweetheart. The cousins which the Blackwells married so often had not all been distant ones.

In the period of confidence which followed, when I had become an almost daily visitor at the old mansion, Miss George told me more about this cousin—his remarkable beauty, which no picture, she declared, could reproduce; his chivalry; his wonderful skill as an equestrian; his famous horse, *Firefly*, for which he paid a thousand dollars; his marvelous accuracy with a pistol;



*It was Miss Blackwell, of course.*

his daring escapades. One day, with the consecrated air of a priest, she opened a little tortoise-shell box and showed me a lock of his hair—as black as a crow's wing and still emitting a delicate perfume. On another occasion I was permitted to see one of his spurs; and as I looked I could almost hear the thud of quick hoofs and see the flashing eyes of the matchless rider.

She never talked for two consecutive minutes on any subject except her family, and this young Randolph Blackwell was her favorite theme of them all. Sometimes she would smile in a way

that reminded me of a young mother recounting the performances of her babe; again, quick tears would spring to her eyes. She did not tell me how he had died; but I learned one day, from a village seer, that he had been shot in a duel arising over a game of cards. The wild, young blood would as likely as not have broken Miss George's heart had he lived; yet the account of his doings, as it fell from her lips, contained a pathetic interest for me.

"If he had lived," said she plaintively one afternoon, "my life would have been so different. Instead of being the childless old woman I am to-day, the last of my family, alone, and forgotten by the world, I should, in God's providence, have been a mother, a grandmother, and perhaps a great-grandmother, for our people always married young. Instead of day-dreaming over a dead past, I should be listening to the prattle of babes. It's a sad thing, sir, to be the last of your blood—to know that when you are laid in the grave an honored and illustrious name

is wiped from the scroll of the living. All the houses and lands that the Blackwells ever owned, with the exception of this place, are now in alien hands; and when my time comes, as it must in a few years at the most, this one will also have to go. There is no one of my name left to receive it from my hands. My life has been a sad one, in many respects; but I should die content if I could only leave some worthy descendant to hand down the honorable traditions of my family, and to cherish the keepsakes and relics which I have accumulated under this roof."

"Have you not a brother somewhere?" I asked diffidently, for she had never mentioned his name.

"I haven't heard from him in twenty-five years," she answered, with a delicate flush at the enforced confession. "If still living, he is a wanderer upon the face of the earth; and—if a sister may utter such words—he is not one to whose care I could contentedly bequeath the family altar."

It was the first uncomplimentary reference to one of her family that I had ever heard her make. Either the dark deeds of the Blackwells had never been realized by her, or time, that great pres-tidigitator, had deftly extracted them from her memory, leaving behind only the shining ones of which she so loved to talk. But her pride had unbent sufficiently to let me know that the shadow of her life had been the knowledge that with her demise the house of Blackwell would be no more. The pride of her virginity, of her loyalty to the memory of a sweetheart, was to be family extinction!

## II.

One day, while engaged at the Pontiac House in copying some Blackwell letters over a hundred years old, Miss George's staid maid appeared in a breathless condition and stated that her mistress wanted to see me instantly. Miss George met me at the door, her habitual cool cheek strangely flushed and her eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Read that!" she commanded, eagerly thrusting a foreign-looking document into my hand.

It proved to be a letter, in English, from a Spanish lawyer in Valparaiso; and from its grandiose rhetorical flights I gleaned the fact that Donna Isabel Blackwell, aged twenty-two, and only child of Hatton Blackwell, lately deceased, would sail in a month from the date of the letter for the United States, by way of Panama, and would proceed at once to the home of her aunt, to whose loving care Hatton Blackwell had consigned his daughter with his dying breath!

To this was attached a brief note from Isabel herself, written in a bold, independent hand, and worded in a straight-from-the-shoulder English which was in refreshing contrast to the lawyer's flowery phraseology. She simply stated that she would telegraph Miss George from Chicago what train she would arrive at Kingston on, and that she wished to be met at the station with a carriage!

"She is evidently something of an aristocrat," I observed dryly, at the last clause.

"She wouldn't be a Blackwell if she were not!" answered Miss George, with a delighted little laugh. "We have all been great sticklers for form."

I can give no adequate picture of the effect of this revelation of a niece's existence upon the old lady. But if you can imagine a corpse, under the stimulus of a powerful electric current, throwing off its winding-sheet, leaping from its coffin, and hurrying off to busy itself with the affairs of life, you will have no greatly exaggerated idea of the revolution wrought in Miss George. Her step became as springy as a girl's. She began to hum little snatches of song as she bustled about the house. Her eyes twinkled when she met me at the door, and she would now and then burst unexpectedly into the very sweetest little laugh in the world—a tender, elfish laugh which made me think of a child confiding some nursery secret to its doll.

The old house itself was rejuvenated. Every framed Blackwell was washed in tepid water and polished with a flannel cloth, in order that his face might shine with welcome for this youngest scion of the tribe. The old carriage was re-varnished; the old harness sent to a saddler to be patched, oiled, and fitted with new buckles. The sunniest and most commodious up-stairs room was selected for Isabel, and swept, scoured, and refitted throughout.

"I have a fancy that Isabel will resemble my Aunt Esther," said Miss George one day, leading me to a dark-haired young beauty whose portrait

hung in the dining-room. "Hatton always resembled Esther; and as it's quite likely that he married a Spanish lady—Isabel is a Spanish name, you know—his daughter must be dark, too. So I am going to hang Aunt Esther's portrait in Isabel's room.

"If I can only see Isabel properly settled," she continued, with dreamy, happy eyes, "I shall be ready to die. Yet, do you know I can't think of any one around here whom I should be willing for her to marry. I don't know of a single young man in Kingston who's her social equal." She sighed. It was the old Blackwellian spirit of exclusiveness. "But what fair lady ever yet pined long for worthy lovers!" she added cheerily. "Only let me get the princess in my castle, and the brave prince will soon come riding by. I am borrowing trouble, and I should be happy, happy, all the day long. For shall I not, in my declining days, have some one of my own blood to lean upon? And I can lay my head upon my last pillow with the comforting thought that alien hands will not hurry my cherished relics to the auction-block before I am well settled in the grave."

I was getting a trifle nervous about this unknown Isabel. To measure up to her aunt's expectations—large in the beginning and growing larger every day—she would have to prove little less than an angel. Pure Blackwell blood, so far as I could learn, had produced few winged beings; and it was scarcely more likely to do so when commingled with sub-tropical Spanish blood. Still it was encouraging to know that the girl, reared in a country where education for women is by no means to be taken

for granted, could write a fair hand, and express herself in excellent English.

There was no reason for keeping Isabel's existence and prospective arrival a secret; so Miss George, with a twinkle, commissioned me to let the cat out of the bag. This was a simple process, indeed—just a few casual words to the clerk at the hotel, one morning after breakfast. The King-



Miss "George" showed me the family portraits.

stonian who did not know, by six o'clock that evening, all there was to be known about Isabel Blackwell, was either out of town or too sick to see company.

I doubt if the place had suffered as much excitement since the Civil War; and, considering the Blackwells' former prominence, it was natural. Questions were shot at me from every side, and my table became the most popular one in the dining-room. The knot of old men who unfailingly gathered on the veranda of the Pontiac House every afternoon and played checkers, forewent their game that day, and passed the time in recalling anecdotes of the Blackwells. The Baptist minister, in his next Sunday's sermon, alluded to Isabel's discovery, and drew a dramatic moral therefrom. Half a dozen very old ladies who had not crossed Miss George's threshold in a generation, now called on her, dressed in their best, and angled for further facts about Isabel.

The wildest stories, of course, were soon afloat. Isabel was astonishingly rich; she was surpassingly beautiful; her mother had been a member of the Spanish nobility—some said royalty—and could not speak a word of English when she met Hatton Blackwell; Isabel herself could speak only the most broken English; she was a patron of cock-fights and bull-fights—she knew no better, of course, poor thing! having been born and bred in Chili; she was bringing a retinue of servants with her, all Spanish; she was engaged to a Spanish grandee, and would probably settle in Spain and live in his ancestral castle. According to another story, she was not engaged at all. On the contrary, being a devout Catholic, she had consecrated herself to a life of celibacy; and with her fortune she intended to buy back the Blackwell lands and found a convent.

On the day of Isabel's arrival, there was a crowd at the station which would have flattered a Presidential candidate. When I drove up to the platform, with Miss George in the back seat of the ancient carriage, standing-room was at a premium; and the station-agent, bus-

tling forward in his shirt-sleeves, offered us the hospitality of his office. But this we declined, preferring to remain in the carriage.

Miss George's tension was almost painful to see. A bright-red spot, the size of a cherry, burned in each cheek. Her eyes were luminous with excitement. Still she sat rigidly upright, with no fidgeting about. Her ideas of decorum would not permit that. Her slim figure was draped in a black silk gown; black mitts incased her folded hands; and a little black bonnet perched on her soft gray hair. It had probably never occurred to her that the last was a quarter of a century behind the styles. Under her roof time brought no changes in fashions.

The curiosity of the villagers did not displease her, as I fancied it might. It assured her that time had not yet erased the name of Blackwell from public memory. Her only concern, if any, was that Isabel should add to the glamour of that name; and if ever a man prayed that a woman might prove to possess the goodness of an angel, the beauty of a houri, and the grace of a queen, that man was I, and that woman Isabel Blackwell.

When the train whistled, I handed the lines to Miss George and began to edge my way through the press. I had underestimated the difficulties, however. Before I had worked half the required distance, the train drew in; and when I reached the steps of the coach, next to the smoker, the last of the incoming passengers had been discharged, and the outgoing ones were getting aboard.

At that moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder; and, turning, I found the burly driver of the hotel bus at my elbow.

"She's yander," said he, pointing ahead.

His manner and tone struck me as significant, but I had no time for reflection. Just in front of me was a ring of craning spectators, more compact than anything I had yet pushed through, and I had no doubt the center of that ring contained the object of my search. At that instant, in fact, I caught sight





*The crowd swarmed behind, in front, and on both sides.*

of a tall, capable-looking young woman addressing an inquiry of some kind to the crowd. "There is the author of that swinging handwriting!" I murmured to myself.

I learned afterward that she was only a train acquaintance of Isabel's; but at the time, after pushing still nearer, I was about to ask her if she were not Miss Blackwell, when I suddenly desisted an object that froze the question on my lips, and for an instant made my heart stand still. That object was

a cripple, about the size of a ten-year-old girl, with a withered body supported between two crutches. The puny, white hand which clung to the crosspiece of the crutch on the side toward me scintillated with precious stones. Her great, dark eyes, shaded by jetty lashes of a most unusual length, wore a half-frightened, half-appealing expression as they traversed the human wall before her, searching for a friendly face.

When she met my eye, she seemed to



detect my official character, and quietly waited until I had broken through the circle and stood at her side.

"I am Isabel Blackwell," said she, in a low, tired voice, but which was under perfect control. "Can you tell me where I may find my aunt, Miss Georgianna Blackwell?"

"She is here with me, to meet you," I answered. "I'll bring the carriage around to this end of the platform."

"I can walk," said she quickly—and a trifle haughtily, I fancied, as if I had doubted her ability to walk.

"Hardly, in this crowd," I ventured, with a smile, and I hurried away.

She could have made her way along, I suppose; but I wanted time to prepare Miss George. I found the latter sitting with one arm on the back of the front seat, her face pale and drawn with nervousness, her eyes peering anxiously up the platform. At sight of me, returning alone, she started.

"Where is Isabel?" she demanded, with a brusqueness quite foreign to her.

"She is waiting at the other end of the platform. She couldn't very well make her way through the crowd. Miss George, I have something to say which will grieve you greatly, I fear. Isabel is a cripple, on crutches."

She stared vacantly.

"A cripple! Isabel Blackwell!" she repeated vaguely. "You have made a mistake."

"I wish I could think so," I answered sympathetically.

I drove round to the other side of the station, and drew up to the platform within a few feet of where Isabel stood. The villagers respectfully fell back, and the little twisted stranger from far-away South America stood revealed to her aunt's dilated, searching eyes. For a moment neither of them spoke or moved. It seemed to me that Isabel was conscious of being weighed in the balance, and had no intention of offering herself until she should be found not wanting. Then Miss George, with a little, tremulous cry, sprang from the carriage with an agility which I should have

declared neither age nor Blackwell dignity would permit, drew the little cripple's head to her spare breast with a mothering motion, and kissed her on the mouth. Kingston's gathered population looked on agape!

We took her into the carriage and laid her crutches under the seat. I turned old Ben about, and he started off at a funereal pace. The crowd, undeterred by dust or modesty, swarmed behind, in front, and on both sides. But they gradually dropped away, and by the time the old mansion hove into view we were alone. Not a word had been spoken on the back seat. Yet I had a feeling that all was well—as well, at least, as it could be under the circumstances—and when I stole a glance behind, under pretext of pointing out the house to Isabel, I saw that her hand was tightly locked in both of Miss George's!

Poor little sprig of Spanish nobility! Poor little heiress of millions! Poor little queen of beauty! How unconsciously cruel had been the tongue of Dame Rumor! Isabel's mother had been a hospital attendant, who had nursed Hatton Blackwell through an attack of delirium tremens, and then foolishly married him. Isabel's fortune, after paying her passage to Kingston, was about seventy-five Spanish dollars. Her beauty lay in her eyes alone.

I have often wondered since if any of the Kingston maidens, whose breasts had been cankered with envy of the fictitious Isabel Blackwell, learned a lesson from the coming of the real Isabel. Or if, when they gazed upon her crooked back and shriveled limbs, they put away their foolish heart-burnings and thanked God for their own sound bodies.

Isabel's room was changed from the second floor to the first, so that she might have no stairs to climb. The portrait of Aunt Esther, whom Isabel was to have resembled, was quietly taken back to its old place in the dining-room. That bonny prince who was to come riding out of a mysterious Some-

where to claim the fair Isabel's hand and give Blackwell blood a new lease of life, was relegated to the secret recesses of Miss George's heart.

Isabel was certainly a cruel disappointment to her aunt. Yet when I called the next day, I saw that Miss George had herself well in hand.

"I have had my little dream," said she pathetically. "I don't know that I am the worse for it, although the awakening was rather rough. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking it all over. But how much worse it might have been! A vain, frivolous girl who

would have eloped with the first worthless lover that came along would have broken my heart. This child is going to be a blessing to me. In spite of her afflicted body, I can see that she has a beautiful mind and heart. I love her already."

She paused and wiped her eyes.

"Just to think! I was so proud that she had ordered a carriage to meet her at the station. I said that was like a Blackwell. And it was only because her poor little legs were too weak and crooked to carry her very far! May God forgive my foolish pride!"



#### A REASON FOR IT.

LADY—What a quiet, unobtrusive little boy that is over there.

BIGBOY—Yes, he's an orphan—he never had no father an' mother to boss around, you know.



#### HARD TELLING.

ANNETTE—Why did she accept him?

VIOLA—Well, she hasn't had time to decide yet herself!



#### A GOOD SIGN.

CHAUNCEY—Are you quite sure she has money?

ALGY—Positively; when I told her I loved her for herself alone, she yawned.



#### IT'S UP TO THE JUDGE.

JUDGE—Are you guilty or not?

PRISONER—Well, judge, you're de doctor!



#### HER OPINION.

MOTHER—Dorothy, I have to be scolding you all the time!

DOROTHY—Well, all I can say, mama, is, I'm sorry for the man who gets you for a mother-in-law.



#### A COMPLETE DISGUISE.

CHOLLY—So the maid who answered the door didn't know me with my mustache off?

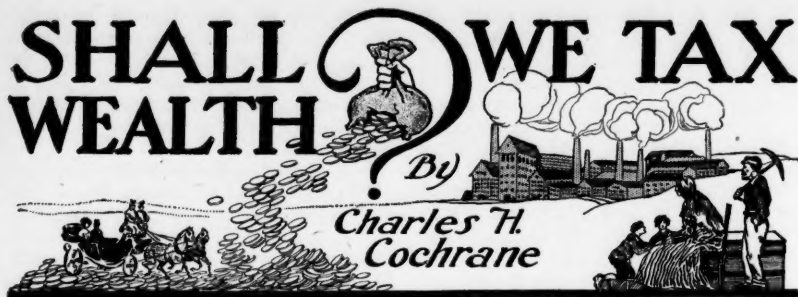
ETHEL—No; she said there was a strange chap at the door who looked like a gentleman, but had one of your cards.



#### TO BE EXPECTED.

MRS. JONES—Your daughter's marriage was quite a romance, I believe?

OLD BROWN—Gad, yes; and the whole edition has come back on my hands!



A SYMPOSIUM OF THE MOST PROMINENT STATESMEN, BUSINESS  
MEN AND THINKERS IN AMERICA, CONCERNING  
INCOME AND INHERITANCE TAXES



EXTRACT from President Roosevelt's message to Congress of December 3, 1906:

"I feel that in the near future our national legislators should enact a law providing for a graduated inheritance tax by which a steadily increasing rate of duty should be put upon all moneys or other valuables coming by gift, bequest, or device to any individual or corporation. It may be well to make the tax heavy in proportion as the individual benefited is remote of kin. In any event, in my judgment the pro rata of the tax should increase very heavily with the increase of the amount left to any one individual after a certain point has been reached. . . . The prime object should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to this country to perpetuate. . . . In its incidents, and apart from the main purpose of raising revenue, an income tax stands on an entirely different footing from an inheritance tax, because it involves no question of the perpetuation of fortunes swollen to an unhealthy size. The question is in its essence a question of the proper adjustment of burdens to benefits. As the law now stands, it is undoubtedly difficult to devise a national income tax which shall be constitutional. But whether it is absolutely impossible is another question; and if possible it is most certainly desirable."

The President has heretofore expressed himself in the same strain, and

the press of the country has commented at great length upon the relative merits and demerits of an inheritance tax and of an income tax.

To obtain a consensus of opinion by strong men, in various walks of life, appeals have been made for an expression of their views, which are given here, constituting a symposium of rare quality. Seldom is it possible to obtain such frank opinions from so many distinguished men on a topic so near to the interests and welfare of each citizen of our Republic.

It should be observed that President Roosevelt has not specifically advocated the yearly collection of a progressive income tax, but has left open the question of collection upon amounts either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death. Some of those who oppose an income tax fail to note that the President did not commit himself definitely upon this point.

Two distinct propositions are here involved:

1. An inheritance tax by the Federal government. This would seem to involve the repeal of State laws for collecting similar taxes.

2. A progressive income tax. The fairness of this in theory is scarcely questioned. In practise, the laboring man pays no tax, the professional man

pays heavily, and wealthy men commonly find means to evade their proper share.

#### CAPITALISTIC OPINIONS.

*Joseph Leiter—"A tax upon inheritances and incomes is ideal."*

"Theoretically a tax upon inheritances and incomes is ideal in that it puts the burden of maintaining the government upon those who have most benefit to receive from the protection to life and property furnished.

"In this present age, the hue and cry is for the taking away by law or its perversion that which any individual has, for the purpose of distributing it among the masses in one way or another.

"The conditions being such, it would look unreasonable to charge for something not delivered."

*Joseph Leiter*

*Andrew Carnegie—"It is difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which should go at his death to the public."*

In response to a request from this magazine, Mr. Carnegie forwarded a copy of his "Gospel of Wealth," as representing his views. Therein is found the following:

"The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion. The State of Pennsylvania now takes—subject to some exceptions—part of the property left by its citizens. The budget presented in the British Parliament the other day proposes to increase the death duties, and, most significant of all, the new tax is to be a graduated one. Of all forms of taxation this seems the wisest. Men who continue hoarding great sums all their lives, the proper use of which for public ends would work good to the community from which it chiefly came, should be made to feel that the community, in the form of the State, cannot thus be deprived of its proper share. By taxing estates heavily at death the State marks its condemnation of the selfish millionaire's unworthy life.

"It is desirable that nations should go much further in this direction. Indeed, it is difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which should go at his death to the public through the agency of the State,

and by all means such taxes should be graduated, beginning at nothing upon moderate sums to dependents, and increasing rapidly as the amounts swell."

*John D. Crimmins—"An income tax is the fairest."*

"I am in receipt of yours, in which you advise me that you propose to get up an article which shall take the nature of a symposium on the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy, and invite a contribution on the subject from me.

"For many years I have favored it, and it is my judgment that an income tax is the fairest. It is equitable, and it would be justifiable on the part of our government to establish constitutionally such a tax."—JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

#### GUBERNATORIAL OPINIONS.

*Governor Deneen, of Illinois—"We have had an inheritance tax law since 1895, which seems to work satisfactorily."*

"I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, in which you request me to express my views regarding the advisability of an inheritance tax and progressive income tax as a national policy. The matters involved are of such importance that I do not feel justified in writing an offhand opinion. I may say, however, that we have had an inheritance tax law in our State since 1895, which yields about one hundred thousand dollars per year to the State. We expect that during the current year it will yield about one million five hundred thousand dollars, on account of the recent death of Marshall Field, of Chicago. It seems to work satisfactorily, and there is no complaint against it so far as I can learn. Whether or not the State will be willing to yield its power to make such statutes to the Federal government, is a question of such importance that I would not want to express any views upon it at present. There has been no agitation of the matter here."—C. S. DENEEN, Governor of Illinois.

*Governor Pardee, of California—"Inheritance taxation is one of the methods of taxation justified by experience."*

"The State of California imposes inheritance taxes, both collateral and direct. Collateral inheritance taxes have been collected for a dozen years or more, and have produced a revenue of several hundred thousand dollars per year, which has been turned into

the school fund. In 1905 the legislature revised the law, added taxes on direct inheritances, and made the tax progressive on the basis of the amount of the inheritance. This act was framed on the lines of the United States inheritance tax law of 1898 and the Wisconsin statute.

"The present constitution of the State of California authorizes income taxes on persons and on corporations, but such taxes have never been imposed. We now have a State Tax Commission, which is at work on a new scheme of State taxation that will be presented to the next legislature for ratification. This plan contemplates the entire separation of State and county taxes, and the raising of State revenues by taxes on certain classes of corporations (which will be exempted from local taxes) and by other general taxes, including inheritance taxes.

"In my judgment, inheritance taxation is one of the methods of taxation which have been justified by experience. But I do not believe that inheritance taxes should be collected by both the Federal government and the State governments. And, since the State governments are already taxing inheritances, I think the Federal government would best leave alone that field of revenue production.

"As for income taxes, progressive or otherwise, the standing objection to them is the difficulty of collection in a manner which will be equitable, and I can see no present prospect of that difficulty being overcome."

*Geo. L. Pardee,*

Governor Folk, of Missouri—"I believe in an inheritance tax."

Governor Folk's secretary writes:

"Governor Folk believes in an inheritance tax, such as this State has practically. It has been found to be the least burdensome of all taxes."

Governor Broward, of Florida—"I consider both (taxes) necessary for the limitation of colossal fortunes."

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your courteous favor, asking my opinion as to the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy, and in reply I beg to say that, while I have not time to go into detail as to the reasons of my belief, I am heartily in favor of both of these measures as a national policy, because I consider both an inheritance tax and a progressive or graduated income tax necessary for the limitation of colossal fortunes that are now growing up in America, which

large accumulations of money, subject to individual control, are, in my opinion, a menace to the progress, prosperity, and integrity of the United States.

"In my opinion, as the republic of Rome was first changed to an empire and finally destroyed because of the accumulation of money and special privileges in the hands of a few great families, so the time will inevitably arrive when the form of our government will be similarly changed and perhaps destroyed by the same sinister influences."

*Mark Howard*

Governor Brooks, of Wyoming—"I do not question the advisability of either tax."

"Replying briefly to your letter, I do not question the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy. I believe the day is not far distant when such a course will be pursued by our country, following, possibly, somewhat along the lines of the Swiss republic."

*B. B. Brown,*

Governor Dawson, of West Virginia—"I think the income tax is the fairest and most just tax that can be levied; we should exempt necessities as far as practicable."

"Replying to your letter, asking my views upon the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy, I beg to say, as to the income tax as a national policy, that I understand the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the levying of such a tax is unconstitutional. I regret very much that this court found it necessary so to decide this question, because I think it would be better if the power of taxation of the nation were not so restricted; and, while I have not had opportunity to read the case as I would like, it is probable that the court could not have decided the case otherwise in view of the intention of the framers of the Constitution as regards the levying of direct taxes. The Constitution, of course, was a compromise, and this seems a little unfortunate, because it is regrettable that the power of a great nation should be restricted in this way. No restriction should be placed on that power except the broad one that taxation must be just and equitable.

"I think the income tax is the fairest and most just tax that can be levied; and that perhaps the ad valorem system of taxation, levied in nearly all the States of this Union,

is the most unfair and difficult of its enforcement."

"The great objection is based on its inequality, long as people object how any system of operation justly and taxpayer is perfectly fair."

"The payment of is a patriotic duty, erred; however, on upon as a burden—and almost every day escape the payment of operation of most of man who gives an for his honesty, and perjury and fraud. dangerous is apparent."

"In the matter of port of the government partner with every less every taxpayer pay some other tax; pay his and their ju of the share of those just share; hence even to know that every just share; and how is done, and how correct him in seeing to the government can less the government query the government honest taxpayer from payer; or, in other itself is made the injustice to its own is made at all, it n query; that is to s inquiry as to effect it is made. If it st of its purpose, and inquiry made at all, enforce a law which failure is worse than a law which cannot be repealed, because all other law.

"Every man ought to what he owns, and have in his possession be best judged from cases, of course, the be computed—where preferred. But I am siple.

"As I said above, the most just of any posed. Taxes on the bonds and on the div are only another form it seems difficult to kinds of corporations on any other principle especially true of rail especially of inter-state railroads as we call



most unfair and unjust, because of the  
ulty of its enforcement.

the great objection to the income tax  
ed on its inquisitorial features, but as  
as people object to that it is hard to see  
any system of taxation can be made to  
te justly and uniformly unless every  
yer is perfectly honest.

the payment of taxes to the government  
patriotic duty, and should be so consid-  
however, on the contrary, it is looked  
as a burden—often as an unjust one—  
almost every device is employed to es-  
the payment of taxes; and the practical  
tion of most of our tax laws is that the  
who gives an honest return is punished  
is honesty, and a premium is put upon  
ry and fraud. That this is wrong and  
ous is apparent.

the matter of paying taxes for the sup-  
of the government, every taxpayer is a  
er with every other taxpayer, and un-  
every taxpayer pays what he ought to  
ome other taxpayer or taxpayers must  
is and their just share, and some part  
e share of those who do not pay their  
share; hence every taxpayer has a right  
ow that every other taxpayer pays his  
share; and how can he know that this  
me, and how can the government pro-  
m in seeing that this is done, unless  
overnment can make inquiry? And un-  
he government can make effective in-  
the government is unable to protect the  
t taxpayer from the dishonest tax-  
; or, in other words, the government  
is made the instrument for doing an  
ice to its own citizens. If any inquiry  
ade at all, it must be an effective in-  
; that is to say, it must be such an  
ry as to effect the purpose for which  
made. If it stop short of this it fails  
e purpose, and there had better be no  
ry made at all, because an attempt to  
ce a law which is bound to result in  
e is worse than no attempt at all; and  
y which cannot be enforced had better  
pealed, because it brings contempt on  
her law.

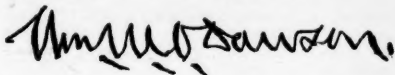
every man ought to pay taxes according  
at he owns, and not what he might  
in his possession, and I think this can  
est judged from his income; in some  
of course, the income might have to  
mputed—where it is not annual but de-  
l. But I am speaking about the prin-

I said above, I think the income tax  
most just of any method of taxation im-  
l. Taxes on the earnings and on the  
and on the dividends of corporations  
nly another form of income tax. In fact,  
ems difficult to levy taxes on certain  
of corporations in any other way or  
y other principle, and I think this is  
ally true of railroad property and most  
ally of inter-state railroads and such  
ads as we call "systems," which are

comprised of a large number of semi-inde-  
pendent lines.

"As to the President's suggestion of a na-  
tional inheritance tax, I think something like  
this is entirely just and proper. In this State  
we have such a tax, and it is graduated.

"In taxation we should exempt necessities  
as far as practicable; although every citizen  
ought to pay something to the support of his  
government. I think this is best for the citi-  
zen and best for the government. Taxes  
should be levied in such manner, and the  
payment provided for in such manner, as to  
entail the least hardship or burden upon the  
taxpayer, justice and equality being consid-  
ered always as of first importance."

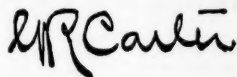


Governor Carter, of Hawaii—"In the  
abstract, I am heartily in sympathy with  
President Roosevelt."

"You ask for an expression of opinion as  
to the advisability of an inheritance tax and  
a progressive income tax as a national policy.

"In the abstract, I am heartily in sympathy  
with President Roosevelt. A limited experi-  
ence shows that the violent objections to an  
inheritance tax disappear with its practical  
application; that its operation secures new  
converts to its cause.

"As to an income tax, I believe it to be,  
in theory, the most desirable, but its prac-  
ticable operation is exceedingly difficult, as  
there seems to be a deep-seated objection to  
private affairs being made public, and no tax  
can stand the test of time which does not  
let each person know what his neighbor is  
paying."



Governor Mead, of Washington—  
"There can be no doubt of the wisdom  
of taking an enforced contribution for  
the maintenance of the government  
from those who receive that for which  
they toil not, neither do they spin."

"I am in receipt of your letter, asking an  
opinion from me on the advisability of an  
inheritance tax and a progressive income tax  
as a national policy.

"Students of economical conditions in the  
State of Washington early appreciated the  
equity and benefits to be derived from a  
graduated inheritance tax, and the same is  
now a fixed policy of our State. The revenue  
derived therefrom amounts to a considerable  
sum, and will be augmented with the growth  
and development of our State. Coming as

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it does from the right of succession of distant kindred, whose sole right is based not upon natural laws but upon the State's statutory law of descent, there can be no doubt of the wisdom of taking an enforced contribution for the maintenance of government from those who receive that for which they toil not, neither do they spin."

"After a reasonable exemption to lineal descendants, this tax should and can be graduated according to the amount received by bequest or inheritance. Not only is this wholesome and just as a revenue measure, but to some extent it will prevent the acquisition of abnormal fortunes.

"The same can be said of a progressive income tax. Most of the fault found with this tax is failure of its administration. This can be overcome not only by the quickening of public conscience, but by speedy punishment of its infraction.

"Should taxes derived from this source be paid into the national treasury or the local treasury? I favor the latter unless the scheme would embrace collection by the national government and a distribution among the several States along some equitable plan.

"By reason of State government assuming many of the burdens which have heretofore been borne by the individual, taxes steadily increase from year to year. How to meet these increased demands is worthy of, and is receiving the attention of, earnest statesmen everywhere. To deprive the States of this source of revenue and turn the same into the national treasury would increase a burden which is now most grievous. Let the policy embrace payment of this tax into the several State treasuries and the same will meet my hearty approval."

*Albert E. Mead*

Governor Cutler, of Utah—"I am decidedly in favor of a graduated tax on inheritance above a fixed value."

"In answer to your letter, in which you ask for an expression of opinion on the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy, I beg to submit the following statement: I am decidedly in favor of a graduated tax on inheritance above a fixed value. It seems to me to be just and politic that one who receives a large bequest from a relative or a friend, for which he puts forth no particular effort, should pay a tax graded according to the amount of the bequest. Such a tax involves no injustice to the one who amasses the fortune, and it cannot be an injustice to the one who receives without effort the fruits of another's labors, to require him to use a part of it in helping to bear the expenses of government.

"When we consider the protection the government affords to the vast interests involved in these large fortunes, and the expense necessarily incurred in providing this protection, it seems to me perfectly equitable that those who receive the benefit should pay for it.

"As to details regarding the maximum inheritance to be exempt from taxation, and the amount and graduation of tax on inheritances above that value, opinions will differ."

*John C. Cutler*

#### VIEWS OF UNITED STATES OFFICIALS.

*United States Representative McCall, of Massachusetts—"To limit fortunes created by individual enterprise and genius would be to impose a harmful restraint upon individual freedom."*

Representative McCall, of Massachusetts, in commenting upon the President's utterances, said that the proposition which he had advanced was not a modern one; it had been suggested at intervals ever since the flood. He added that it had not been advanced heretofore by the conservative forces of society. He continued:

"Its antiquity, however, does not make it conservative.

"It has been considered too radical to find a place even in recent Democratic platforms. There are two kinds of fortunes: those created by individual enterprise and genius, and those which are the products of legal grants and bounties. To limit the first by law would be to impose a harmful restraint upon individual freedom, and by putting fetters upon the ambition of every man born into the world might deprive the race of great achievements necessary to its well-being and vital to civilization.

"Many men in working out their own fortunes open new avenues of production and of progress, and gain vastly less for themselves than they contribute to mankind. But as to the other kind of fortunes, those that are the outgrowth of unequal laws, they demand limitation. Before proceeding to set bounds upon what honest industry, coupled with individual genius, may acquire, it would be well at least to stop legislating money out of the pockets of the many into the pockets of the few. The greatest aggregations of capital the world has ever seen are rapidly growing greater because of duties which no

longer serve any just purpose of protection, but which amount to a grant to levy tribute."

*Senator Foraker, of Ohio—"Inheritance tax unpopular in that State."*

While declining to be interviewed, Senator Foraker called the attention of the interviewer to the fact that an inheritance tax had proved so unpopular in Ohio that the last legislature repealed it in response to what appeared to be a popular demand.

*Senator La Follette—"As governor of Wisconsin I approved a graduated inheritance tax law."*

"As governor of Wisconsin, I approved a graduated inheritance tax law, and recommended so amending the State constitution as to open the way for a graduated income tax."

*Robert M. La Follette*

*Secretary Taft—"Neither in common law nor under the Constitution is the right of descent of property or of devising it an inalienable right."*

Secretary of War William H. Taft, of Ohio, seemingly does not agree with the senior senator from his State, for he said in a speech at New Haven, April 24, that some measure such as suggested by President Roosevelt should be instituted. He added:

"Neither in common law nor under the Constitution is the right of descent of property or of devising it an inalienable right. It depends wholly on the legislature; and if the legislature sees fit to give a tendency to the division of fortunes and prevent their greater accumulation in the second and third generations, there are ample means under our present system and without revolutionary methods to bring this about."

#### BUSINESS MEN'S OPINIONS.

*Ex-Congressman Joseph J. Little, of New York (publisher of Pearson's Magazine)—"I regard this form of taxation as eminently fair, and far superior to an excessive protective tariff."*

"I am in receipt of your courtesy, asking my views regarding an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy.

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"In reply, I am frank to say that in theory I regard this form of taxation as eminently fair and far superior to an excessive protective tariff. The inheritance tax takes from no one that which he has ever had, and, therefore, cannot be felt to be a burden. The progressive income tax must, in my opinion, produce less hardships than any other direct tax can.

"Whether I would vote for such a tax or not must depend upon the details of the particular proposition when presented."

*Joseph J. Little*

*Harry S. New, of Indianapolis—"In many other countries incomes and inheritances have long been taxed, and I think the same policy might be pursued here with good results."*

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor, asking for an expression from me on the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy. I have no objection whatever to being put on record as favoring both. In my judgment there is nothing so complex about the matter as to make it particularly difficult of accomplishment without undue hardship or injustice to any one. In most other countries, or at least in many of them, incomes and inheritances have long been taxed, and I think the same policy might be pursued here with good results. The chief argument advanced by the opponents of the income tax is that it is a tax on thrift, but that objection can be urged against any other system of taxation excepting, perhaps, the single tax. I do not believe in taxing incomes or inheritances disproportionately or extortionately at all, but I do believe that it is entirely just to impose a special tax upon both."

*Harry S. New*

*Doctor I. N. Funk, publisher, New York—"I would vote most gladly for both an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax."*

"In reply to your question, would say that I would vote most gladly, if an opportunity were presented, for both an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax.

"It is absolutely essential that reasonable limitations should be placed upon the ac-

cumulation of wealth. Wealth makes wealth, and a long-headed, cold-blooded hereditary family sagacity could keep its wealth, under present conditions, together, and make it in the course of a few generations a great real menace to the liberties of the people. In order to make constitutional either or both of the suggested methods, let us agitate for the necessary changes in the Federal Constitution."

*T. M. Luck*

Theodore L. De Vinne, the "dean of American printers"—"It is within the province of government to limit wrongful exercise of the power that comes from great wealth."

"I approve of President Roosevelt's suggestions. It is within the province of government to limit abuse or wrongful exercise of the power that comes from great wealth. The sale of spirituous liquors and explosives is regulated in all civilized nations. There can be no valid reason why the power of wealth should not be restrained when it is exercised unfairly. As a Washington jurist has neatly expressed it: 'One man's liberty must end where another man's begins.'"—THEODORE L. DE VINNE.

#### VIEWS OF SCIENTISTS.

Hudson Maxim—"Any income tax must essentially rest heavily upon the professional class; I think favorably of an inheritance tax."

"Any law is wrong which is not a just law; that is to say, which is not for the greatest good of the greatest number affected by it. Any tax is wrong which is not a just tax; that is to say, which is not due from the individual to the commonwealth for value received or receivable by the individual, in protection of his rights to life, property, and well-being; in his rights to opportunity for the attainment of complete living. Many people, as Thomas Paine observed, confound government with society. Society is the outgrowth of our virtues. It is due to mutual attractions of its individuals, while government is the outgrowth of our iniquities. The functions of government are mainly to protect and to punish. The point where government and society most nearly merge in common duty is the providing of good roads, public parks, libraries, museums, schools, and other common

conveniences which tend to facilitate the attainment of complete living by the people.

"Another essential to a just tax is that it shall be impartial, and to this end it is indispensable that the assessment of the tax shall in no wise depend upon the veracity of the person taxed, for when the statement or oath of the taxed becomes a factor in determining the amount of the tax, a premium is placed upon dishonesty, and the more honest are the more heavily taxed. Consequently, such a tax can never be impartial, affecting all alike.

"The very nature of an income tax makes it essentially a tax where either the word of the individual must be taken and relied upon absolutely as the truth, which in scarcely any case would be the truth, or personal secrets, the most sacred assets any individual has, must be pried into and laid bare and made public to his great detriment. This necessity to pry into personal affairs and expose personal and business secrets renders any income tax unjust, because assessments cannot be made without great injustice to the assessed.

"If a person be successful in his business or profession, public knowledge of his earnings becomes a very serious invitation to competition, whereas, on the other hand, an unsuspected smallness of income might seriously injure his business or profession and impair his credit and reputation.

"Any income tax must essentially rest most heavily upon the professional class, while the poorer classes would not be affected, and the wealthy classes would escape it just as they escape nine-tenths of their taxes at the present time.

"It appears to me that the suggested imposition of an income tax is a bid at a high price for the votes of the proletariat.

"In regard to an inheritance tax, I think more favorably of that. Such a tax is not in the same category with an income tax. It can be assessed and collected without great injustice to any one, and without taking the word of the taxed in connection with the appraisement of property. As death is impartial, so such a tax may be impartial, especially in view of the necessary appraisement of the estate in order to divide it equitably among the heirs."

*Hudson Maxim*

Simon Newcomb—"When the individual has done with his wealth, it seems only just that the State should share it."

"It seems to me that inheritances are one of the most desirable subjects of taxation. When the individual has done with his wealth it seems only just that the State should share in it. The tax is, I think, more

easily determined and collected than any other domestic tax.

"On the other hand, although an income tax is the fairest of all in principle, the impossibility of determining and levying it renders it in practise the most objectionable of all systems of taxation. The assessor must depend mainly on statements of the individual himself, and the latter, unless he has no income except a salary, cannot ordinarily determine even for himself what his income is. To hale him before an authority and compel him to swear down to the last dollar to the exact amount of his income is a most demoralizing practise. No man should ever be compelled to make oath to a fact which he knows nothing about. Many men are living in affluence who could not, even if they tried, make a definite and correct return of income. If we must have such a tax, I think the Oriental system of estimating what a man can pay by observation of his way of living, and compelling him to pay according to this estimate, is vastly preferable to a system which offers a direct premium for making a false representation under oath."

*Simcox Newcomb*

Garrett P. Serviss—"I should unhesitatingly vote for an inheritance tax on fortunes exceeding a certain maximum."

"In reply to your request for my opinion in regard to the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy, I would say that I am in favor of the general principle involved in those propositions. I should unhesitatingly vote for an inheritance tax on fortunes exceeding a certain maximum, because I regard the foundation of any rich families, or anything resembling the English system, as essentially inimical to American institutions, and to the fundamental idea of the American republic.

"As to the income tax, I should vote for it only after the whole system of taxation—local, State, and national—had been adjusted to the new conditions which such a tax would introduce."—GARRETT P. SERVISS.

#### OPINION OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

Reverend William Durban, M. A., of London—"Proposing these imposts together is calculated to create immense confusion in the public mind."

"I understand that you are asking for opinions on the advisability of an inheritance tax and a progressive income tax as a national policy. I have pleasure in communicating a very definite idea on this composite matter. In proposing both these imposts to-

gether, I feel that Mr. Roosevelt is taking a course which, however well meant, is calculated to create immense confusion in the public mind. I know this is likely to be the effect because of what I have witnessed in England. Taxes of this kind are in full operation there. The income tax was first introduced during the period of the Crimean War, in the middle of the last century, and it was never intended to be anything but a war tax. Under that impression it was submitted to by the people, but no chancellor of the exchequer has been able to remove it after the cessation of war. It is especially obnoxious because it is entirely escaped by the working classes, and falls with severe weight upon professional men. The Socialist party is now strenuously urging that the income tax be made progressive, but the resistance to this idea on the part of the upper classes is so powerful that there seems no probability that it will be brought within the range of practical politics. All the capitalists to a man are arrayed against it, and the majority of these are credited with systematically cheating the government in formulating their incomes.

"What is here spoken of as 'an inheritance tax' is a much more recent innovation in England. It was instituted by the late Sir William Harcourt when he was chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Rosebery's premiership about ten years ago. The tax was called 'the death duty,' and it retains that name. This is not so unpopular, as it falls impartially on all the propertied class, and cannot possibly be evaded. It is also made fairly progressive. It was a Liberal measure, and was somewhat vehemently opposed by the Tory party and the House of Lords. It is never likely to be repealed, but there is a constant agitation for the abolition of the income tax. An income tax in America would, in my opinion, create one of the worst conceivable commotions. It would be found impossible to work it with accuracy or with justice. It would turn out to be a class exaction, intolerably oppressive to the wrong class. A property tax comes under quite another category.

"I will now point out that Mr. Roosevelt appears to me to be repeating one of the greatest errors committed by the illustrious W. E. Gladstone. That greatest of all English statesmen wrecked his government just when he had attained the climacteric of his fame and power, by staggering humanity when he presented to Parliament two stupendous propositions simultaneously. He was not satisfied with bringing forward his Horae Rule bill for Ireland, but at the same time presented a great Irish Land bill. This conjunction of two measures turned the stomach of John Bull. A nation can face only one critical situation at a time. Mr. Roosevelt is calling on the American people to study two great ideas at one and the same time. The probability is that he will get

them to digest neither. It is, of course, easy for a popular statesman to fling out in a speech superficial proposals, but it is not so easy for the people at large to imagine how his ideas can be carried out in the practical details about which he says nothing."

*William Durban,*

Many people have forgotten that the United States maintained an inheritance tax for four years after the Spanish War, raising in this manner a total of over \$14,000,000. It will also be news to some that more than half the States have inheritance taxes in force, viz.: Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin; while the new constitution of Alabama permits the levying of such a tax. Most of the States named have a scale graduated from one to five, or six per cent. The only instance where the tax exceeds six per cent. is in Washington, where twelve per cent. is exacted in case of large properties willed to distant relatives.

In Great Britain, the death duties, which are graduated as shown in the following table, yield the government an income of about \$15,000,000 a year, the succession duty bringing in about \$3,600,000 more.

From £100 to	£500	.....1	per cent.
From 500 to	1,000	.....2	per cent.
From 1,000 to	10,000	.....3	per cent.
From 10,000 to	25,000	.....4	per cent.
From 25,000 to	50,000	.....4½	per cent.
From 50,000 to	75,000	.....5	per cent.
From 75,000 to	100,000	.....5½	per cent.
From 100,000 to	150,000	.....6	per cent.
From 150,000 to	250,000	.....6½	per cent.
From 250,000 to	500,000	.....7	per cent.
From 500,000 to	1,000,000	.....7½	per cent.
Over 1,000,000		.....8	per cent.

Beginning the present year, the Russian Government levied a personal in-

come tax, directed especially at officials and managers of companies, etc., at a high rate—one per cent. on incomes of \$500 a year and up, two per cent. on \$1,000 and up, and so on by gradations, up to seven per cent. on \$10,000 incomes.

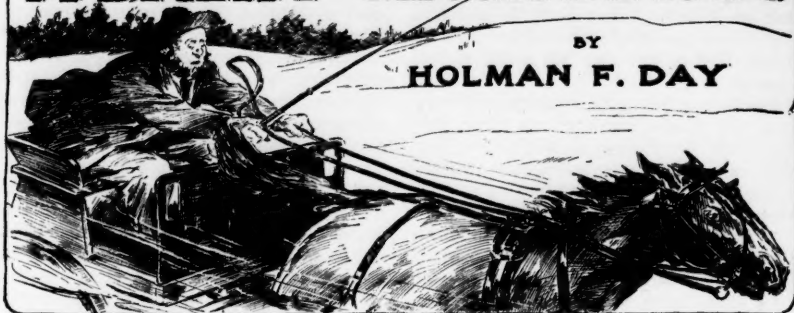
The disproportionately large fortunes of the United States are not accurately known. John D. Rockefeller is conceded to be the richest man, his wealth being figured as between \$600,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000. Andrew Carnegie is believed to be next, with about \$300,000,000; though this may be somewhat reduced by reason of his large benefactions. J. P. Morgan, John J. Astor, William K. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jacob H. Schiff, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, George Gould, Henry H. Rogers, Moore brothers, J. Ogden Armour, the Havemeyers, Belmonts, Whitneys, Leiters, Mackays, James R. Keene, Thomas F. Ryan, John Wanamaker, Marshall Field's estate, Russell Sage's estate, and perhaps twenty others, are believed to possess fortunes varying from \$50,000,000 to \$150,000,000. It has also been calculated that there are seventy Americans worth at least \$35,000,000 each, while New York City alone has two thousand millionaires, as against twenty-eight in 1855.

It is interesting to note that two of the wealthiest men, Andrew Carnegie and Joseph Leiter, express themselves in this article as favorable to the taxation indicated. It is also noteworthy that of the entire list of prominent men quoted, only three disagree materially with the President's position. Two of these are members of Congress, politically opposed to the President; and the other is the London clergyman, who views the question through British eyes. Most of the London newspapers, and most of the non-political press of America, that have expressed opinions on the two methods of taxation, uphold the President, though the proposed taxation of incomes meets with less general approval than the inheritance tax.



# A BALKY CINCINNATUS

BY  
HOLMAN F. DAY



ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

THE moderator of the Scotaze town meeting held his breath for just a moment so as to accentuate the hush in which the voters listened for his words, and then announced the result of the vote for first selectman:

"Whole number cast, one hundred thutty-two; necessary for a choice, sixty-seven; of which Colonel Gideon Ward has thutty-one."

A series of barking, derisive yells cut in upon his solemn announcement, and he rapped his cane on the marred table of the town hall and glared over his spectacles at the voters.

"And Cap'n Aaron Sproul has one hundred and——"

The howl that followed clipped his last words. Men hopped upon the knife-nicked settees of the town house and waved their hats while they hooted. A group of voters, off at one side, sat and glowered at this hilarity. Out of the group rose Colonel Gideon, his long frame unfolding with the angularity of a carpenter's two-foot rule. There were little dabs of purple on his knobby cheek-bones. His hair and his beard bristled. He put up his two fists as far as his arms would reach and vibrated them, like a furious Jeremiah calling down curses.

Such ferocious mien had its effect on the spectators after a time. Scotaze quailed before her ancient tyrant, even though he was dethroned.

"Almighty God has always wanted an excuse to destroy this town like Sodom and Gomorrah was destroyed," he shouted, his voice breaking into a squeal of rage; "now He's got it."

He drove his pointed cap onto his head, gave a parting shake of his fists that embraced moderator, voters, walls, floor, roof, and all appurtenances of the Scotaze town house, and stalked down the aisle and out. The silence in town meeting was so profound that the voters heard him welting his horse as he drove away.

After a time the moderator drew a long breath, and stated that he did not see Cap'n Aaron Sproul in the meeting, and had been informed that he was not present.

"I come past his place this mornin'," whispered Old Man Jordan to his neighbor on the settee, "and he was out shovelin' snow off'n the front walk, and when I asked him if he wa'n't comin' to town meetin', he said that a run of the seven-years' itch and the scurvy was pretty bad, but he reckoned that politics was wust. I should hate to be the one that has to break the news to him."

"They was bound to do it, though, them ree-formers, as they calls themselves, as is opposed to Colonel Gid," mumbled the neighbor behind his hand.

"And seein' how it's necessary to have the first selectmen here to be



sworn in before the meetin' closes this afternoon," went on the moderator, "I'll appoint a committee of three to wait on Cap'n Aaron Sproul, and notify him of the distinguished honor that has been done him this day by his feller townsmen."

He settled his spectacles more firmly upon his nose, and ran his gaze calculatingly over the assembled voters. No one of these assembled voters seemed to desire to be obtrusive at that moment.

"I'll appoint as chairman of that notifying committee," proceeded the moderator, "Entwistle Harvey, Sim——"

"I shall have to decline the honor," interrupted Mr. Entwistle Harvey, rising promptly. The voters grinned. They thoroughly understood the reason for Mr. Harvey's reluctance.

"It ain't that I'm any less a reformer than the others that has to-day redeemed this town from ring rule and bossism," declared Mr. Harvey, amid applause; "it ain't that I don't admire the able man that has been selected to lead us up out of the vale of political sorer—and I should be proud to stand before him and offer this distinguished honor from the voters of this town, but I decline because I—I—well, there ain't any need of goin' into personal reasons. I ain't the man for the place, that's all." He sat down.

"I don't blame him none for duckin'," murmured Old Man Jordan to his seat companion. "Any man that was in the crowd that coaxed Cap'n Sproul into takin' the foremanship of Heely Fire Comp'ny has got a good excuse. I b'lieve the law says that ye can't put a man twice in peril of his life."

Cap'n Sproul's stormy relinquishment of the hateful honor that had been foisted upon him by the Scotaze fire-fighters was history recent enough to give piquant relish to the present situation. He had not withheld nor modified his threats as to what would happen to any other committee that came to him proffering public office.

The more prudent among Scotaze's voters had hesitated about making the

irascible ex-mariner a candidate for selectman's berth.

But Scotaze, in its placid New England eddy, had felt its own little thrill from the great tidal wave of municipal reform sweeping the country. It immediately gazed askance at Colonel Gideon Ward, for twenty years first selectman of Scotaze, and growled under its breath about "bossism." But when the search was made for a candidate to run against him, Scotaze men were wary. Colonel Ward held too many mortgages and had advanced too many call loans not to be well fortified against rivals.

"The only one who has ever dared to twist his tail is his brother-in-law, the cap'n," said Odbar Boadway oracularly to the leaders who had met in his store to canvass the political situation. "The cap'n won't be as supple as some in town office, but he ain't no more hell'n' repeat than what we've been used to for the last twenty years. He's wuth thutty thousand dollars, and Gid Ward can't foreclose no mo'gidge on him nor club him with no bill o' sale. He's the only prominent man in town that can afford to take the office away from the colonel. What ye've got to do is to go ahead and elect him, and then trust to the Lord to make him take it."

So that was what Scotaze had done on that slushy winter's day.

It did it with secret joy and with ballots hidden in its palms, where the snapping eyes of Colonel Ward could not spy.

And now, instead of invoking the higher power mentioned as a resource by Boadway, the moderator of the town meeting was struggling with human tools, and very rickety human tools they seemed to be.

Five different chairmen did he nominate, and with great alacrity the five refused to serve.

The moderator took off his glasses, and testily rapped the dented table.

"Feller citizens," he snapped, "this is gittin' to be boys' play. I realize puffically that Cap'n Aaron Sproul, our first selectman elect, has not been a

seeker after public office, but he's tired as foreman of the Fire Company. I realize that he's entertained some ideas—that—he wasn't the best man to be foreman of another company—that ain't sayin'—like gentlemen, I think it comes to tell him that he's elected to the town. I ain't goin' to waste on cowardice here that ain't afraid. I call on Colonel Ward to head the committee with him Constable. And I want to say here that it's a nice thing from this town to have a man from the police force with enough courage to stand here's been elected.

The moderator rose, and his mien was even the doughty have refused to have them given to him of his admiring neighbors at his grizzled back, doubtfully the back of the stable of the town on the side of his coat.

"Gents of the committee, promptly to the door, I demanded the moderator to pass on to the next item of the warrant."

Mr. Nute rose out of the hall, following without enthusiasm.

In the yard of Nute faced them.

"I have some idea of a genteel way of doing this honor to bestow. Has a

The other two came heads gloomily.

"Then I'll take on me and foller Mr. Nute."

The three men own team, and drive file, along the mus-

er after public office since he re-  
as foreman of the Hecla Fire  
pany. I realize puffically that he  
rtained some feelin' at the time that  
at—he wasn't exactly cal'lated to  
oreman of an engine company. But  
ain't sayin' that he won't receive  
gentlemen the committee that  
es to tell him that he has been  
ed to the highest office in this  
a. I ain't got no more time to  
e on cowards. There's one man  
that ain't afraid of his own shad-  
I call on Constable Zeburee Nute  
ead the committee, and take along  
him Constables Wade and Swan-  
And I want to say to the voters  
that it's a nice report to go abroad  
in this town that we have to pick  
the police force to git men with  
gh courage to tell a citizen that  
been elected first selectman."

ne moderator's tone was decisive  
his mien was stern. Otherwise,  
the doughty Constable Nute might  
refused to take orders, though  
were given in the face and eyes  
s admiring neighbors. He gnawed  
his grizzled beard and fingered  
tfully the badge that, as chief con-  
e of the town, he wore on the out-  
of his coat.

gents of the committee, please 'tend  
mptly to the duties assigned," com-  
ded the moderator, "and we will  
on to the next article in the town  
ant."

r. Nute rose slowly and marched  
of the hall, the other two victims  
wing without any especial signs of  
siasm.

the yard of the town house Mr.  
faced them, and remarked:

have some idees of my own as to  
enteel way of gittin' him inter-  
in this honor that we are about  
estow. Has any one else idees?"

ne other two constables shook their  
s gloomily.

hen I'll take the brunt of the talk  
ne and foller my idees," announced  
Nute.

ne three men unhitched each his  
team, and drove slowly, in single  
along the mushy highway.

It was one of Cap'n Aaron Sproul's  
mentally mild, mellow, and benign days,  
when his heart seemed to expand like  
a flower in the comforts of his latter-  
life, domestic bliss. Never had home  
seemed so good—never the little flush  
on Louada Murilla's cheeks so attract-  
ive in his eyes as they dwelt fondly on  
her.

In the night, he had heard the sleet  
clattering against the pane and the  
snow slushing across the clapboards,  
and he had turned on his pillow with  
a little grunt of thankfulness.

"There's things about dry land and  
the people on it that ain't so full of  
plums as a sailor's duff ought to be,"  
he mused, "but——" And then he  
dozed off, listening to the wind.

In the morning, just for a taste of  
rough weather, he had put on his slick-  
er and sea-boots and shoveled the slush  
off the front walk. Then he sat down  
with stockinged feet held in the radi-  
ance of an open Franklin, and mused  
over some old log-books that he liked  
to thumb occasionally for the sake of  
adding new comfort to a fit of shore  
contentment.

This day he was taking especial in-  
terest in the log-books, for he was again  
collaborating with Louada Murilla in  
that spasmodic literary effort that she  
had termed:

#### FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

The Life-story of the Gallant Captain Aaron  
Sproul, Written by His Affectionate Wife.

"You can put down what's true," he  
said, continuing a topic that they had  
been pursuing, "that boxin' the com-  
pass and knowin' a jib down-haul from  
a pound of saleratus ain't all there is  
to a master mariner's business, not by  
a blamed sight. Them passuls of cat's  
meat that they call sailormen in these  
days has to be hand-led—well, the  
superintendent of a Sunday-school  
wouldn't be fit for the job, unless he  
had a little special trainin'."

Louada Murilla, the point of her  
pencil at her lips, caught a vindictive  
gleam in his eyes.

"But it seems awful cruel, some of

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the things that you—you—I suppose you had to do 'em, Aaron! And yet when you stop and think that they've got immortal souls to save——"

"They don't carry any such duffle to sea in their dunnage-bags," snapped the skipper. "Moral suasion on *them* would be about like tryin' to whittle through a turkle's shell with a hummin'-bird's pin feather. My rule most generally was to find one soft spot on 'em somewhere that a marlinspike would hurt, and then hit that spot hard and often. That's the only way I ever got somewhere with a cargo and got back ag'in the same year."

"I suppose it has to be," sighed his wife, making a note. "It's like killin' little calves for veal, and all such things that make the fond heart ache."

The cap'n was "leaving" the grimy pages of a log-book. He paused over certain entries, and his face darkened. There was no more vindictiveness in his expression. It was regret and a sort of vague worry.

"What is it, Aaron?" asked his wife, with wistful apprehensiveness.

"Northin'," he growled.

"But I know it's something," she insisted, "and I'm always ready to share your burdens."

Cap'n Sproul looked around on the peace of his home, and some deep feeling seemed to surge in his soul.

"Louada Murilla," he said sadly, "this isn't anything to be written in the book, and I didn't ever mean to speak of it to you. But there are times when a man jest has to talk about things, and he can't help it. There was one thing that I've always been sorry for. I've said so to myself, and I'm goin' to say as much to you. Confession is good for the soul, so they say, and it may help me out some to tell you."

The horrified look on her face pricked him to speak further. 'Tis a titillating sensation, sometimes, to awe or shock those whom we love, when we know that forgiveness waits ready at hand.

"There was once—there was one man—I hit him dretful hard. He was a Portygee. But I hit him too hard. It

was a case of mutiny. I reckon I could have proved it was mutiny, with the witnesses. But I hit him hard."

"Did he——?" gasped his wife.

"He did," replied the cap'n shortly, and was silent for a time.

"The thing for me to have done," he went on despondently, "was to report it, and stood hearin'. But it was six weeks after we'd dropped him overboard—after the funeral, ye know—before we reached port. And there was a cargo jest dancin' up and down to slip through the main hatch as soon as t'other one was over the rail—and freights 'way up and owners anxious for results, and me tryin' for a record, and all that, ye know. All is, there wa'n't nothin' said by the crew, for they wa'n't lookin' for trouble, and knowed the circumstances, and so I lo'ded and sailed. And that's all to date."

"But they say 'murder will out.'"  
Her face was white.

"It wa'n't murder. It was discipline. And I didn't mean to. But either his soft spot was too soft, or else I hit too hard. What I ought to have done was to report when my witnesses was right handy. Sense I've settled and married and got property, I've woke up in the night, sometimes, and thought what would happen to me if that Portygee's relatives got track of me through one of the crew standin' in with 'em—blabbin' for what he could git out of it. I have to think about those things, now that I've got time to worry. Things looks different ashore from what they do afo't, with your own ship under you and hustlin' to make money." He gazed around the room again, and seemed to luxuriate in his repentance.

"But if anything should be said, you could hunt up those men and——"

"Hunt what?" the cap'n blurted. "Hunt tarheels once they've took their dunnage-bags over the rail? Hunt whiskers on a flea! What are you talkin' about? Why, Louada Murilla, I never even knowed what the Portygee's name was, except that I called him Joe. A skipper don't lo'd his mem'ry with that sculch any more'n

he'd try to find names for the hens in the deck-coop.

"I made a mistake," he continued, after a time, "in not havin' it cleaned up, decks washed, and everything clewed snug at the time of it. But ev'ry man makes mistakes. I made mine then. It would be God-awful to have it come down on me when I couldn't prove nothin' except that I give him the best funeral I could. There ain't much of anything except

ror. There are moments when a healthy body suddenly absorbs germs of consumption that it has hitherto thrown off in hale disregard. There are moments when the mind and courage are overwhelmed by panic that reason does not pause to analyze.

Louada Murilla opened the front door when the chief constable knocked, after an exasperatingly elaborate hitching and blanketing of horses. She staggered to the door rather than



"United States of America" chilled his blood, and the word "guilty" made his teeth chatter.

grit in the gizzard of a United States court. They seem to think the government wants every one hung. I remember a captain once who——"

He paused suddenly, for he caught sight of three muddy wagons trundling in procession into the yard. In the first one sat Constable Zeburee Nute, his obtrusive nickel badge on his overcoat.

Cap'n Sproul looked at Louada Murilla, and she stared at him, and in sudden panic both licked dry lips and were silent. The topic they had been pursuing left their hearts open to ter-

walked. The cap'n sat with rigid legs still extended toward the fire.

The three men filed into the room, and remained standing in solemn row. Mr. Nute, on behalf of the delegation, refused chairs that were offered by Mrs. Sproul. He had his own ideas as to how a committee of notification should conduct business. He stood silent and looked at Louada Murilla steadily and severely until she realized that her absence was desired.

She tottered out of the room, her terrified eyes held in lingering gaze by the woe-stricken orbs of the cap'n.

Constable Nute eyed the door that she closed, waiting a satisfactory lapse of time, and then cleared his throat and announced:

"I want you to realize, Cap'n Sproul, that me and my feller constables, here, has been put in a sort of a hard position. I hope you'll consider that and govern yourself accordin'. First of all, we're obeyin' orders from them as has authority. I will say, however, that I have idees as to how a thing ought to be handled, and my associates has agreed to leave the talkin' to me. I want to read you something first," he said, fumbling at the buttons on his coat, "but that you may have some idee as to what it all p'intes and be thinkin' it over, I'll give you a hint. To a man of your understandin', I don't s'pose I have to say more than the word 'Cincinnatus.' It's a name that explains itself and our errunt."

"I never knowed his last name," mumbled the cap'n enigmatically. "But I s'pose they've got it in the warrant, all right," he gasped, eying the hand that was seeking the constable's inside pocket. "I never was strong on Portygee names. I called him Joe."

Mr. Nute merely stared, without trying to catch the drift of this indistinct mouthing.

While the cap'n watched him in an agony of impatience and suspense, he slowly drew out a spectacle-case, settled his glasses upon his puffy nose, unfolded a sheet of paper on which a dirty newspaper clipping was pasted, and began to read:

"More than ever before in the history of the United States of America are loyal citizens called upon to throw themselves into the breach of municipal affairs, and wrest from the hands of the guilty—"

The ears of Cap'n Sproul, buzzing with his emotions, caught only a few words, nor grasped any part of the meaning. But the sonorous "United States of America" chilled his blood, and the word "guilty" made his teeth chatter.

He felt an imperious need of getting out of that room for a moment—of getting where he could think for a

little while, out from under the starings of those three solemn men.

"I want to—I want to——" he floundered; "I would like to get on my shoes and my co't and—and—I'll be right back. I won't try to—I'll be right back, I say."

Mr. Nute suspended his reading, looked over his spectacles, and gave the required permission. Perhaps it occurred to his official sense that a bit more dignified attire would suit the occasion better. A flicker of gratification shone on his face at thought that the cap'n was so nobly and graciously rising to the spirit of the thing.

"It's come, Louada Murilla—it's come!" gulped Cap'n Sproul, as he staggered into the kitchen, where his wife cowered in a corner. "He's readin' a warrant. He's got the Portygee's name. My Gawd, they'll hang me! I can't prove nothin'."

"Oh, Aaron," sobbed his wife, and continued to moan. "Oh, Aaron"—with soft, heart-breaking cluckings.

"Once the law of land-piruts gets a bight 'round ye, ye never git away from it," groaned the cap'n. "The law sharks is always waitin' for seafarin' men. There ain't no hope for me."

His wife had no encouragement to offer.

"Murder will out, Aaron," she quaked. "And they've sent three constables."

"Them other two—be they——?"

"They're constables."

"There ain't no hope. And it shows how desp'rit' they think I be. It shows they're bound to have me. It's life and death, Louada Murilla. If I don't git anything but State prison, it's goin' to kill me, for I've lived too free and open to be penned up at my time o' life. It ain't fair—it ain't no ways fair!" His voice broke. "It was all a matter of discipline. But you can't prove it to land-sharks. If they git me into their clutches I'm a goner."

His pistols hung on the wall where Louada Murilla had suspended them, draped with the ribbons of peace.

"There's only one thing to do," he whispered huskily, pointing at the

weapons with quivering finger. "I'll shoot 'em in the legs, jest to hold 'em up. I'll git to salt water. I know skippers that will take me aboard, even if they have to stand off the whole United States. I've got friends,

choose, but it's the best I can think of. I've had short notice. I can't let 'em take me."

As he talked he seemed to derive some comfort from action. He pulled on his boots. He shucked himself into



*He rushed to take down the pistols.*

Louada, as soon as I git to tide-water. It won't hurt 'em in there—a bullet in the leg. And it's life and death for me. There's foreign countries where they can't take me up. I know 'em, I've been there. And I'll send for you, Louada Murilla. It's the best I can think of now. It ain't what I should

his coat. From a pewter pitcher high up on a dresser shelf he secured a fat wallet. But when he rushed to take down the pistols his wife threw herself into his arms.

"You sha'n't do that, Aaron," she cried. "I'll go to State prison with you—I'll go to the ends of the world to



meet you. But I couldn't have those old men shot in our own house. I realize you've got to get away. But blood will never wash out blood. Take one of their teams. Run the hoss to the railroad-station. It's only four miles, and you've got a half-hour before the down-train. And I'll lock 'em into the settin'-room, Aaron, and keep 'em as long as I can. And I'll come to you, Aaron, though I have to follow you clear around the world."

In the last, desperate straits of an emergency, many a woman's wits ring truer than a man's. When she had kissed him and departed on her errand to lock the front door he realized that her counsel was good. He left the pistols on the wall. As he ran into the yard, he got a glimpse, through the sitting-room window, of the constables standing in solemn row. Never was innocent committee of notification more blissfully unconscious of threatening danger. They were blandly gazing at the cap'n's curios ranged on mantel and what-not.

It was a snort from Constable Swanton that gave the alarm. Mr. Nute's team was spinning away down the road, the wagon-wheels throwing slush with a sort of fireworks effect. Cap'n Sproul, like most sailors, was not a skilful driver, but he was an energetic one. The horse was galloping.

"He's bound for the town house before he's been notified officially," stammered Mr. Swanton.

"It ain't regular," said Constable Wade.

Mr. Nute made no remark. He looked puzzled, but he acted promptly. He found the front door locked and the kitchen door locked. But the window-catches were on the inside, and he slammed up the nearest sash and leaped out. The others followed. The pursuit was on as soon as they could get to their wagons. Mr. Wade riding with the chief constable.

The town house of Scotaze is on the main road leading to the railway-station. The constables, topping a hill an eighth of a mile behind the fugitive, expected to see him turn in at the town

house. But he tore past, his horse still on the run, the wagon swaying wildly as he turned the corner beyond the Merrithew sugar orchard.

"Well, I swow," grunted Mr. Nute, and licked on.

The usual crowd of horse-swappers was gathered in the town-house yard, and beheld this tumultuous passage with professional interest. And, recognizing the first selectman-elect of Scotaze, their interest had an added flavor.

Next came the two teams containing the constables, lashing past on the run. They paid no attention to the amazed yells of inquiry from the horse-swappers, and disappeared behind the sugar orchard.

"You've got *me*," said Uncle Silas Drake to the first outrush of the curious from the town house. In his amazement, Uncle Silas was still holding to the patient nose of the horse whose teeth he had been examining. "They went past like soft-soap slidin' down the sullen stairs, and that's as fur's I'm knowin'. But I want to remark, as my personal opinion, that a first seeleckman of this town ought to be 'tendin' to his duties made and provided, instead of razoooin' hosses up and down in front of this town house when town meetin' is goin' on."

One by one, voters, mumbling their amazement, unhitched their horses and started along the highway in the direction the fugitives had taken. It seemed to all that this case required to be investigated. The procession whipped along briskly and noisily.

Colonel Gideon Ward, returning from the railroad-station, where he had been to order flat cars for lumber, heard the distant clamor of voices, and stood up in his tall cart to listen. At that instant, around the bend of the road twenty feet away, came a horse galloping wildly. Colonel Ward was halted squarely in the middle of the way. He caught an amazed glimpse of Cap'n Sproul trying to rein to one side with unskilled hands, and then the wagons met. Colonel Ward's wagon stood like a rock. The lighter vehicle, lock-

ing wheels, went down with a crash, and Cap'n Sproul shot head on over the dasher into his brother-in-law's lap, as he crouched on his seat.

The advantage was with Cap'n Sproul, for the colonel was underneath. Furthermore, Cap'n Sproul was thrice armed with the resolution of a desperate man. Without an instant's hesitation he drew back, hit Ward a few resounding buffets on either side of his head, and then tossed the dizzied man out of his wagon into the roadside slush. An instant later he had the reins, swung the frightened horse across the gutter and around into the road, and was off in the direction of the railroad-station.

The constables, leading the pursuing voters by a few lengths, found Colonel Ward sitting up in the ditch and gaping in utter amazement and dire wrath at the turn of the road where Cap'n Sproul had swept out of sight.

The wreck of the wagon halted them. "I s'pose you've jest seen our first selectman-elect pass this way, haven't ye?" inquired Mr. Nute, with official conservatism.

The colonel had not yet regained his powers of speech. He jabbed with bony finger in the direction of the railroad, and moved his jaws voicelessly. Mr. Swanton descended from the wagon, helped him out of the ditch, and began to stroke the slush from his garments with mittened hand. As he still continued to gasp ineffectually, Mr. Nute drove on, leaving him standing by the roadside.

Cap'n Sproul was at bay on the station platform, feet braced defiantly wide apart, hat on the back of his head, and desperate resolve flaming from his eyes.

"Don't ye git out of your wagon, Nute," he rasped. "It's been touch and go once with the three of ye to-day. I could have killed ye like sheep. Don't git in my way ag'in. Take warnin'! It's life or death, and a few more don't make much difference to me now."

The chief constable stared at him with bulging eyes.

"I could have killed ye and I didn't," repeated the cap'n. "Let that show ye

that I'm square till I have to be otherwise. But I'm a desprit man, Nute. I'm goin' to take that train." He brandished his fist at a trail of smoke up behind the spruces. "Gawd pity the man that gits in my way!"

"Somethin' has happened to his mind all of a sudden," whispered Mr. Wade. "He ought to be took care of till he gits over it. It would be a pity and a shame to let a prominunt man like that git away and fall into the hands of strangers."

"All of ye take warnin'," bawled the cap'n to his townsmen, who were crowding their wagons into the station square.

Constable Zeburee Nute drove his whip into the socket, threw down his reins, and stood up. The hollow hoot of the locomotive had sounded up the track.

"Feller citizens," he cried, "as chairman of the committee of notification, I desire to report that I have 'tended to my duties in so far as I could to date. But there has things happened that I can't figger out, and for which I ain't responsible. There ain't no time now for ifs, buts, nor ands. That train is too near. A certain prominunt citizen that I don't need to name is thinkin' of takin' that train when he ain't fit to do so. There'll be time to talk it over afterward."

Cap'n Sproul was backing away to turn the corner of the station.

"I call on all of ye as a posse," bawled Mr. Nute. "Bring along your halters and don't use no v'idence."

Samson himself, even though his weapon had been the jaw-bone of a megatherium, couldn't have resisted that onrush of the willing populace. In five minutes, the cap'n, trussed hand and foot, and crowded in between Constables Nute and Wade, was riding back toward Scotaze town house, helpless as a veal calf bound for market.

"Now," resumed Mr. Nute calmly, "now that you're with us, cap'n, and seem to be quieted down a little, I'll perceed to execute the errunt put upon me as chairman of the notification committee."



*"I walked that platform like it was a quarter-deck, and my line of talk run jest as free as a britches-buoy coil."*

With Mr. Wade driving slowly, he read the newspaper clipping that sounded the clarion call that summoned men of probity to public office, and at the close formally notified Cap'n Sprout that he had been elected first selectman of Scotaze. He did all this without

enthusiasm, and sighed with official relief when it was over.

"And," he wound up, "it is the sentiment of this town that there ain't another man in it so well qualified to lead us up out of the valley of darkness where we've been wallerin'."

They had come around a bend of the road and faced Colonel Ward, stumping along stolidly through the slush, following the trail of his team.

"That's the way he ought to be," roared the colonel. "Rope him up! Put ox-chains on him. And I'll give a thousand dollars to build an iron cage for him. You're all crazy and he's your head lunatic."

Mr. Nute, inwardly, during all the time that he had been so calmly addressing his captive, was tortured with cruel doubts as to the cap'n's sanity. But he believed in discharging his duty first. And he remembered that insane people were more easily prevailed upon by those who appeared to make no account of their whims.

During it all, Cap'n Sproul had been silent in utter amazement. The truth had come in a blinding flash that would have unsettled a man not so well trained to control emotion.

"Drive along," he curtly commanded Nute, paying no heed to the incensed colonel's railings. "You look me in the eye," he continued, as soon as they were out of hearing. "Do you see any signs that I am out of my head, or that I need these ropes on me?"

"I can't say as I do," admitted the constable, after he had quailed a bit under the keen, straightforward stare of the ex-mariner's hard gray eyes.

"Take 'em off, then," directed the cap'n, in tones of authority. And when it was done, he straightened his hat, cocked up his mustache, set back his shoulders, and said:

"Drive me to the town house where I was bound when that hoss of yours run away with me." Mr. Nute stared at him wildly, and drove on.

They were nearly to their destination before Constable Nute ventured upon what his twisted brow and working lips testified he had been pondering long.

"It ain't that I'm tryin' to pry into your business, Cap'n Sproul, nor anything of the kind, but, bein' a man that never intended to do no harm to any one, I can't figger out what grudge you've got agin' me. You said on the station platform that——"

"Nute," said the cap'n briskly, "as I understand it, you never went to sea, and you and the folks 'round here don't understand much about sailormen, hey?"

The constable shook his head.

"Then don't try to find out much about 'em. You wouldn't understand. The folks round here wouldn't understand. We have *our* ways. You have *your* ways. Some of the things you do and some of the things you say could be called names by me, pervidin' I wanted to be disagreeable and pick flaws. All men in this world are different—especially sailormen from them that have always lived inshore. We've got to take our feller man as we find him."

They were in the town-house yard—a long procession of teams following.

"And by the way, Nute," bawled the cap'n from the steps of the building as he was going in, using his best sea tones so that all might hear, "it was the fault of your hoss that he run away, and you ought to be prosecuted for leavin' such an animile 'round where a sailorman that ain't used to hosses could get holt of him. But I'm always liberal about other folks' faults. Bring in your bill for the wagon."

Setting his teeth hard, he walked upon the platform of the town hall, and faced the voters with such an air of authority and such self-possession that they cheered him lustily. And then, with an intrepidity that filled his secret heart with amazement as he talked, he made the first real speech of his life—a speech of acceptance.

"Yassir, it was a speech, Louada Murilla," he declared that evening, as he lounged again in their sitting-room with his stockinged feet to the blaze of the Franklin. "I walked that platform like it was a quarter-deck, and my line of talk run jest as free as a britches-buoy coil. And when I got done, they was up on the settees howlin' for me. If any man came back into that town house thinkin' I was a lunatic on account of what happened to-day, they got a diff'runt notion before I got done. Why, they all come 'round

and shook my hand, and said they must have been crazy to tackle a prominent citizen that way on the word of old Nute. It must have been a great speech I made. They all said so."

He relighted his pipe.

"What did you say, Aaron?" eagerly asked his wife. "Repeat it over."

He smoked a while.

"Louada Murilla," he said, "when I walked onto that platform my heart was goin' like a donkey-engine workin' a winch, there was a sixty-mile gale blowing past my ears, and a fog-bank was front of my eyes. And when the sun came out ag'in and it cleared off, the moderator was standin' there shaking my hand and tellin' me what a speech it was. It was a speech that had to be made. They had to be bluffed. But as to knowin' a word of what I said, why, I might jest as well try to tell you what the mermaid said when the feller brought her stockin's for her birthday present.

"The only thing that I can remember about that speech," he resumed, after a pause, and she gazed on him hopefully, "is that your brother, Gideon, busted into the town house and tried to break up my speech by tellin' 'em that I was a lunatic. I ordered the constables to put him out."

"Did they?" she asked, with solicitude.

"No," he replied, rubbing his nose reflectively. "'Fore the constables got to him, the boys took holt and throwed him out of the window. I reckon he's come to a realizin' sense by this time that the town don't want him for selectman."

He rapped out the ashes and put the pipe on the hearth of the Franklin.

"I'm fair about an enemy, Louada Murilla, and I kind of hate to rub it into Gideon. But now that I'm on this bluff about what happened to-day, I've got to work it to a finish. I'm goin' to sue Gid for obstructin' the ro'd and smashin' Nute's wagon, and then jumpin' out and leavin' me to be run away with. The idee is, there are some fine touches needed in lyin' out of that part of the scrape, and, as the first selectman of Scotaze, I can't afford to take chances and depend on myself, and be showed up. And for them fancy touches, I reckon I'll have to break my usual rule and hire a lawyer."

He rose and yawned.

"Is the cat cut out, Louada?"

And when she had replied in the affirmative he said:

"Seein' it has been quite a busy day, let's go to bed."



## The Newer Education

*Medical Department: Opening Examination for Applicants.*

**A**RE you naturally cruel? If not, can you acquire it? Have you a proper sense of professional etiquette? That is, would you cheerfully let a patient die, rather than make a professional "break"?

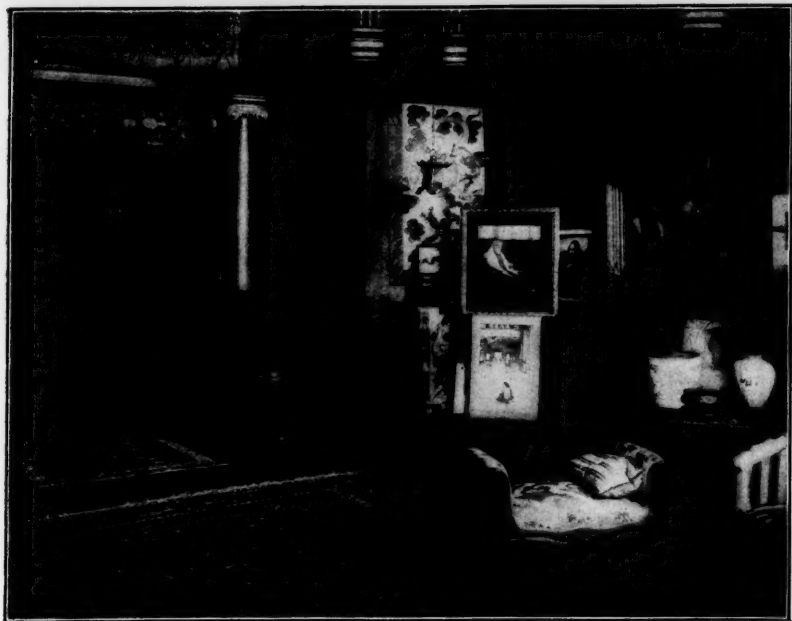
Do you always believe in operating when the patient has enough money to stand it?

Do you take pleasure in the cutting up of live animals for its own sake, rather than for any result that may follow?

Are you ready, at all times, to try any kind of a new serum on a patient in the spirit of the true investigator?

Do you think there is any circumstance that would justify you in telling a patient what was the matter with him—that is, if you really knew?

Again: If you make a mistake, can you conceive of anything that would ever compel you to acknowledge it?—TOM MASSON.



MISS CARL'S STUDIO

## The Painting of Miss Kate Carl

A STUDY IN VERSATILITY

By Roxann White

THE theory that where much is gained a little must be lost is never found truer than when applied to an artist's work.

Versatility, that gift rarely accompanying marked success, gains for the artist who possesses it much in the way of expression, but loses for him a little in distinction of manner.

Miss Carl, the artist, possesses this first quality to such a degree that it compensates for any loss in the latter.

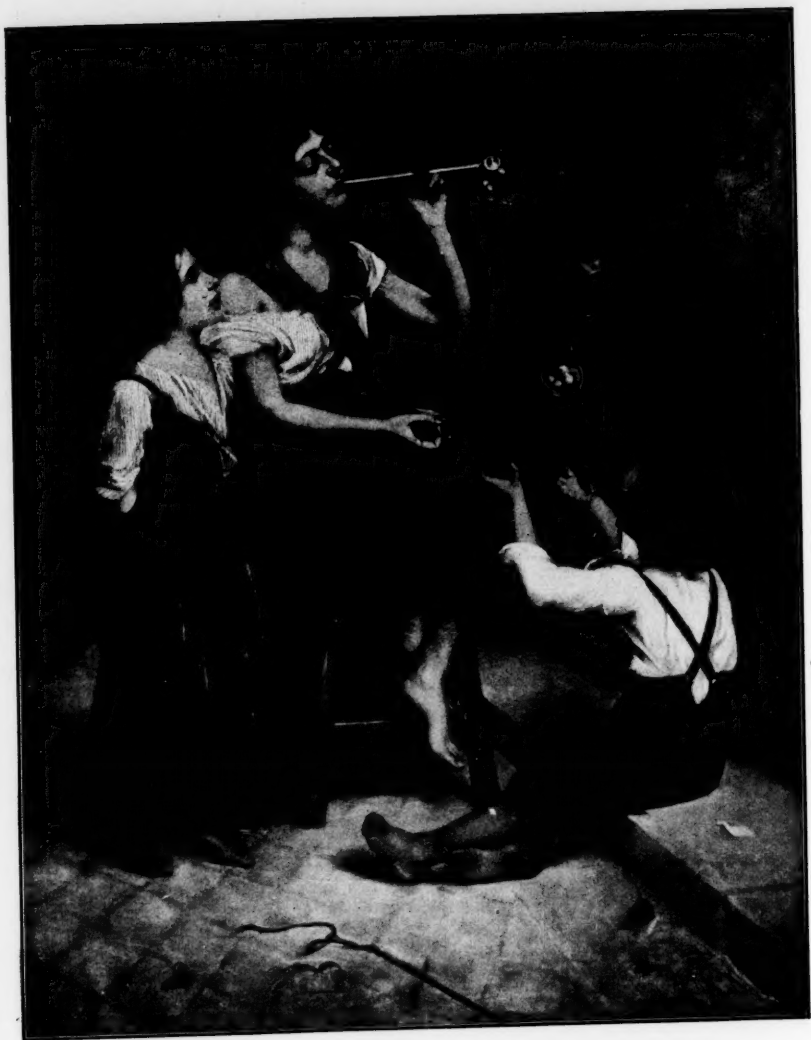
The range of her work extends from homely character bits, such as her paintings of an "Old Salt," up through the devious paths of portrait-

painting to the lighter vein of fanciful inspiration, as shown in her paintings of "Cupid and Psyche" and "The Mirror."

In her character work there is a consistency of key-tone which gives to these pictures an almost heavy seriousness when compared with the piquant charm which characterizes her fanciful subjects.

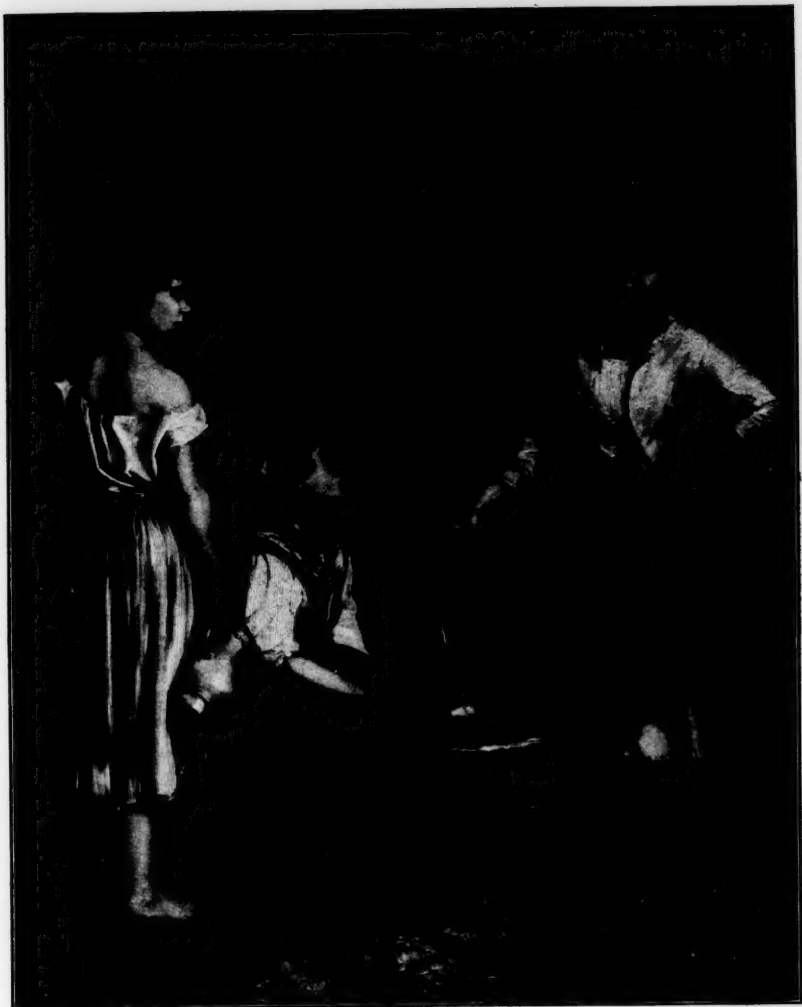
This latter work bespeaks a saucy tip-tilt of the brush which peeps out through the daringly brilliant color, giving the charm of laughter to her almost austere mastery of technique. A softening influence is so introduced,





From the painting by Kate Carl.

**THE BUBBLES**



From the painting by Kate Carl.

AT THE FOUNTAIN

a feminine note, as it were—an approaching personality which brings the artist in closer touch with her public.

"If you would succeed in portraiture, flatter your people," advises a well-known artist.

This Miss Carl scorns to do. She calls in a stronger ally—truth. She forces an acknowledgment of the facts she puts forth by the strength of their own reality.

In painting her portrait of the Empress Dowager of China, which was exhibited at St. Louis, and has since been presented by the empress to the American Government, she first of all tried to find out which was the real self of the wonderful ruler—the wom-

an as a woman, or the woman as a ruler. That she decided the latter, Miss Carl's portrait of the empress shows.

The picture, which hangs in the National Museum at Washington, represents a stern, haughty, keen-eyed old ruler. In every brush-stroke of this cleverly portrayed character, the artist delivers a subtle message to the American people from the ancient empire over the seas, which, if translated into words, would read something like this:

"To you, O American people, do I bow, but I do not bend."

This American woman, through the medium of her brush, has published a comprehensive editorial on the relations existent between the American and Chinese Govern-

ments. Miss Carl lived for nearly a year in the various imperial palaces of Peking, seeing the empress daily and associating constantly with the ladies of the court. Throughout all history no other person from the western world has been received into the intimacy of the imperial palace. And yet—one has but to look at the picture to realize how little concession has been made to American art, which is the index of the nation's thought. This was due not to the artist's desire to keep "the Chinese atmosphere," but in strict obedience to the commands of the empress.

"I was in despair," the artist said, "when I first realized that I was going to be unable to pose the empress, even in the



From the painting by Kate Carl.

A WOMAN OF BRITTANY



From the painting by Kate Carl.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANCES CARL

smallest adjustment of drapery. It was traditional that it should be just so, and so be painted. I laugh now to think of it, for it was through that very thing I learned just how much, or how little, depends on this preparing, this giving the little touches here and there.

With Miss Carl as with many another, the greatest truth of her art was revealed to her through a seeming misfortune.

Unconsciously the artist in his posing lends a touch of his own peculiar taste to the personnel of the sitter. Consequently, when painting, he reproduces not only his impression of the person before him, but that person set round with those indexing qualities of the artist's own taste with which he has just endowed the sitter.

It is this confusion of taste which so

often causes that subtle atmosphere of unrest seen in the work of so many portrait-painters. This particular kind of disharmony is never found in the works of the landscape-painters, because they cannot pose their subjects; they can only project their personality into their work through the medium of reproduced impression.

In Miss Carl's portrait work is seen no little game of hide-and-seek between the personalities of the artist and the sitter.

The inconsistencies of line so prevalent in the draftsmanship of the average woman painter are refreshingly absent from Miss Carl's work.

In her painting of "Cupid and Psyche"—that subject so dear to the feminine mind, despite its emphasis of that common woman weakness, curiosity—she has endeared herself to her sex



From the painting by Käte Carl.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

through her exquisite sympathy with her subject.

Cupid is such a beautiful youth as he lies there asleep revealed to the trembling Psyche, who kneels beside his couch, one cannot find it in his heart to blame the woman intuition which urged the foolish maiden to the jeopardizing of her happiness.

The revealing light, which, in its symbolic suggestion, is the most salient feature of the story, and should consequently be so in the picture, is given its full valuation. The lamp is cleverly hidden from view by the interposition of the body of the kneeling girl. This gives that magic effect of light sometimes seen at sunset, when a cloud lies directly before the sun. The body of the girl, like the cloud, is dark, but gilded around the bounding-lines with a molten edge of golden light; while the sleeping figure of the boy seems to lie in a veritable caldron of effulgence, almost liquid in its gorgeous depth. The great significance is emphasized in the quivering intensity of the radiating light.

This was the greatest moment of Psyche's life. In any life, is not the most momentous moment that in which the greatest truth is revealed?

When banteringly accused of stealing from the setting sun the method of lights used in this painting, Miss Carl laughed back that she felt she could copy from no better colorist.



From the painting by Kate Carl.

HARMONY

"The farther one penetrates into the unknown in delineation of any kind," she continued thoughtfully, "the more necessary does it become to employ the well known for your examples of comparison."

Miss Carl, though she did not go so far as to cry with the poet Miller:

"The ideal is the real  
And the real is the ideal—"

spoke with great earnestness of her love for the intangible, and her belief in its materially unprovable truths.

There was a certain solemnity in



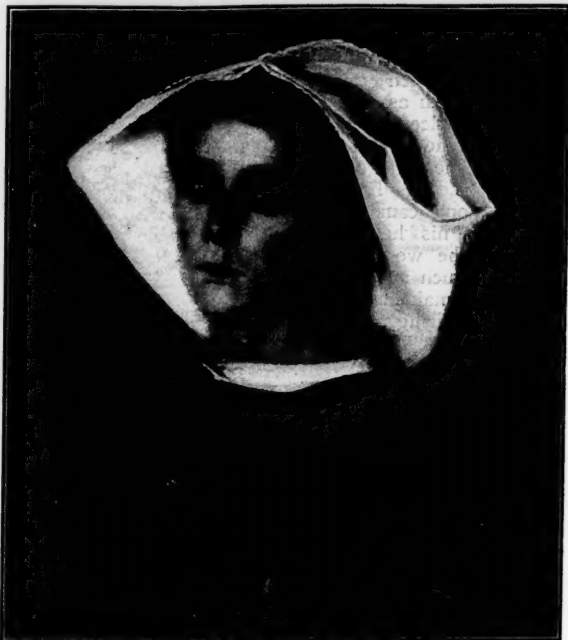
Miss Carl's manner when she spoke of her work along the fanciful and idealistic lines.

"I love it best," she said. "It seems to be nearer what I really wish to do. My portraits come second — all except this." As she spoke she turned toward a picture on a near-by easel.

It was a picture of her mother. One did not need the faint suggestion of tears in the eyes of the artist, or the reverent lowering of her voice, to tell who it was. Every line was eloquent with a love greater than art alone ever was able to produce. One did not see simply a dear, silvery-haired old lady, in creamy shawl and lace cap, gracefully drawn against the dark background of an interior, and haloed in the light from a high-placed window. More was shown — the white flame of a beautiful soul glowed against the shadows of the world out of which it was peacefully passing.

The work in this particular picture of Miss Carl's has often been likened to that of Whistler in the portrait of his mother. In values, judging by the standard of lights and darks, it must be admitted they are strikingly similar. But in the emotional impression produced, the woman artist has far surpassed the man. Here has the feminine heart known its own cunning.

Through Miss Carl's portrait all the world has gained a mother. In Mr.



From the painting by Kate Carl.

A BRITTANY TYPE

Whistler's picture the world has gained Mr. Whistler's mother.

Born in New Orleans, Miss Carl was early sent abroad, where she received her artistic instruction. The influence of her many years of travel is plainly discernible in her breadth and expansiveness of design. Through all this artist's work there runs an effort of desire, a searching for the best method of expressing the fanciful truths of nature. Though well able to render that which appeals to her, there is still the feeling that this artist is yet to strike that one note at whose harmony the seal of bloom will be burst and the flower of some rare and strong work will appear, far surpassing any of her former achievements.



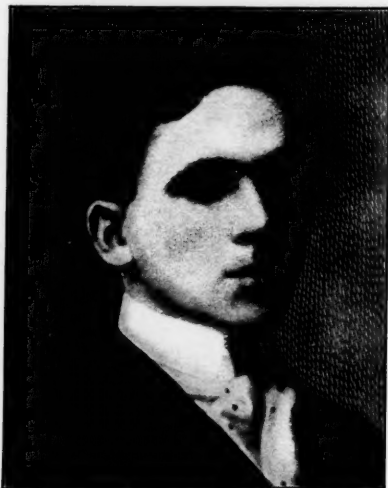
# THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

## A Friend to the Halt and Lame.

All those who have read Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" remember well Jean Valjean—convict, outcast, plutocrat, and practical philanthropist. They also remember the manufactory for jet goods which he started, and in which only those crippled and incapacitated for other labor were employed. "Les Misérables" was written over forty years ago. At the present time there is a young man in Cleveland who believes that the idea of the novelist will be a practical success, and who proposes to do his best to realize it. The young man with this idea is F. M. Cormier, who has recently established in Cleveland a manufacturing plant in which none but cripples will be employed. The present scheme is the natural working out of a previous one operated by Mr. Cormier for the benefit of cripples, which was not entirely a success. A year ago he opened a

"free employment bureau" for cripples in the Central Trust Building in Cleveland. Its object was to act as an agent for those incapacitated for ordinary work, and to induce manufacturers to give them work which they could do.



FRED M. CORMIER,  
Who has established a factory for cripples.

Mr. Cormier was unable to persuade many of the manufacturers that this plan would be to their advantage. There seemed to be a deep-seated general prejudice against the employment of cripples in manufacturing houses. Only about twenty per cent. of the applicants could be placed. This was not enough for Cormier. He believed that a manufacturer could employ cripples at special work, and make money out of it. Failing to convince the manu-

facturer, he proposes to prove it by doing it himself. The Associated Manufacturing Company which he has organized, will, at first, give employment to twenty cripples. If the experiment is a success, its scope will be widely in-

creased. Work will be so divided as to furnish tasks within the capacity of almost any man. The company expects to manufacture buttons, patterns, and small goods of all kinds.

#### By Force of Circumstances.

It is quite possible that Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, recently inaugurated lieutenant-governor of New York State, has a great future before him. Those who believe that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," would do well to cast their divining eyes in the direction of this young man. The Fates had him slated for the lieutenant-governorship of the State, and they gave it to him in defiance of precedent, probabilities, and all the prophecies of the political wise-acres. He was nominated with Hearst, but no one paid much attention to him. Hearst ran behind his ticket, but Chanler was elected by the skin of his teeth. He may be side-tracked, he may not. Roosevelt was side-tracked into the vice-presidency, but fate took him off the siding and down the main line with a rush.

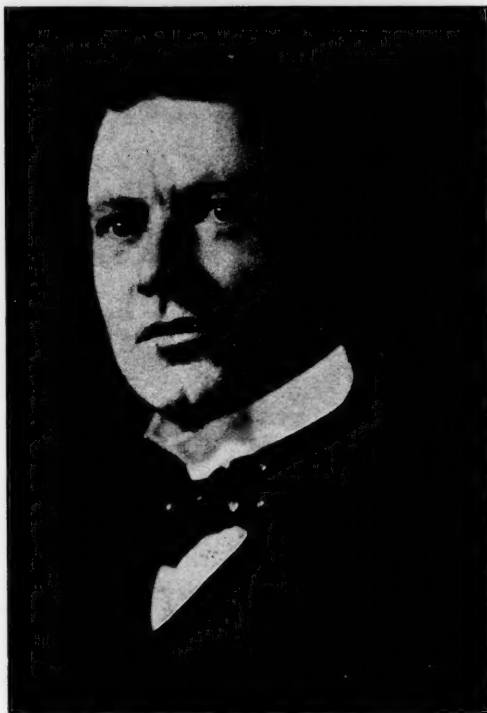
Chanler, on his mother's side, is a

descendant of the original John Jacob Astor. On his father's side he is Irish, and was at one time prominent in Irish politics. He is thirty-seven years old, tall, affable, and industrious.

#### Another American Aristocrat.

The young lady born recently who will inherit the rank and titles that ap-

pertain to the family of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, eldest son of Lord and Lady Ancaster, is half an American. Her mother was Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, who was married to Lord Willoughby about a year and a half ago. Her husband is not an aristocrat of the impecunious type. Although Miss Breese was accounted wealthy even in New York, her husband is reputed to be still wealthy.



LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER,  
A victim of circumstance.

ier, and is the prospective heir to one of the greatest estates in England. Lady Willoughby spent a great deal of time in England before her marriage, and was a social favorite there. She has been called beautiful, but her face is not so much beautiful as arresting and fascinating in its suggestion of a strong and sweet individuality. It has been said of her that "a merely beauti-



LADY WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY,  
Formerly Miss Eloise Breeze of New York. Her husband is direct heir to the title of Earl of Ancaster.

ful woman would look insignificant beside her." She has been very highly educated, is somewhat literary in her turn of mind, and is a clever talker. At the same time she has a hearty American love for an outdoor life. She is fond of automobiles, and is a splendid horsewoman.

Lord Ancaster, her father-in-law, is known in England as "the inaccessible earl," on account of the difficulty which an outsider meets in seeking an interview with him.

#### **"The Most Successful Woman in America."**

The above phrase has been applied, not without reason, to Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science religion, and absolute head of what is regarded as the most vigorous and prosperous religious sect in America. At present she is eighty-five years old, rather feeble in physique, as might be expected from one of her years, but

in full possession, apparently, of all her faculties. Magazines and newspapers have recently devoted more than usual attention to her, but it is doubtful if any attack can shake the hold that she has on the great majority of her followers. For forty years she has been teaching what she doubtless believes to be the only doctrine of pure thinking and pure living. At present she is kept in such seclusion that very few of even her most devoted followers can catch a glimpse of her.

#### **Another Roosevelt Man.**

During his two terms in office, President Roosevelt has promoted men from low rank to high rank in the army with a suddenness never contemplated before his accession to the executive chair. The list of "Roosevelt men" who have profited by this disposition is a long one. It includes Funston, Wood, Bell, A. L. Mills, and many others. The latest appointee of this kind is John J.



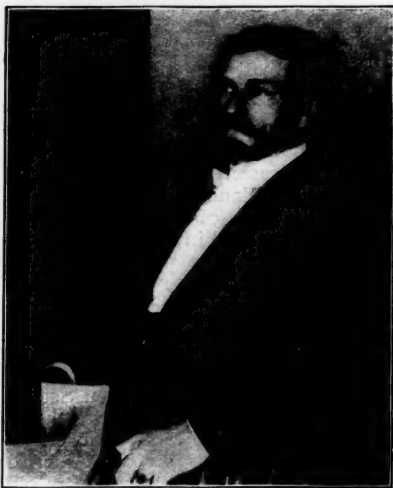
MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY,  
"The most successful woman in America."

Pershing, who is now a brigadier-general. A month or so ago he was a captain in the Fifteenth Cavalry. In his promotion he was lifted over the heads of 257 captains, 364 majors, 131 lieutenant-colonels, and 110 colonels; all his seniors in the service. Those who believe that seniority should count are freely criticizing the promotion. Other army men believe that it is good precedent, and an incentive to other officers to attain distinction by dashing action. General Pershing received his advance as a reward for his work in the campaign in Mindanao in 1902. He conducted a dashing raid through insurgent country, and, though in command of a very small detachment, practically wiped out the force that was sent against him.

#### A Hebrew Cabinet Minister.

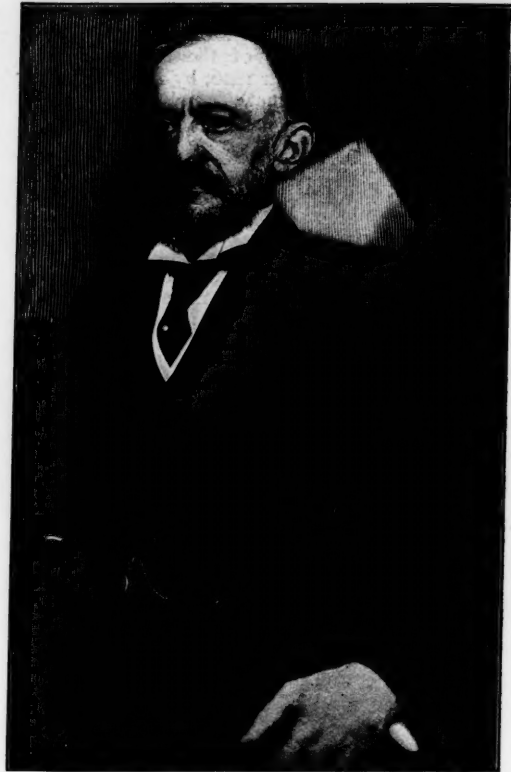
In some of the private correspondence of President Roosevelt, which was rather unexpectedly laid open to the gaze of a curious and appreciative public, the Chief Executive indicated a preference for having men of different sections and religions in his cabinet on account of the popularity it gave to the

administration, and the value of the appointees as campaigners for the party. This secret of statesmanship was doubtless somewhat of a surprise to many old-fashioned people, who imagined that a cabinet officer should be appointed solely on his qualifications to do the duties required of him better than any other candidate. The appointment of Oscar S. Straus, who has just entered upon his duties as Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, should please a large number of American citizens. He is a Jew, and is said to be the first Jew ever appointed to the cabinet of any American President. The Hebrew vote in this country is at present increasing enormously. Politicians are taking it into consideration more and more in their plans of campaign. W. R. Hearst, in his recent campaign for the governorship of New York State, made a deliberate and carefully calculated appeal to the Jewish voters of the State. That he did not succeed was not for want of trying. President Roosevelt, whatever may be his motives, cannot be justly criticized for his appointment of Oscar Straus. This is possibly only



GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING,  
Recently appointed Brigadier-general from the rank of Captain.

one of the many instances in his auspicious career when duty, inclination, and policy all pointed in the same direction. If he had searched the whole country with a fine-tooth comb, he could not have found a man better fitted for the post by character, training, and ability than Oscar Straus. The new Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor is a splendid example of the Hebrew versatility, subtlety of mind, and instinct for success. His original profession was the law, and from this he turned to the management of large business affairs. He has long been a large employer of labor and celebrated as an arbitrator in many disputes between labor and capital. All his life he has been a student of industrial conditions, and at present is probably better informed on subjects of this nature than any man in America. Besides this he is a recognized authority on American history and a diplomat of no small achievement. Twice as minister to Turkey he met very grave situations and won distinct diplomatic victories. Under the McKinley administration he handled a delicate situation arising from the Armenian massacres. At that time there were publicly expressed hard feelings in America against the Turks. The Turks responded with an expression of ill feeling even more emphatic. They fell upon the houses of missionaries in Harpoot, and burned them. It was perfectly evident that this was done with the connivance of the Turkish authorities in the place, both military and civil. The United States demanded an indemnity, which the Turks refused to pay. There was every indication that a war was imminent; and had Straus wished



OSCAR S. STRAUS,

The first Hebrew ever appointed to the cabinet of a President of the United States.

it, a United States fleet would have been ordered immediately to the Dardanelles. Instead, the minister paid a personal visit to the Sublime Porte, and suggested that the matter be submitted to arbitration. The sultan was unwilling to do this, knowing that it would mean the raking up of the whole Armenian question in an international tribunal. Straus had an alternative suggestion, and this the sultan adopted. He purchased an old war vessel from the United States. It was equivalent to the paying of an indemnity, but it saved the sultan from an acknowledgment that an outrage had been committed.



Straus comes from a good family. His grandfather, Jacob, the son of Lazarus, was a member of the Sanhedrim called to Paris, in 1806, by Napoleon to confer on the means of giving civil rights to the Jewish people. The present Straus was born in Bavaria, in 1850. His parents were wealthy, his father being an associate of Carl Schurz and Kinkel in the German revolutionary party. In 1852 he lost his fortune partly through his political activities, and, like Carl Schurz, came to America. Opening a general store in a country town, he built up a small fortune, finally establishing a large glassware house, to the head of which his son succeeded. Oscar Straus is

one of the founders of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and has continually aided those of his race. He is very fond of horseback-riding, which is his principal recreation.

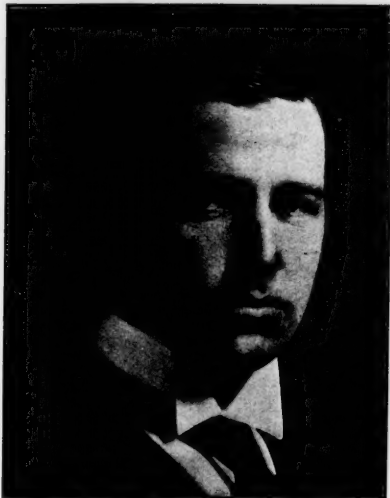
### An American Sportswoman.

When Joseph Pulitzer came to New York a generation ago to start the first of the "yellow" journals, no one thought of him as the prospective father-in-law of one of the best-known and best-connected society women in the East. The elder Pulitzer was wholly engaged in his newspaper work, which was doing a great deal to antagonize the wealthier and more conservative elements. People were not as well accustomed to yellow journals as they are now, and did not take them as good-naturedly as they have learned to do since. The New York *World* made for the elder Pulitzer a great many enemies in society circles, but it also made him a fortune. Ralph Pulitzer, his son, inherited a great deal of his father's ability, but with it he had a gentleness of demeanor and an ability to get on with wealthy people which his father did not always cultivate. Nevertheless, it was a surprise for the society people when he married Miss Frederica Webb, the daughter of Doctor Seward Webb, and a member of the Vanderbilt family. The marriage has been a very happy one. The accompanying portrait of Mrs. Pulitzer was taken at her father's country estate at Shelburne Farms, Vermont. Mrs. Pulitzer is an ardent sportswoman, and every year a big crowd of society people go to Shelburne Farms for the pheasant-shooting. Each year crates of pheasants' eggs are imported from England. The young pheasants are hatched and have the freedom of the estate until the shooting sea-



MRS. RALPH PULITZER,

Who married the son of the famous journalist and who is a dead shot.



A. W. COOLEY,  
Recently appointed First Assistant Attorney-General of  
the United States.

son opens, when they are large and fat. Year in and year out, Mrs. Pulitzer is able to run up a bigger score than most of those who go there to shoot.

#### A Member of the "Tennis Cabinet."

It is quite possible that Mr. A. W. Cooley owes something to his proficiency with a tennis-racket. He is a good-looking young fellow, with the clear-cut face and athletic figure that the magazine artist likes to draw. He is a Harvard man, like the President, a native of New York, and has been second in rank on the board of civil service commissioners. He first won the attention of the President by his good work on the commission. He won still closer attention when the President met him on the tennis-courts. Cooley learned to play tennis before he went to college. He didn't forget it at the university, and since then he has played more or less. The President admires a good athlete, and Cooley is now an assistant attorney-general, filling the position formerly occupied by Charles H. Robb, now on the bench of the district court of appeals. Cooley is thirty-

three, one of the youngest of the administration officials, and a close friend of the Chief Executive. After leaving Harvard he took a special course in law at Columbia University, and was admitted to the New York bar. He has been an inspector of public schools, and has served in the New York legislature. President Roosevelt discovered him working as a clerk in the surrogate's office in Westchester County, and appointed him to the civil service commission.

#### Showing the Natives How.

Spencer Eddy, recently appointed secretary of the American embassy in Germany, has plenty of money, and knows how to spend it. At present he is engaged in showing the thrifty Germans what it is to live like an American gentleman, and how they do things in this country when cost isn't taken



SPENCER EDDY,  
Secretary of the American Embassy in Germany.

into consideration. In Berlin he has taken a sixteen-room flat, closely adjoining the famous Unter den Linden. So large an apartment is an innovation in the German capital, and the splendor of its appointments is still more admired by the natives. Eddy is at present giving a series of entertainments rivaling in elaborateness and distinction those of Ambassador Tower himself. Such generous rivalries are not unusual in diplomatic circles. They are greatly appreciated by those diplomats who cannot afford such things but like to attend them.

### The Feminine "Farthest North."

To Mrs. Stephen Tasker, of Philadelphia, belongs the distinction of having ventured farther in the direction of the North Pole than any other civilized woman.

With her husband, Stephen P. M. Tasker, she has made the trip across northern Labrador from Cape Race to Hudson Bay. Many lives have been lost in an attempt to explore this territory. It is somewhat remarkable that the first successful attempt at the journey should be one to which a woman was a party. Mrs. Tasker has had considerable experience in roughing it in the northern wilds. Mr. Tasker is a

marine engineer, and for some years past has been employed at the Cramps Shipyard, Philadelphia. He has spent his vacations, in recent years, hunting in Canada. His wife has accompanied him on these trips. A year ago he determined to attempt the passage from Hudson Bay to Cape Race. This involved crossing a wilderness which no civilized man had ever before penetrated.

It meant hardships, privation, and danger. Mrs. Tasker determined to travel with her husband. She decided that if he were to perish, she would perish with him. They started on their journey into the wilds in June, 1906. It was completed at the end of December. Nothing was heard from the couple after they left Hudson Bay until a telegram announced their safe arrival at the Cape.



MRS. STEPHEN TASKER,  
The first white woman to explore the wilds of Labrador.

Mrs. Tasker is the first woman on this continent to have made a record as an explorer. Her trip across a hitherto unexplored wild is a distinct achievement for civilization. Perhaps other women will follow her example. It would be remarkable if a woman should discover the long-sought-for North Pole. Here is another field for the activities of the new woman who may succeed where men have failed.



# FIVE O'CLOCK TEA WITH LENA ASHWELL

*By Channing Pollock*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WARREN ROCKWELL

THERE was a pronounced atmosphere of tea about the apartments into which we—the artist and I—were shown when we called on Lena Ashwell at her hotel in New York. Please don't understand that we encountered an odor of oolong or sniffed the aroma of Orange-Pekoe; the atmosphere aforesaid was of the sort upon which dramatic critics dilate when they want to be impressive, just as musical critics speak of "register" and "vocal timbre."

Miss Ashwell's sitting-room in particular was a water-colory kind of chamber, so suggestive of an English country house that I hated to look out of her windows at the Hippodrome. A long, Londonish trunk, with the word "top" stenciled on it, stood in one corner, and there was a very tidy table, with a white spread and a dozen books. "Maeterlinck," I thought; and perhaps "Sudermann." They proved to be Blanchard's "Guide to Chicago," George Ade's "Fables in Slang," and several other works of the same kind. The mercury rose in the thermometer of my admiration. Anybody can read George Ade, but most people keep a copy of "The Evolution of Psychological Research" to put on the mantelpiece when they are to be interviewed.

The actress herself seems of the country house rather than of the playhouse. Her features are clear and strong, and most indicative of good breeding. She insists that her hair is brown, and it may be when the sunlight doesn't make it a living red. "My hair and my eyes both look black across the footlights," she says. "My eyes look black because they get narrow, like a cat's." Miss Ashwell's figure is slim and very English. The day we called, it was adorned by a kimono covered with gold dragons and things. Underneath it we got peeps of a be-ribboned and be-laced skirt, and a pair of those slippers which women call "mules." I hope this description conveys something more than my ignorance of feminine apparel.

Miss Ashwell sat in a rocking-chair and told us that this was her first visit to America. "I'm frightfully ignorant about your men and your institutions," she confessed. "There's a waiter here who is quite disgusted with me. One night I was obliged to own to him that I had never heard of Admiral Schley, and the very next day he discovered that I didn't know anything about Williams and Walker. Is that dreadful?"

We said it was not.

The artist made a tactful remark to



*Miss Ashwell sat in a rocking-chair and told us this was her first visit to America.*

the effect that on this side of the water we didn't know much about Miss Ashwell. I attempted to cover our confusion by asking for details of her career. It was a sort of biographical "how do you spell your name?"

Miss Ashwell came from the country that produced Margaret Anglin. She was born somewhere near the Thousand Islands, and went on the stage during the season of 1891-92. "I played a maid, and said: 'Sir, did you ring?'" One night I didn't say it. Nothing happened; the line wasn't vital. For a good many years after that I was considered an interesting ingénue. Then, somehow or other, I got into the part of *Pamela* in 'Grierson's Way.' That piece was a failure here when Henry Miller did it at the Princess, but it created quite a sensation in London. Henry Arthur Jones saw me as *Pamela*, and would have me for the title rôle in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense.' We opened Wyndham's, and the next day I was the latest thing out of the zoo."

I give you my word that Miss Ashwell really said "the latest thing out of the zoo."

"After that, of course things came easy. I was in 'The Mummy and the

Humming Bird'—I think I was the bird—and assumed the rôles acted in America by Blanche Walsh, Mrs. Fiske, and Blanche Bates in 'Resurrection,' 'Leah Kleschna,' and 'The Darling of the Gods.' The McLellan play was done abroad under the management of Charles Frohman, and of course you know that Beerbohm Tree produced 'The Darling of the Gods.' It was a liberal education to be associated with Mr. McLellan. He is a brilliant man, and very religious."

That accounted for "The Jury of Fate," the near-morality play which Henry B. Irving acted in London, but somehow it didn't account for "The Belle of New York." Perhaps it was rehearsing comic-opera choruses at the Casino Theater that made the one-time librettist pious. We didn't ask Miss Ashwell's opinion on that subject. What we *did* ask her was how it felt to be famous. A few moments before we had inquired of a vaudeville gentleman, named Marino, how it felt to be run over by an automobile, that being his specialty, and we wondered if the sensations were akin. From Miss Ashwell's reply, I should judge that they are not.



"The morning after 'Grierson's Way,'" she recollected, "I just sat down and boohood. Hard as I had worked for success, that which I achieved seemed very impersonal. I couldn't feel that I had had anything to do with it; that it belonged to me. The criticisms in the newspapers struck me as having been written of some one else, and I almost envied myself the good impression I had made. Then came a fearful dread of losing the prize—a dread that has never quite left me. 'Tis more awful far to have won and lost than never to have won at all."

Miss Ashwell leaned forward and clasped her knee affectionately. Her chin was raised a little, and the sunshine coming through the window fell on that mass of wavy hair and made it look like an aureole. The artist began making furtive movements with his pencil, while a smile of complete contentment spread itself over the lower portion of his countenance. Any artist would be content with Miss Ashwell. Her attitudes

are a succession of unconscious poses. The gentleman with the pad was finding her "every move a picture." That embrace of the right knee made me think of Burne-Jones. Then a maid entered to announce "Mr. Brown." It's a commonplace world.

"Ask Mr. Brown to wait," directed the lady.

We made a gesture of contrition.

"Oh," said Miss Ashwell, "Mr. Brown will be happy to wait."

She closed the door after the maid. "I don't think any one ever realizes what it is about himself or herself that

the public likes," she went on. "It isn't given to us to 'see ourselves as others see us.' Once I witnessed a performance at which a mimic imitated several actresses—Irene Vanbrugh and your humble servant among them. I didn't care for the impersonation of myself, but I have never seen anything more wonderful than that of Miss Vanbrugh. A few days later Miss Vanbrugh told me that she didn't think the entertainer had caught a single one of her characteristics. 'But the imitation of you was marvelous,' she said.

"Speaking of Henry Arthur Jones, did you hear his lecture at Harvard? I have it here, and there is something in it that really makes me angry." Miss Ashwell possessed herself of a drab-bound book, selected page thirteen—unlucky number for Mr. Jones—and pointed to a paragraph. "Mr. Jones attributes the present 'degradation' of the drama to 'the elevation of incompetent actors and actresses into false positions as stars.' That doesn't seem nice, coming from a man who owes much of his popularity to the intelligent and even creative work of the people who have played his plays."

I ventured the remark that, nice or not, the sentence in question described conditions in America.

"It doesn't describe conditions in England," said Miss Ashwell. "There a man or a woman strives and toils to attain prominence. I will admit that sometimes there are actor-managers who rather weary one, but the average dramatist abroad owes much to his interpreters. Of course, we don't have stars there as you do here—no names in electric lights, or anything of that sort. We feature the play as the im-



*Her attitudes are a succession of unconscious poses.*



portant factor, but very often it is the player who makes it so. Mr. Jones should be very grateful to such historians as, for example, Wilson Barrett, who first called attention to the author when he produced 'The Silver King.'

"Generally, the actor has rather more reason for gratitude," I replied, "and generally he isn't grateful." I related an experience with a woman who had to be taught every step she was to take and every intonation she was to make in a certain performance. Thanks to the author's careful instruction, her appearance was a great success,

so that the next day she became much too important to speak to that author.

"I believe," continued Miss Ashwell, "that there is a sufficient number of competent actors to earn for the profession immunity from the responsibility put upon it by Mr. Jones. He speaks more truly when he attributes our plight to the absence of 'any sane, consistent, or intelligent ideas about morality; so that, while the inanities and indecencies of musical comedy are sniggered at and applauded, the deepest permanent passions of men and women are tabooed.' France, where this is less true, produces better plays than do we Anglo-Saxons. One can't get light without fire, nor great interests without treating of great emotions. And great emotions spring from the depths of human nature—from the impulses that a prudish race calls immoral.



"Speaking of Henry Arthur Jones, did you hear his lecture at Harvard? I have it here."

"The ethical code of an audience is peculiar. Persons in a playhouse demand of their heroes and heroines a degree of rectitude they would not expect from their most admired friends. Their idea of right and wrong seems to be distended, as the pupil of the eye is dilated by the footlights. The childish notion that characters must be all good or all bad, and that the good are rewarded and the bad punished, is passing away, but it is passing away slowly.

When it has gone, we shall have a tremendous reaction; we shall go in strong for psychological drama—for vivisection of the mind—and we shall see that men are to be loved not simply because they reach our ideals, and women are to be sympathized with more for their sins than for their virtues. Perhaps we may even cease to demand that we be made to love and to sym-

pathize, and become content when we are made to think.

"As an indication of the utter superficiality of the present moral censorship exercised by audiences, note the fact that people in a playhouse forgive anything they don't see. *Mrs. Dane*, in '*Mrs. Dane's Defense*,' is a regular rotter. She herself is authority for the statement that, when her affair with her lover was discovered, his wife killed herself and he went mad. A woman couldn't have committed a crime much more awful than that, yet, because she only *tells about it*, we feel very sorry

for Mrs. Dane. Deborah, in 'The Shulamite,' does what she does in the open, as it were, and, therefore, she and the man who cares for her are condemned. I hear intelligent theatergoers talking about Robert Waring's murder of her husband, Simeon. Robert did not murder Simeon. The wife-beating Boer had gone to his house for a gun with which to kill Deborah. Robert prevented the carrying out of this noble intention by shooting Simeon, as you would shoot a dog that had sprung at somebody's throat. Yet, because he did this, and because the woman, repeatedly lashed by her husband, grew fond of a man a bit more ready with his sympathy and a bit less ready with his whip, respectable audiences cry out for the punishment of Robert and Deborah. It is a dreadful thing, they say, that an author should permit the curtain to fall on a prospect of ultimate happiness for this wretched pair.

"It seems to me that what we need in the theater is not new art from the playwright, but a new philosophy on the part of the playgoer. The people on the railroad-track, who always walk along a road that somebody else has laid down years before, make anything but repetition—constant repetition—impossible on the stage. When the only tragedy in the world was sudden death, and all the comedy was drunkenness, the dramatist, who, to be successful, must limit himself to tragedy and comedy that his patrons can understand, created a *Richard III.* and a *Falstaff.* So long as we opine that all truly good people must be married, and that a woman is a chattel to be owned forever by her husband, no matter what he does or leaves undone, we shall have plays as like each other as peas in a pod. The nice characters will start for the parson's at the end of the fourth act, and those who aren't nice will be everlastingly damned.

"In real life, Robert and Deborah,



"The ethical code of an audience is peculiar."

having started unhappily, need not have been unhappy forevermore, since they left the country where they were known and went to England. Otherwise, they probably would have had the experience of Maxim Gorky, a brilliant man whom you turned out of your hotels. Even since I heard the story, I have been trying to understand how Gorky's private affairs came to be the business of the hotel-keepers."

Naive, this!

"You have the moral support of George Bernard Shaw," we told Miss Ashwell. "Just what you are saying he said in the preface to 'Plays for Puritans.'"

"Ah," remarked the actress. "I wonder what he said in another book."

"Do you know Shaw?"

"I have met him only once."

We assured Miss Ashwell that she probably was the only player in England who wasn't an intimate of Shaw. We knew that the others were his friends and advisers, because they had confided the fact to us.

"New York didn't like 'The Shulamite,'" according to Miss Ashwell, "because it hadn't an unhappy ending, and New York would have stayed away in crowds if it had. I don't believe that people can bear tragedy nowadays. They have too much in their own lives. Do you ever stop to con-

sider that, under present conditions, nearly every man's existence is a tragedy?—a tragedy, and a long, long fight. It seems to me that any drama that interests you folk over here must interest you in spite of yourselves. You go to musical comedy to be amused, but you go to a play to be bored, and, unless

a treat to hear Miss Ashwell laugh, and I'm sure the artist felt sorry he couldn't sketch the sound. While she was at it, the maid reminded her of the waiting Mr. Brown. We rose to go.

"Don't hurry," Miss Ashwell urged politely. "He's going to read me a play."

We sat down again.

"I'm trying to find a vehicle to take back to England," our hostess continued. "London has seen 'The Shulamite,' you know. I've had a good deal of success with American-made dramas, as, for example, 'Leah Kleschna' and

'The Darling of the Gods.' Your authors have so much of vigor and force. Two or three times I've been on the verge of making an offer for one of the pieces on view in New York,

but I've hesitated because the principal rôle didn't quite fit. I liked 'The Great Divide' and 'Clothes' and 'The Three Of Us,' and I may yet arrange to carry one of them away with me. Meanwhile, I am keeping my room full of blue-bound manuscripts, and I cultivate every writer I meet."

"We must go and let you cultivate Mr. Brown."

"Oh, Mr. Brown will be quite happy to wait—*quite*—and you can't be done with me yet. You haven't asked how I like America."

We assured Miss Ashwell that we had no intention of asking.

"That's funny," she said. "Dickens puts that down as the first question of the American interviewer. You remember the story of the sick journalist, to whom came the Angel of Death. 'Who are you?' asked the reporter feebly. 'I am the Angel of Death,' replied the spirit. 'Ah!' said the newspaper chap, reaching for his pencil, 'how do you like the country?'"

We smiled, and moved toward the door.

"It's five o'clock," said Miss Ash-



"You haven't asked how I like America."

that play brings you to your feet before you realize it, the performance is doomed.

"I have seen such a lot of *good* pieces in America that failed only because they were not *great*.

There seems to be no betwixt and between. At most of these the spectators appeared to enjoy themselves, but there were not many spectators. I take it that unless audiences are positively enthused they do not become advertisers for a performance. Doubtless, the situation is explained by the number of your theaters. There are so many things from which to choose. After all, why should anybody go to see a good play when he can see a great one for the same price? It might be worth while to grade the admissions at entertainments as shopkeepers grade the charge they make for linen. 'The Shulamite,' at a dollar and a half—marked down from two dollars—surely that would catch people."

Miss Ashwell laughed. It is rather

well, "and I haven't had tea. Won't you stay to tea? I must have seemed very inhospitable."

We didn't tell the actress that we had been having tea in spirit ever since we entered the room, and that we were quite content to leave the actual brew to Mr. Brown. The artist tucked his portfolio under his arm. "Do let me see my pictures," Miss Ashwell said.

"If I did," responded the artist, "you might not let us get out alive."

"No danger," she answered. "I've played criminals, but I've never committed murder—not even on the stage."

On the way out of the hotel we passed a whiskered gentleman sitting silently in the lobby. It was Mr. Brown. He was still waiting, but he didn't *look* happy.



### At the Theaters

**M**ARY'S MAGNETISM" is a strong attraction.

At the Hurray Hill, "Splinters" will be on the boards all this week.

"The Ticket Speculator" is doing a great business.

The funniest thing in town is "An Old Love-Letter."

"Her Wedding" has a true ring, and will continue until "A Cause for Divorce" is produced.

Seats are selling two weeks in advance for "A Fortnight Hence."

"The Next Morning" will soon follow "The Night Before."

It is said that the author of "A Forged Check" is in jail.

The daughter of an oil magnate has purchased "A Penniless Nobleman."

"The Sardine Cannery" is simply packing 'em in.

Those of understanding will joyfully appreciate "A Massacre of Mothers-in-law."

"The Social Ladder" earns nightly rounds of applause.

One of the strangest, most original offerings is "A Silent Woman."

It is feared that "His New Auto" will not run long.

Men who have seen "Pink Elephants and Blue Mice" have been heard to say, "Never again!"

There is standing-room only for "The Subway Train."

Every grafter ought to see "His Finish."

# The Song of the Sidewise Sal

by Wallace Irwin.



WHEN Thompkins built the *Sallie Rye*  
He done the job quite pious—  
But he chanced to make one small mistake;  
He nailed 'er keel on bias.  
And it was that which made the *Sal*  
Quite queer, as you'd expect, sir,  
Fer she allers sailed diagon-al,  
And never went direct, sir.

And Capting Jim, who sailed the *Sal*,  
He used some circumspection.  
When his course was east he tacked at least  
Three points southeast direction.  
It made things difficult fer Jim,  
But James he didn't falter;  
When he wished to go to Borneo  
He headed fer Gibraltar.

One day we took a load o' ice  
To sell among the tropics;  
Three months we smoked and talked and joked  
On many timely topics—  
When suddenly we found the *Sal*,  
By some pee-culiar quirkle,  
Had sidled 'round and took us all  
Up to the Arctic Circle!

And who would think o' sellin' ice  
To them there Eskimoses?  
They seemed to hate our chilly freight,  
And fair turned up their noses.  
They looked so dissap'inted-like  
That we, to show our manners,  
Made promise plain to come again  
With a cargo o' bananars.

So with a load o' ripe banans  
To please them polar stummicks,  
We sailed next May from Bosting Bay  
To-ward the Arctic hummicks.  
But when we thunk the time had come  
Fer us to sight Alaskar,  
We found the *Sal* had took us plum'  
To the coast o' Madagascar.

And who could sell bananars, pray,  
To them there sons o' parrots  
Who has the fruit three times a day,  
Much commoner than carrots?  
And when the natives seen the fruit  
Brought to them by our party,  
They yelled: "Ho-ho! bananas-oh!"  
And laughed both loud and hearty.

Then Capting Jim, in passion high,  
Yelled: "Blame that ship, gol-hunk 'er!"  
So he lit into the *Sallie Rye*  
And with a broadaxe sunk 'er.  
And bein' without boat to sail,  
We stayed on land till Sunday  
When we all of us went home by rail,  
Arrivin' here last Monday.





# The UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

By Lillian

Bell



WOMEN who *think* will know exactly what I mean by this title. Women who do not are invited to go on to the next, for mothers are born not made, and a try-to-be mother can never acquire the understanding I mean.

I am sorry for these try-to-be mothers, but I often wonder why children are distributed so carelessly through this world. I have seen little forlorn babies whose mothers were never born to marry. And again I have seen pathetic orphans with fathers and mothers, and old maids who were born to have a dozen children, and mother them every one. I have seen whole families who understood each other far less than they understood the family next door, and mothers who knew so little of what was going on in the lives of their own daughters that they might as well have lived across the street.

But set over against these tragedies, there are those deep-seeing, understanding women who are born to mother something, even though, being denied children of their own, they are forced to expend their motherliness on niece, nephew, or neighbor's children.

I repeat, there are women born to be mothers. But when I see the annual crop of blasé débutantes—the poor, pert, jaded little women which the finishing schools turn out every year—I wonder where these mothers have vanished. For, verily, these finishing schools are well named!

Oh, be thankful, you women of the country and the small town who lack the money to send your daughters away to some city school; be grateful for the poverty which keeps your girl under her mother's wing. Better a thousand times ignorance of French and music and deportment than a knowledge of the smart world and its ways, which but too often goes hand-in-hand with the acquirement of the social graces you desire. Will mothers ever go back to the old-fashioned idea of teaching their daughters to keep house, so that when young men marry, they may entertain a reasonable hope of having a home, instead of a commuter's breakfast, a pie luncheon, and a restaurant dinner? Has any mother so wholesome an ambition for her little girl baby, or do you want them all to take Delsarte?

I do feel sorry for the young men nowadays, who know, when they marry girls of the social set into which they have passed while father made his money, that they must give up all idea of a real home, and live socially on the instalment plan.

A popular woman writer, who understands the philosophy of things, has put forth the entirely reasonable idea that when a man and woman have brought up their daughter as a wholly useless ornament in ignorance of housekeeping, dressmaking, and hat-trimming, with extravagant tastes and with no idea of the value of money, her husband has a perfect right to send all milliner's, dressmaker's, and house-keeper's bills to the parents who made her what she is.

I like the justice of this suggestion. It is only fair to make a man pay for his mistakes. And the mother, who possibly has looked forward to her daughter's marriage as "getting her off her hands," should be compelled to find her still on her hands.

So many mothers are like this that I sometimes feel as if I would like to take the lantern of Diogenes and hunt for the understanding mother—the one who knows by instinct what is to be done with a girl child to fit her for the inevitable struggle before her.

When I see girls going to a pay telephone instead of using their mothers'; when they thrust letters out of sight or blush if you look inquiringly at them; when they whisper and giggle over photographs which are never shown openly; when mysterious messages are repeated by the servants; when rumors come to mothers at receptions or to fathers at their clubs of their daughters having been seen here or there at untoward hours and in questionable company—I often wonder if these parents will be surprised some day to unearth a secret marriage, or to read in the papers their first intimation of an elopement?

Would girls do these things if they were understood aright at home? I believe not. I believe that, at heart, most girls are inherently good. I think that the foolishness of most of the young girls of whom we disapprove arises either from their mothers' neglect or misunderstanding. Of course it takes time and patience to understand your daughter, but, after all, it is easy. The only thing to do is to begin early enough. It will be well-nigh impossible to learn to know your daughter if you wait until she comes home from boarding-school. It would be well, if you wish to become acquainted with her, to begin earlier than that. If you wish to become intimate, I can easily fix the exact time to begin. When she is about one hour old. To begin earlier than that is to rush things and to defeat your own purpose. An hour old is about the right age to begin. And a bond thoroughly and



firmly established at this age will be indissoluble at ninety. I vouch for that not from personal experience, but from both hearsay and belief.



If mothers want to understand their daughters, I believe they can. I never could understand how mothers—real mothers, I mean—could be surprised

by the inroads that disease had made on one of their children. Is not a languid manner, flushed cheek, an incipient cough, or loss of appetite enough of a warning? Why, even a mother cat will carry her kitten in her mouth to the catnip patch if the little thing is ailing. Yet, God forgive them! I do know some women with children who haven't the sense of a mother cat.

But your real mother has an ear for even a hoarse breath in the dead of night, and the mother-remedy, of whatever school she is, is applied instantaneously. That is because of the understanding mother-heart.

If this can be so, and we all know many instances where it is true, how, then, can a mother be surprised by her daughter's runaway marriage? Has she not an equal instinct for signs of mental disquiet? Are not an absent manner, hastily hidden letters, unexplained absences from home, and indirect answers to questions, symptoms of a disease too well known in households where the mother-instinct is lacking?

Let me not be misunderstood just here on a most delicate point. I advocate a perfect sympathy between mother and daughter, but never, never, never an attempt to force the girl's confidence, or to spy upon her movements, or to pry into her little innocent secrets. Oh, how many girls have been lost by a tactless mother who let her supposed duty turn her into an inquisitor, whose impertinence the girlish dignity resented; and resented righteously, in my opinion! Mothers have no right to enter the innermost recesses of their daughters' minds. Individual rights should be respected in a six-months' babe, and when mothers do not understand this with instinctive delicacy, the daughter has a perfect right to insist upon her rights. But, let it be understood just where this right begins and ends. If a mother knows the trend of her girl's thoughts and ideals, she may safely be trusted to keep secret individual prejudices. Let the mother be satisfied not to pry. Girls and boys love harmless secrets, and if the mother is patient and keeps

an affectionate surveillance which never irks, it will not be long before the twilight hour will bring a shy confidence which, though but half-told, will give the key to the whole situation to the understanding heart.

When girls and boys begin to be sentimental they have reached the sensitive age, and the age requiring all the tact and patience and forbearance parents know how to exercise. A little ridicule which has brought the red into young faces has been known to wreck lives, and the injudicious father who makes fun of the lanky boy or the shy girl has no one but his own coarse touch to thank for the result.

Patience. Respect. Dignity. Tact. Love.

These things protect your children and gain their confidence where prying only alienates.

I make allowances for the heart-break of the understanding mother with the wayward daughter who cannot be controlled. There are such daughters, but I know that I am right when I say that most girls are good at heart, and few indeed have such perverted tastes that they will deliberately invent an intrigue when their mothers' hearts are open to their confidences with sympathy and understanding, and the love that only a mother can know. I have known instances where even fresh-cheeked, cleared-eyed young girls either inherited perverted tastes from bygone ancestors, or else associates had turned them into degenerates; girls who wanted to do wrong; girls who were literally looking for trouble; whose minds were nothing but fetid pools of mental sewage; dismissed from reputable schools; shunned by decent girls—girls who seemed foredoomed to disgrace, disaster, and moral death. Such girls as these are what bring ignominy on respectable boarding-schools, for any principal will tell you that one such mischief-maker will taint every other girl in school, except those mentally and morally armored by a mother's early and ineradicable training.

The deliberately vicious girl is, how-

ever, fortunately an anomaly, and therefore need not be considered by the average mother, for, when she makes her appearance in a relationship, her case must be coped with just as that of a drunken son or a depraved, misshapen soul of any sort or kind. It is a family affair to be kept from outsiders, if possible.

But she is not to be confounded with the young girl whose feet stray from lack of surveillance, lack of understanding, lack of sympathy on the part of those whose business it is to know even the trend of her secret ideals. This sort of girl can generally be accounted for by observation of her parents or guardians. If the mother is too intellectual, full of noble ideas as to the training of children, but without an atom of tact, human sympathy, or the mother instinct which can tell the meaning of even a baby's cry—whether it be hunger, fright, or pain—you need not be surprised if this child of theories elopes with her dancing-master or manages, through some feminine ingenuity, to involve her family in disgrace. I know one woman who gives public lectures on "How To Bring Up Your Daughters," whose children are so ill-trained that the neighbors can scarcely forbear slapping them every time they show their heads. Yet the mother commands the very highest price as a lecturer! Intellect versus the mother-instinct.

I know another family where the father writes stories of child life, dealing largely with such touching subjects as "Twilight With the Children," "Little Prayers By Little Children," "Baby's First Bath," "The Unfolding of the Rosebud," and so forth, whose own youngest brat, whenever she meets me in the hall or elevator of their apartment-house, gets in my path, thrusts her pert face up, sticks out her lower lip, and presents a picture which for sheer and unmitigated impudence I never saw equaled. It is simply the grace of God and not what she deserves that has kept my itching palms from putting her face back into its proper expression by force of arms.



I wondered at this gratuitous exhibition. Had I by any chance affronted her childish sensibilities? I really examined my actions carefully, until I happened to hear that this was her habit with other ladies. We often wondered why—for the child's mother is gentle and sweet, and longs to have her children behave themselves properly. One day the secret came out. The father spent his youth as hall-boy in an hotel. When I stopped to consider the general habits of hall-boys in the general run of hotels, I knew just why the lower lip of his child was thrust out at grown people. It was the unconscious development of the contempt of the hall-boy for people he brought ice-water to.

If he saw his child do the things she does, he would probably nudge you with his elbow and say: "Isn't she cute?" having no inward guide to tell him how her impudence revolts refined sensibilities.

I would not seem to cavil at hall-boys who rise in the world and emerge from the traditions of their class. It only happens that the father of this particular child is still a hall-boy in word, act, and deed, and that the manners of his childhood blazon the fact to the world.

If you look into a child's ancestry and environments, you can always find the clue, especially for innate ill-breeding.

Why cannot this particular mother, if she chooses, counteract by her own influence the vulgarity the children inherit from their father? Surely she knows how they misbehave. Surely she must understand and believe that it is entirely possible to influence them. If not, God help the children of some people.

Yet apparently this mother does nothing. She seems quite content to be the tail to the hall-boy's kite.

I have seen a pathetic spectacle, and that is the human mother-hen wildly endeavoring to comprehend the actions of a human child-duck.

There are some mothers who have the instinct of comprehension, and who would understand if they could, yet if a child with the genius of creation is born to them, they fail utterly in the requirements of sympathy. Flights of the imagination become a waste of time. The longing to know, idle curiosity. The spreading of the wings, an inherent and inexplicable degeneracy. Perhaps the artist son endeavors to explain. Possibly the father struggles to understand. Between the two is a great gulf fixed. Perhaps the actress daughter attempts to confide in her mother. How can a creator pour out her soul into the spectacle of shocked ears, raised eyebrows, and withdrawn hands? Yet the hen-mother struggles to comprehend why her duck-child will go into the water instead of placid-



ly scratching in the peaceful gravel of the barn-yard. "Whence has she these wild, aquatic instincts?" moans the poor hen. "I never had them! Her father does not swim! Yet my child prefers a bathing-suit to any other form of dress! Woe is me! There is something wrong in her make-up!"

To be sure! There is something radically wrong in a child who is not exactly like father and mother. That is the verdict of the conservative—the hide-bound mother-hen. Nor, even when she sees the congeniality with which her daughter glides along the bosom of the pond in company with geese, swans, and other ducks, does the mother-hen view her grace and skill as

anything to be proud of. She still stands on the shore, replete with earnest mother-instinct, to be sure, yet hopelessly uncomprehending. And so she runs back and forth, and flaps and cackles, calling distractedly to the free spirit of the poor, little swimming duck who must seek her mates. And, though they both strive to reenter the bonds of family love, the distance ever widens and widens between them.

Mothers who are hopelessly lacking in imagination can never understand the necessities of those of their own children who differ from themselves.

Poor mothers! Even those who understand do not always achieve happiness!



#### TELL ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU.

**M**RS. GOSSIP—Was that your hired man I saw as I came along, a-chasing an old hen, down by Smith's orchard?

MRS. HAYMO—Shouldn't wonder! D'ye know who she was?

#### GUSHING YOUNG THINGS!

**A**LGERNON—Love! love! it moves the world! Oh, Angelina, there is nothing in the world that is greater than love!

ANGELINA—Oh, Algy, you are greater than love—because you make it—and beautifully, too!

#### WAR-WHOOPS.

**M**RS. DROPINE (a caller in the new flat)—You do have lovely apartments, Mrs. Tennanter, but what caused that big hole in the parlor ceiling?

MRS. TENNANTER—Oh, my husband forgot himself one evening, and attempted to stand erect.

MRS. DROPINE—Why, how unfortunate! He wasn't injured, was he?

MRS. TENNANTER—I hope not; but I feel anxious. Ever since the accident occurred he has been acting like a wild Flathead Indian.



# WHERE LOVE LEADS

-BY-  
**CHARLES GARVICE**



ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

## CHAPTER XXIX.

LARRY went straight to Philip's room. Philip was lying as if in a doze; but he started up and gazed at Larry with a hectic flush on his pale cheek; a flush which faded as he saw the haggard face, the stern eyes, the travel-stained garments.

"You have failed! She is not here—she will not come!" he said.

"I have not failed," said Larry hoarsely. "She has come; she is here."

Philip drew a long breath, and his eyes closed.

"Here!" he breathed. "Marie here! Oh, Larry! What can I say to you? How can I thank you? You have been a long time. Forgive me! You look tired, worn out. You have had some trouble?"

"A little bit," said Larry grimly. "Are you better—strong enough to see her?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Philip, with feverish eagerness. "Marie here! I can scarcely believe it. Yes; bring her to me."

Larry nodded, and without a word

left the room and went to that in which he had left Marie.

"He is well enough to see you; he is waiting for you. Will you go to him?"

She rose and moved to the door like a person walking in her sleep. At the door she paused, and turned her white face to him.

"You will wait?"

"Yes," said Larry simply. "I will wait and say good-by."

He paced up and down the room with his hands gripped behind him; he knew that another ordeal stood before him and had to be gone through, and he was summoning all his strength. Was it an hour before she returned?

"You found him?" began Larry.

But she ignored the question.

"You are going?" she said, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her.

He nodded. "Yes; I am going on to London—to Vancouver by the first boat. It was good of you to come down to say good-by, Lady Marie."

He held out his hand, and, after a moment, she put hers into it; his was

firm, but hers quivered like an imprisoned bird.

"It is good-by," she said. "Good-by and for—"

"Forever," he said huskily. "I am not likely to come back to England. I hope you will be happy, Lady Marie."

"Thank you," she murmured.

Her eyes had been downcast, but she raised them now and looked at him.

"You have been good to me, Larry," she said. "Better—better than I deserve. You were always good to me. I shall not forget. Never, never! All my life—"

Larry could bear no more. Another minute, another word, and he knew he would break down.

"That's all right, Lady Marie," he said. "Remember me to the marquis. I hope he will soon be all right. Can I do anything for you—telegraph, cable, anything—?"

She shook her head. "No; you have done enough." She paused a moment, and her eyes filled with tears. "Perhaps too much! God knows!"

Something rose in Larry's throat, a mist came before his eyes, which mercifully blotted out the face he loved from his sight. His hand fell on her shoulder, and rested there for a moment; then he went out quickly.

Something of the strain was relieved from Marie when he had gone. His moral strength had, so to speak, evoked hers. She was calm, but with the calmness of despair. She first cabled, then wrote, to Lady Merston, telling her of the accident to Philip, and that they would return to England as soon as he was able to do so. She saw the doctor when he came later; and, though he was greatly concerned by her pallor and evident exhaustion, he attributed them to her anxiety on Lord Belmayne's account and her long and wearisome journey.

It would be some time before the marquis would be fit to travel, he informed her. His life was not in danger, but he had been badly injured, and he was not a robust man—like, for instance, the friend who had accompanied him.

Marie went up to Philip. He turned to her eagerly, anxiously; and with all his soul in his eyes began:

"Marie, you have come back to me; you will not leave me, you will let things remain as they were? I cannot live without you. I am a coward, a poltroon to follow you, to hold you to your promise, but—"

She checked him by a gesture.

"No, no," she said, as one speaks to a sick child. "I will not leave you; things shall be as they were. I have behaved badly, cruelly—"

"No, no!"

"Yes. You must forgive me. I will keep my promise. I will try and atone— Try and sleep now, Philip. I am going to stay, remember. I will come and see you very often; you have but to send for me."

The days wore on; Philip made but slow recovery, though he was burning with eagerness to return with Marie to England. They were bad days for Marie; and the nights were worse. She lay awake—trying not to think of Larry; telling herself that she was Philip's future wife, and that all her thoughts must be of him. She seldom left the hotel; and when she did she wandered about the picturesque city seeing nothing but Larry's face, hearing nothing but Larry's voice.

Philip often spoke of him, to her agony; she had to listen while Philip praised him and fretfully complained of his departing without saying good-by.

"He was always a strange boy, was Larry," he said; "but he might have come up to say good-by. And gone back to Vancouver! Given up the idea of recovering those jewels of his! Gone out to get some more, I suppose? Just like him!"

At last there came the day when the doctor reluctantly gave Philip permission to travel, and they started. Philip was still very weak and fragile; and he needed all Marie's and Meadows' care throughout the trying journey. No one could have been more devoted and patient than Marie; she was try-

ing to make, was beginning to take those steps toward, the atonement she had promised.

She had written to Lady Merston asking her not to come to London; and Lady Merston was waiting on the steps of the Hall to receive them. Marie put her finger to her lips before she surrendered herself to her friend and guardian's embrace. And the shrewd, loving woman knew that no word of the flight, its reason, or its consequences was to be spoken between them. Philip was so exhausted that he was compelled to go to his room at once, and Lady Merston remained at the Hall to nurse him, as she and Marie had arranged; Marie went back to her castle overlooking the sands on which she and a certain boy named Larry had so often played.

It need scarcely be said that the return of Philip and Marie caused as much surprise and sensation in the neighborhood as Marie's sudden flight and his departure in pursuit of her had done; but Lady Merston, without telling any untruths, had, in the deft way which is so easy to a woman of the world, hinted at an important and mysterious business in Normandy as a cause of Marie's disappearance on the eve of the wedding; and, though her ladyship's explanation was not entirely satisfactory, it was received with an affectation of absolute credence. Everybody had an explanation of his or her own, and most persons surmised that there had been a quarrel between the young people, a misunderstanding which Philip had succeeded in smoothing away.

Nothing could be more correct and sympathetic than the manner of the Bradfinches, the Glennys, the Lawleys, and the other friends and acquaintances when they called at the castle—which they promptly did—to inquire after Marie. And she received them with all her old self-possession and quiet dignity.

She offered no explanation of the sudden interruption of the marriage, but bore herself as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary, and spoke

of Philip as if there had never been any breach between them. Of course they accepted the situation; but they could not fail to notice the change in her, which her perfect manner, her smiling serenity, could not completely mask.

"Something has certainly happened," said Lady Bradfinch to her friend, Lady Glenny. "The dear child has altered very much; she is just as lovely as ever—indeed, that pallor suits her; it makes those eyes of hers and that wonderful hair still more remarkable and attractive—but she is thin; and that little droop of her lip, one notices it more plainly."

"And Philip!" said Lady Glenny. "We hear that he has been terribly ill; met with some accident. William was at the Hall yesterday and saw him for a minute or two, and he, my husband, says that the poor boy is but a shadow of his former self; and he was never very robust. Something mysterious must have happened, my dear."

"Yes," assented Lady Bradfinch. "But we shall never know. Marie can be as silent as the Sphinx when she chooses to be; and Philip will say nothing, of course. Whatever it is, it has not broken off the marriage. Lady Merston—"

"Oh, Lady Merston has shown marvelous tact," broke in Lady Glenny. "I should scarcely have expected it of her; she smiles and talks as if nothing whatever had happened, as if it were quite usual for a girl to disappear on the eve of her wedding and be brought back by her fiancé; as if, in short, the little interlude were really of no consequence."

"And that is exactly how we must take it," observed the countess. "We must all behave as if it were a usual occurrence."

And they did so.

The days passed on, and on every one of them Marie, accompanied by Lady Merston, went to the Hall to see Philip. He had been kept in his bed for a few days, but after a week or two he got up and was able to walk about the house and the grounds; he now



*"I am not likely to come back to England. I hope you will be happy, Lady Marie."*

walked with a decided limp, and he looked very thin and emaciated. One afternoon Marie chanced to see his violin on the table, and she took it up

and put it in his hand, and went to the piano, ready to accompany him.

He had not as yet touched the beloved instrument; and as he took it

now, his pale face flushed, and he looked at Marie gratefully. They played for some time, and the music did him good; so she got him to play at every visit.

Not a word had been said of their marriage, but Philip was terribly anxious to get well enough for the ceremony and a honeymoon journey; and he essayed some walks outside the grounds; and Marie went with him. When she was not at the Hall or in her own room, she spent most of her time pacing up and down the terrace. Once or twice—indeed, many times—she had felt that she ought to go and see Reuben, to give him news of Larry; but her strength failed her. She knew that she could not speak Larry's name without displaying emotion, without reviving with bitter force the memory of those few happy days, the agony of their ending.

Besides, Larry had not written, had gone away again; and, perhaps, she had no right to tell Reuben of Larry's return to England.

On one of her visits to the Hall she met Philip outside the domain. He seemed much better, stronger. Lady Merston, after a moment or two, walked on; and when Marie and Philip were alone, Philip suddenly sprang the subject of the marriage upon her.

"I am so much better, dearest; I am growing stronger every day. I walked quite a long way this afternoon, and my leg scarcely pained me. Marie, you know the wish, the hope of my heart. Will you marry me soon? Remember your promise, there—at Rouen. We have not said a word about the past; we have agreed not to do so. Yes, yes, that is quite right; it is better so! I can trust you now, dearest."

"Yes; you can trust me now, Philip," said Marie, in a low voice. "The wedding shall be when you please."

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips; and he was too overcome for speech at the moment; but presently they talked—he eagerly, excitedly, she calmly, in a low voice, with set face.

And when they had parted, the coldness of her voice, the impassiveness of her face, haunted and distressed him. He limped back to the Hall and absently took up the violin, as another man might take a narcotic or sedative, and he limped out with it to the little glade in the wood, the spot in which he always liked to play. But the strains of the music failed to soothe him, and he lowered his bow with a gesture of impatience, and an irritation which was increased by the sight of a man walking among the trees.

Philip limped toward him and saw that he was the old gipsy whom he had found wandering there some time ago, the old man who had corrected Philip in his playing and had afterward played the violin so wonderfully. The man was walking stealthily, and yet in a leisurely way and with his hands in his pockets, as if he were quite at his ease; and his manner and attitude angered Philip as they would not have done at any other time.

Calling to the man to stop, he limped toward him. The Snapper stopped at once, and, without removing his hands from his pockets, nodded in a casual manner.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Philip.

"Taking a walk and listening to your playing, my lord," replied the Snapper in his soft voice, and with a covert insolence which added to Philip's anger.

"You have no right here," he said. "I told you so the last time I found you here. I was too lenient with you then, and I suppose you are taking advantage of the fact. You must know perfectly well that I cannot have persons walking about the grounds at all hours of the day, as if the place belonged to them."

The Snapper leaned against a tree, and, taking a pipe from his pocket, lit it slowly and carefully, his eyes fixed on Philip with a curious expression, one of sinister mockery. Philip, watching him with rapidly mounting indignation, noticed, as the match flared up and lessened the twilight of the wood, that there was mold on the man's claw-



like hands and on the knees of his trousers—noticed the fact vaguely.

"Be off with you," he said angrily. "Be off at once. I won't have you remain here another minute."

The Snapper looked at him and nodded slowly, his evil looking lips curved with the covert mockery which shone in his dark, piercing eyes.

"And if I don't go in another minute, what will you do, my lord?" he asked. "I want to know, because you don't look as if you were able to tackle even an old man like me; you couldn't very well pick me up and carry me outside the gates."

Philip took out his watch, and, controlling himself, said as quietly as he could:

"I will give you a minute; if you are not gone then, I will call the servants and have you taken to the police-station."

The man still leaned against the tree, stuck his hands in his pockets again, and smoked deliberately, his eyes fixed on Philip's face. Philip stood with the watch in his hand, as motionless as the Snapper. He gave him more than a minute's grace, then he turned toward the house. As he did so, the Snapper said, not hurriedly, but slowly, with his voice like silk:

"When you have called the flunkies, my lord, what are you going to tell them? Whatever it is, I shall have something to say to them as well; and, perhaps, after all, after they have heard me, they won't be so ready as you think to turn the old man off the premises. Hi!" he said a little louder, as Philip did not stop. "I had another reason for coming to the Hall to-night, my lord; two reasons, to speak the truth. One of 'em I don't choose to tell you; but the other I will, and, by Heaven! if you care for yourself and the pretty lady at the castle, you'd better come back and listen."

Philip swung round and limped quickly toward him, lifting the stick to strike him.

"You insolent vagabond! You dare to utter Lady Marie's name, to threaten—"

The Snapper caught the stick and averted the blow with one hand, and seized Philip's arm with the other. The evil old face was livid and distorted with rage.

"You strike me, you—you young hound!" he hissed. "Stand there!"

With a strength amazing in a man of his age, he half-hurled, half-thrust Philip against the tree on which he himself had been leaning.

"Stand there and listen to me," he snarled; and in a voice that grew calmer and as soft as usual as he went on, he poured out slowly a stream of words which chained Philip to the spot, rendered him motionless with amazement and horror.

### CHAPTER XXX.

As the Snapper proceeded with his revelation—and a terrible revelation it was—Philip sank to the foot of the tree and covered his face with his hands. The gipsy was quite calm now, and he stated his case with a lucidity and a directness which had their due effect upon the horror-stricken listener.

Philip at last broke silence. "It's not true!" he cried hoarsely. "It is a tissue of lies, concocted for the purpose of blackmailing me."

The Snapper shrugged his shoulders.

"It's true enough," he said quietly. "If you want further proofs you can have them; but if there are any natural feelings, your own will tell you that I am speaking the truth. The question is: What are you going to do—my lord?" He paused before the title with a significance that made Philip shudder.

"I don't know, I don't know! I must have time to consider, to think over this awful story of yours. I must consult my lawyer, Mr. Sherborne."

"No, that won't suit me," said the Snapper decidedly. "That will give the show away; and if anybody is going to do it, I should like to do it myself. I should naturally look after my own scheme. I should say I had only just discovered it, and play the part of a virtuous denouncer of a great wrong. The other party would no doubt re-



ward me. Say the word, and I will be off to the lawyer at once and make a clean breast of it. But if you want my advice, I'll give it to you. Of course it isn't disinterested, because I want to make a bit out of this business, my lad." Philip started at the man's familiarity. "I should say if you were a wise man, you will make terms with me, hold your tongue, and let affairs go on as they are. Why, after all, it may be only a cock-and-bull story of mine; that I may be just romancing. You've only to go on believing that, and that the story is so wild that it isn't worth your while to investigate it. I sha'n't give you any trouble. Why, you must see that it would pay me better to keep my mouth shut, to receive a lump sum down and an income sufficient to keep an old gentleman with a taste for roving."

"No, no!" breathed Philip. "I could not do it. I must convince myself of the truth or falseness of your statement. If it is true—oh, God forbid!—I must at once take steps, I must surrender everything."

The Snapper screwed up his piercing eyes and looked at the Hall, of which he could get a glimpse through the trees.

"It is a good deal to give up," he said meditatively. "It's a precious big lot to give up. And it isn't only the title, and the place, and the money, but the young lady——"

Philip rose, with a wild gesture. "Silence!" he said. "I will not have you speak of her."

"Just so," said the Snapper, in his soft voice. "But she's got to be thought of. That's the worst of this world; you've got to think of others. You've got to think of their happiness and the trouble you may bring upon them. I tell you, my lad, I've thought a good deal of her. In fact, I am relying on her, and your fondness for her. Speaking candidly—and I mean to be quite candid and outspoken in this business—I intended keeping my mouth shut until you had married her; you wouldn't have hesitated to come to terms then; but you've forced my

hand to-night; you raised my dander by coming upon me here, just now, and taking the high-and-mighty tone you did. You must admit that it was enough to rouse a man, to be ordered off the place by a chap that ought to have been glad to see him. But respecting Lady Marie——"

Philip held up his hand and limped up and down, trembling with agitation.

It had been of Lady Marie that he had been thinking ever since the Snapper had begun his revelation. Title, estate, money he could have brought himself to surrender. But Marie! The thought of giving up Marie was worse than that of death.

He was undergoing a terrible temptation. Never had his love for her burnt more ardently in his bosom than it did at that moment. And, as usual, the devil was on the side of the tempter. After all, this man's story might be a concoction, and it would be wiser, even absolutely right, to accept his suggestion and believe that the story was false. If it were false, then Philip would be justified in avoiding the scandal which could only annoy and trouble Marie. It would be better to pay the man the blackmail he demanded, to make it worth his while to hold his tongue, to leave the country. As he had said, it could be made his interest to keep silence. Philip was not so foolish as to think that he could purchase such silence by one payment, by a stipulated allowance; but it would surely be better to give up half his fortune than to lose Marie.

And they were going to be married soon! In a few weeks would come the realization of his life's dream, of his life's hope. Since her return, Marie had been kind and gentle to him; she was beginning to love him; full love would come after their marriage.

In a word, her happiness and his lay before him, a glorious vision, a vision which set every nerve thrilling with joy. And he was to destroy all this, take the cup from his lips and fling it aside, because a disreputable gipsy, a man of so low a type as to be unworthy of his notice, sprang upon him

a story, a statement, too preposterous, too far-fetched to be credible.

Marie! Marie! So nearly his! How could he endure a repetition of the agony which her recent flight had caused him? To give him his due, it must be said that he did not think of the shame, the humiliation which awaited him if he made public this old man's statement; but he did think of the humiliation which Marie would have to bear.

Oh! better silence at any cost, at any cost. The trouble would be his; the punishment, if he did wrong in this matter, would be his. He could bear it alone and without a murmur, if Marie were by his side. Why, there would even be a joy in knowing that he was paying a great, a terrible price for her, that he was suffering to avoid, to keep away the evil shadow which must darken her life.

And while this conflict was going on within Philip's racked bosom, while his good and bad angels were wrestling for the poor fellow's soul, the Snapper looked on, smoking deliberately.

"Well," he said at last, "which is it to be? Are you going to play the part of the virtuous young man on the stage who chucks up everything, his sweetheart included, goes out into the world with sixpence in his pocket, and everybody he knows laughing at him for being such a juggins? In the play the young man always comes back with a pocketful of money, things are cleared up to his liking, and he marries the girl, and everything ends happily. Very pretty!" He laughed sardonically. "But that's at the theater. But in real life things don't pan out so cheery. The juggins comes back in rags and finds that his girl has married a fellow with more sense. And serve him right. There's no room for jugginses in this world; there's scarcely room enough for sensible folk. I have no pity for fools myself. Don't you be one, my lad. Don't you knock the bottom out of your happiness and Lady Marie's."

Philip turned upon him angrily; then resumed his pacing with bent head.

"Why, I'm told that since she's come

back she loves the ground you tread on——"

Philip uttered a low cry, and confronted the tempter. "I cannot do it," he said, rather to his own conscience than to the Snapper. "Tell me exactly what you want of me. I do not believe this story of yours——"

"Quite right; that's the line," said the Snapper, nodding approvingly. "It's just a try-on of mine; and you think it better to give me something to shut my mouth than to let me go yawking all over the country with this cock-and-bull story. You feel that it would kick up a stir among your high and noble friends, and give pain to Lady Marie, the high and noble lady you're going to marry. Absurd as the story is, some folks would be sure to say that there is no smoke without fire, and all that sort of thing. We know, we are men of the world, my lad—I mean my lord," he corrected himself with a bow which, half-mocking as it was, indicated that he knew that he had gained the day, that Philip had already succumbed.

There was a moment's silence; then Philip said hoarsely:

"You'd better come to the house."

But the Snapper shook his head.

"Safer not, my lord," he said. "Your lordship's servants would be curious, and wonder why a seedy old gipsy like me was hobnobbing about with you. You mentioned terms. I was thinking of a thousand down, and a thousand a year, paid quarterly."

Philip made no comment on the largeness of the sum. He knew well enough that it would not be the last demand. All his life he would be called upon to pay blackmail. What did it matter?

"Agreed? All right, my lord," said the Snapper pleasantly. "I don't suppose you've got a thousand pounds about you at this moment. It will take you a day or two to raise it. I shall want it in gold; checks are awkward things and easily traced; bank-notes are almost as bad. I'll come for it in a week's time. I'm not afraid to trust you, you see; and I'm not afraid you'll



"You strike me, you—you young hound!" he hissed.

change your mind; for I know that the more you think over this matter, the more you will see that you have come to the right conclusion. This day week, my lord. Good night to your lordship."

He turned to go, but paused, and, looking over his shoulder, said:

"Oh, by the way, if your lordship should happen to see me in the wood here, don't take any notice. And your lordship might say a word to the servants that you have given the poor old gipsy leave to pick up a few bits of sticks for the camp-fire."

With a nod, which was instantly followed by a raising of his battered soft hat, as if he had suddenly remembered the respect due to the Marquis of Belmayne, the evil presence disappeared.

Philip limped toward the house. At the threshold he paused and looked behind him into the darkness which had now fallen. It seemed to him that he had changed his personality; that the man who stood there with ashen face, with furtive eyes, with a form that seemed to shrink from the gaze of his fellow men, was a totally different being to the Philip of a couple of hours ago; that he had left the real Philip out there in the somber wood.

Mechanically he had picked up his violin and carried it with him to the house. He looked at it now with a strange expression; then, with a shudder, a gesture of repudiation, resignation, he flung it from him. The Philip out there in the woods might have continued to evoke its sweet music; but not this present Philip.

He went to the table on which stood the spirit-stand, and poured out a glass of brandy and drank it. The livid pallor of his face gave place to a hectic flush, his eyes shone with an unnatural brilliance, he flung up his head, and laughed harshly, defiantly.

If he sold himself to the devil, he would take the price. There should be no feelings of remorse, there should be no looking back. His price was Marie, and he would have her.

The powers of evil sometimes lend a

fictitious strength to the slaves they hold in thrall. Although Philip had spent a sleepless night, he arose with a strangely determined spirit. The hectic flush was still on his cheeks, the unnatural brilliance in his eyes. He was curiously alert and restless. Geddon observed in the servants' hall that his master was looking much better; quite himself, in fact.

Almost immediately after breakfast, he ordered the carriage and drove to the town. As a rule, he used a dog-cart or a pony-chaise; but this morning he had out the big barouche with its pair of magnificent horses; and as he leaned back, his eyes glancing this way and that, they noted every person they passed or met; and as they curtsied or touched their hats, he bowed or smiled a response more marked, more genial, than he had been accustomed to give; for he had always been somewhat shy and reserved, even with his intimates.

He drove to the bank, and was received by the manager with marked but dignified respect.

"I shall want a thousand pounds in gold, Mr. Gates," he said, with a half-apologetic laugh. "I am making a little purchase of an odd fellow who insists upon having the price in actual money. There will be no difficulty in humoring him, I suppose?"

"Not the least, my lord," replied the manager. "We are quite accustomed to such requests; for a great many of the good folk hereabout do not yet understand the mystery of a check, and are under the impression that a five-pound bank-note is an unsubstantial thing, and certainly not worth four pounds in gold. Will you tell the man to call here, or shall I send it to the Hall, my lord?"

"Oh, send it to the Hall, if you will, please," said Philip. "By the way, how does my current account stand?"

"There is a good balance, my lord," replied Mr. Gates; "but," with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile, "that is of no consequence. Your lordship can, of course, draw upon us for any amount you may require."

He accompanied Philip to the door, and looked after him with a slightly puzzled and curious expression; the marquiss had suddenly exhibited a strangely businesslike spirit; and his manner seemed changed in some peculiar way; he was less shy, more alert and self-possessed than Mr. Gates had ever seen him.

"To the castle," Philip had said as he entered the carriage; and the coachman had turned the horses into the direct road across the heath. As they left the little, picturesque town and entered on the wild and solitary grandeur of the moor, Philip leaned back and closed his eyes. Bravely as he had borne himself at the bank, the interview, trivial as it must have appeared to the manager, had taken something out of Philip. For the rest of his life, he told himself, he would have to live in an atmosphere of concealment, would be doomed to move by devious paths and crooked ways; for the rest of his life he must wear a smiling mask of false serenity. Ah, well, let it be so! It was part of the price.

The carriage climbed the hills and sped swiftly down the heather-lined slopes. After a while Philip opened his eyes and looked absently about him. They were going over his land; he could see it stretching for miles; it was dotted here and there by noble woods, and diversified by well-kept farms; he could see the smoke ascending from the chimneys of the prosperous homesteads. All his. And on the other side of the boundary stretched as prosperous a domain—Marie's. Their lands were linked; their fates were joined. Who was he to sever the tie which had been wrought when they were in their cradles; to cast aside the solemn wish and injunction of their parents?

Something in the last word pronounced by his thoughts made him start.

The carriage was at that moment going slowly up a hill; he looked to the left, and he saw a gipsy's van and tent. A woman was standing there watching the carriage; and as it approached

she came forward slowly, reluctantly, as if she were drawn toward it by a power she could not resist.

Philip watched her with a strange expression on his face, with knit brows and set lips. It was the woman who had come to the Hall the night the old gipsy had played the violin. It was his daughter. Her hair was grayer than it had been then, there were deeper lines in her face, the dark eyes were shadowed by a subtle anxiety, and—was it dread?

She came up to the carriage and looked at Philip, a look compounded of conflicting emotions. Philip leaned forward, drawing a long breath between his teeth. Mechanically his hand went to his waistcoat pocket in search of a coin. The woman grew suddenly red, she shrank back, her dark eyes flashed, and her hands clenched as they held the scarlet shawl about her head. Then suddenly her manner changed, a forced smile came into her face, she cast down her eyes and dropped a curtsy, and, with a gipsy whine, she said:

"God bless your lordship!"

The carriage passed on, and the Marquis of Belmayne dropped back against the softly padded cushions, his eyes staring before him, his lips set, his whole face and attitude one of resolution and defiance.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

It was Linda who first saw Larry on his return to the camp.

On the top of the hill, behind the mine, Larry had one day constructed a rough kind of shanty or arbor, so that Linda might be sheltered from the winds when she sat at work there; for it was a favorite place of hers, and, since his departure from the camp, she had spent a great deal of her time there.

She was not always at work; sometimes she sat with her hands lying idle in her lap, gazing absently on the broken plain below her, as if she were watching and waiting. She had grown thinner and less blithesome during Larry's absence, and she did not sing



now; nor did she visit the mine so much, though her care of her father and Spon did not relax.

On a certain afternoon, as she sat in the arbor, looking straight before her, she saw a figure toiling slowly and painfully across the valley. She held her breath for a moment, and the color flooded her cheek, then she flung aside her work and sped down the hill; and, pausing a moment at the mouth of the shaft to shout: "He has come back!" ran swiftly toward the wood.

She met Larry there; and breathless, pale with her run, she held out both hands. Larry took them and wrung them; and they looked at each other, but they both said very little; indeed, there was not much time, for Spon came hurrying to join them.

"Larry, Larry!" he said; but his voice was thick and his eyes were moist, and he scanned Larry anxiously. And with reason; for Larry was pale and haggard; his clothes were tattered and torn and hung upon him, as if they had been made for a much bigger man; he was deplorably thin and wan.

They led him to the hut, and Spon would not let him tell his story until he had been fed. Linda swiftly got a meal together, glancing at him whenever she came in sight of him, and once breaking out into song; but she checked herself as she saw his grave and downcast face. When he had finished his supper and the men had lit their pipes, he began his story; Linda sitting in the corner of the hut with her work, but with her eyes continually lifted to his face. Be sure, Larry said nothing about the marquis or Lady Marie, but confined himself to business details.

"I am sorry," he said. "The rubies are gone. The blame rests with me entirely. I ought to have taken greater care; I was too self-reliant. I made every endeavor to recover them; but I failed. The French police are as clever as ours—cleverer, perhaps; but they could find no clue. The man who robbed me must have been an old hand at the game, and he got off as effectually as if he had disappeared

through the earth. The blame is mine, as I said; and, of course, I relinquish any future share I may have in the mine until your two shares are made up."

"You will do nothing of the sort, my lad," said Spon. "It's a matter of business. The risk was ours as much as yours; we might have lost 'em, if we had gone instead of you. Eh, Hepburn?"

Hepburn grunted hearty assent; but Larry shook his head.

"That's not fair," he said. "I'll work out the loss."

Spon winked to Hepburn, and nothing more was said on the question.

Larry had had a bad time on his journey from the coast, and was compelled to take a day's rest before resuming his work at the mine; but when he did begin, he fell to with a will. "With a will" is scarcely the phrase, for he worked doggedly and without his old cheerfulness.

It soon became evident to his companions that the hardships of travel were not the only cause of the change in him. He still remained thin and haggard, and was given to long fits of silence and a desire for solitude. Linda often came upon him sitting in some lonely place with his chin in his hands, as if he were brooding.

He always jumped up at her approach and greeted her cheerfully; but the cheerfulness was only forced, and his light-hearted manner only an assumption of his old one. At first, Linda thought that he was brooding over the lost rubies; but she had all and rather more of the perspicacity of her sex; and she began to suspect that something more had happened during his absence than he had related. She was quick to suspect a woman in the case; it is as much a creed of women as of men that, when a man is in trouble, if you want to find the cause you must search for the woman.

And she asked no questions—how could she? She waited. Unobtrusively she tried to cheer him; as unobtrusively she ministered to his wants—they were all too simple for her—saw



that he was properly clad, did not permit him to miss his meals, as he was inclined to do, and fended off the kindly meant but unwelcome attentions of the two men who tried to conceal their concern and anxiety at the change in their comrade.

And, absorbed as he was in his love for Marie, Larry was not insensible to the girl's care for him. He was more than grateful to her for her delicate efforts on his behalf, and often, as he sat alone and brooding, he remembered what Spon had said about Linda and himself. Marie was lost to him forever; but, indeed, she had never been his—the only thing he had to do was to pluck her out of his heart, to erase her from his mind; it was a task he owed to his manhood. Larry was no sentimentalist; and he knew that the man who goes through life wearing the willow, and thrusting possible happiness from him, because he cannot get the woman he wants, plays an unworthy part, and becomes but a cumberer of the ground.

Here was a beautiful and tender-hearted girl who, if she did not actually care for him, might learn to do so; a girl to whom any man might consign his future. Why should he not try to regard her in a warmer light than that of a friend? She had proved herself, since she had joined them, a "good fellow," nay, a sweet, lovable woman; why shouldn't he try to take her for a companion for the rest of his life?

So he tried. He no longer avoided her, and he brought himself to pay her little attentions: a curious flower, some furs he had dressed; he made her a box, and carved it, for her room; finished the arbor on the hill, and so on.

And Linda's eyes grew brighter, the color in her cheeks less hectic and more healthful; she went about the place singing as of old; and her eyes were downcast when Larry spoke to her. The whole camp became more cheerful, and Spon, upon whom the change in Larry's manner was not lost, would chuckle over his pipe when he was alone.

The work at the mine grew more arduous as it proceeded; the shaft had

been sunk deeper, for the rubies were now found in the lower strata, which fact entailed heavier labor. Larry, who had regained his wonted strength, often remained at work after the others had knocked off. Spon had remonstrated, but unavailingly. Linda had not joined his remonstrances; for she knew that it was better for Larry to work than to brood.

One evening she went to the mine with some tea in a can. She leaned over the rough rail at the shaft's mouth and saw the glimmer of the pine torch by which Larry was working, and heard the tap of his pick. She listened for a moment as if the sound were music; but a sweeter music to her ears rose as he answered her call.

"I have brought you some tea," she said, and he came up.

He wiped the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, and looked at her as he took the can from her.

"I am sorry you have taken so much trouble," he said. "You are very good to me, Linda."

"There is not much trouble in bringing a can of tea to a man who is trying to overwork himself," she retorted.

"It isn't only that," said Larry, as he seated himself on the bank beside her and carefully extinguished his torch. "You don't suppose that I'm such a pig as to be insensible to the fact that you spend your life caring for us men, and for me in particular. Sometimes I wonder how we can let you do it. Why, it is we who should wait on you—"

"While I go down that wretched mine and dig, I suppose?" she interrupted him. "You forget that you are slaving to make me rich as well as yourselves. And I wish you wouldn't. I would willingly give up my father's and my share to see you happy."

"Who told you I wasn't happy?" said Larry, with a forced smile.

"My two eyes, my two ears," she responded. "You weren't very happy before you went away, you are still less so now. I know what all this hard work means; you are trying to forget

something. Oh, I don't want to know what it is! I'm not curious. I have no right to know."

Larry was silent for a moment, then he said, in a low voice, and very gravely:

"I wonder whether I might give you the right. I wonder whether I might tell you my story, of the thing that has brought me unhappiness. Linda, do you think you could bring yourself to care for a man who is nothing but a failure, a failure in every sense of the word; a man who has had very little to offer a woman worth her taking, God knows, at any time of his life; but who is now still more worthless because he has set his heart upon a thing and—failed to gain it, and, therefore, can only offer the shreds and husks of a heart? No, it isn't worth your, or any woman's, acceptance."

Her face had flushed, a light had glowed in her eyes, as he began; but her face grew pale and her eyes lost their brightness before he had finished. She was silent for quite a minute; then she said, in a low voice:

"Let me hear the story, Larry."

Larry told her in short, abrupt sentences the story of his life. The early part of it was easy enough in the telling; but when it came to the period in which Lady Marie entered, and the subsequent chapters, the sentences grew briefer, the pauses longer. But at last it was all told, and turning his eyes to her—they had avoided her hitherto—he said:

"There it is. You will think me a weak kind of individual, Linda; that it's like my cheek to offer my precious self to such a girl as you, when I'm in love—was in love." He stammered and paused, dismayed by the slip of candor.

She was silent again; she rose and looked before her into the darkening night. At last she said, in a low voice:

"The—lady is not married?"

"She wasn't when I left," replied Larry, with some surprise at the question. "But I should think she will have been by this time. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing," she said thoughtfully. "You don't want my answer to-night?"

I must think over—all you have told me. You will not mind waiting? And you will wait; you will not ask me again, will let me tell you of my own accord?"

"Yes," said Larry gravely. "It is the least I can do. I deserve to be kept waiting."

"It is not a question of deserving—No, do not come with me; I want to go alone."

Alas! as the truth must be told, it must be confessed that Larry drew a long breath of relief; and was ashamed of doing so.

She went to her own hut and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, her face hidden on her outstretched arm; and she remained thus for a long, long time. She greeted Larry in her usual manner the next morning, but she was very quiet, and there were no more snatches of song.

The following day Spon, who had been down to the woods with his gun, came back with a grave countenance. He had seen the trail of Indians; they had been going in a direction leading away from the mine; but their proximity was ominous. There was nothing of violence to fear from them, as they were friendly enough, but the consequences might be serious if they discovered the mine. The three men held a conference that night; and it was decided that one of them should go to England to form a company for working the mine; he was to take their present stock of rubies and was to return with men, tools, and machinery to develop their property and place it on a sound commercial basis.

"The question is, Who is to go?" said Spon.

"Father and I," said Linda, who had been listening in silence. She spoke in a low voice and very quietly; but Hepburn accepted her decision with a nod of the head and a grunt; and neither Spon nor Larry raising an objection, Miss Linda Hepburn's resolution was carried unanimously.

There was no time to be lost; the next morning they made the few preparations for the departure of the way-

farers; and Larry went a part of the way to see them off. Linda was very white when they stopped to say good-by; and as he held her hand tightly in his, she looked at him fixedly, and, almost inaudibly answering the question in his eyes, breathed the two words:

"Not yet!"

Meanwhile, in England, fate was playing a favorite game of hers, and Philip was the shuttlecock. His convalescence had been a long affair; but he recovered his health sufficiently to obtain from Marie an approximate date for the wedding. To this day—the day that should crown the hope of his life, should give into his hands the prize for which he had sold his honor—he was looking forward with a burning desire, a feverish impatience. And to this impatience Lady Merston and his friends ascribed the change which had come over him.

All of them, and Marie especially, noticed this alteration in his manner and, as it seemed, in his very temperament. He was no longer shy and reserved; there was an air almost of bravado in his manner and his speech; he looked people steadily in the face, and spoke to them with a certain brusqueness and a peculiar hardness, as if he were on the alert to detect and resent some indefinable suspicion or coldness on their part. At the Hall he spent most of his waking hours—and they were many, for insomnia had him in its grip—wandering about the grounds, especially the wood, or pacing his own room. At the castle, though he did not display his restlessness so plainly, he was often abrupt in speech, and irritable; though to Marie, herself, he was all that an ardent lover could be.

His manner improved somewhat as the day approached and he felt the prize almost within his grasp. But, alas for him! fate gave a twist to the bat, and the shuttlecock was knocked out of its course.

Marie fell ill.

She had been ailing for some time; indeed, ever since her return. Even

the strongest woman could not have gone through that time of stress and strain in Normandy without paying for it; and Marie was paying by weakness and a languor of mind and body and spirit. Loss of appetite, insufficient rest, the travail of the soul, had stealthily done their work. The doctor, whom Lady Merston had insisted upon consulting, had murmured courtly phrases and prescribed a tonic.

The tonic failed; tonics will not minister to a mind dejected by such grief, disappointment, and futile longing as lay hidden in Marie's bosom. The doctor was again sent for, saw that she was worse, and, at his wit's ends and greatly concerned, ordered a change of air and scene.

Lady Merston suggested the Riviera; but Marie declined to go to that land of sunshine and color, toward which the eyes of most English folk are, at that season of the year, turned so longingly; and the physician compromised with London.

"Change of scene is what our dear Lady Marie requires," he said. "This is a delightful place; most charming! And the air is, of course, wonderful. But, between you and me, there is nothing very much the matter with the air of London, especially the western and the northern parts; and there is plenty of amusement there. London takes possession of you, my dear lady; it demands, insists, upon your attention; it will not allow you to mope and brood. Tut, tut! they are the wrong words to apply to dear Lady Marie's indisposition; but you know what I mean. London! Let us try London. She will come back quite her old self again."

"But the marriage!" murmured Lady Merston.

The suave physician shook his head. "When she comes back, my dear lady, when she comes back! And I think it would be better if Lord Belmayne did *not* go to town just yet. London would not suit him—he is still far from strong—and our dear Lady Marie would only be anxious on his account."

So Marie and Lady Merston went to town. It was the off season, but there

were quite enough families in London to provide society for Lady Marie; and quite a number of exalted persons were delighted to welcome her back to the scene of her former triumph. But Marie had no mind to play "the belle," and showed a distaste, which Lady Merston ascribed to her indisposition, to parties and large social functions. It was a relief to her to get away from the castle—and the Hall—and though she did not "go out," as her friends would have liked her to do, she went out in another sense. More often alone than otherwise she made acquaintance with some of the historic spots which closely dot the great city; she spent hours in the National Gallery, often seated on one of the benches, apparently lost in the beauties of a masterpiece; she was fond of the park, choosing the unfrequented paths and trimly kept glades; and she found a deep interest in watching the crowds that thronged the streets, and sometimes she joined them—how horrified Lady Merston would have been if she had known it! Sorrow makes us sympathetic; and Marie, as she glanced at some care-worn face, at the drooping head of a passer-by, wondered and tried to guess at his or her history. In a word, she was receiving a part of her life's education which she had hitherto had no chance of acquiring.

But she did not recover her old form, and it seemed to her that the light-heartedness, the buoyancy, had gone forever. Some days she was so weak and disinclined to exertion, that she remained at home, reading or playing, and not seldom lying back in a chair with her book turned downward and her eyes half-closed; with the vision of those days in Normandy with Larry floating before her.

One afternoon she was lying thus, waiting for the servant to turn on the electric light, for the early London twilight was closing in, when there came a knock at the door, and a footman entered.

"A lady wishes to see you, my lady," he said.

Marie woke from her reverie. "A

lady? What is her name? Where is the card?"

"She did not give me a name; she said your ladyship did not know her; but that she hoped you would see her, as she had come a long journey."

"Oh, please let her come up at once," said Marie, with a natural but not very keen curiosity.

The man ushered in a young girl, tall and slim, with a mass of fair hair. Marie could not see her face because of her rather thick veil. Marie signed to a chair, and said, in her clear, musical voice, and in a kindly tone:

"You wish to see me?"

The visitor raised her veil, and Marie saw that she was extremely pretty, with blue eyes that wore a grave and slightly anxious expression.

"Yes," replied the girl; "I have come a very long way to see you." She had been looking at Lady Marie as keenly as Lady Marie had been regarding her; and as she spoke she gave a little sigh, as of reluctant admiration; and with reason, for Marie, notwithstanding her pallor and her fragility, was looking lovely. "I have come from America."

"So far!" said Marie. "Then—your business must be of importance; I mean you must wish to see me very much."

"It is not my business," said the girl. "I have come on behalf of a friend, to try and help him. Oh, how hard it is!" she broke off, her lips quivering. "I don't know where to begin, how to say what I want to say; and yet I have said it all to myself so many times; for I knew that you would see me, Lady Marie."

"Why, of course," said Marie sympathetically; for she felt drawn toward this pretty girl, and much impressed by her evident timidity and nervousness. "Wait a moment! We will have some tea."

She rang the bell, and while the tea was being brought she talked about London, anything that came into her mind.

"I am not at home, James."

"Now we shall be quite alone, and undisturbed," she observed to her vis-



*"I want your answer, Lady Marie. I want it now."*

itor. "Will you have some sugar? Draw your chair nearer the fire. You know my name; will you tell me yours?"

"Linda Hepburn," said Linda.

Marie did not put down her cup or start, but the color stole into her face, and she looked fixedly at Linda.

"Yes, I have heard the name," she said very quietly.

Linda flushed slightly, and her eyes were downcast for a moment; but she raised them again bravely.

"The friend on behalf of whom I have come is in great trouble, Lady Marie," she said. "I want to tell you how I came to know him. It was in a wild place, in one of the loneliest parts of America. He and my father and another man have been working together. He is one of the bravest, the best, men I have ever known, any one has ever known. And I have lived a rambling, roving life ever since I was a little girl. I have never met any one like him; so strong, so gentle; so—so

true. Such men are rare, Lady Marie, as you must know better than I, you, who are a great lady and see so many men."

Marie had turned toward the fire, and was gazing at it intently; her lips moved, but no sound came; and Linda went on:

"He worked hard, they all worked hard, but none harder than he; for he was working for a fortune, a fortune that he might lay at the feet of the woman he loved."

The color stole to Marie's face, and she put up her hand, as if to shield her cheeks from the fire.

"She was a great lady," continued Linda. "And he was only a common man—I hate the word when I think of him! I mean, that he was just a working man. But how different to the usual working man! He is a *gentleman* in the best and truest sense of the word; I know that, who know so little. The mine—it was a ruby-mine—was a good, a rich one; there was



every prospect of his becoming a very wealthy man; and I know in my heart that all the time he was working so hard—he has the strength of two ordinary men,” she interjected with a touch of pride in her low voice—“he was buoyed up with the hope of some day being able to return to England, to go to her and say: ‘I am a rich man now; I want you to be my wife.’”

Marie turned her head so that her face was quite hidden from her visitor. There was a pause; then Linda went on:

“He had to come to England with some rubies. He met with some strange adventures, so strange that they sound like those in a novel, and he was robbed of the rubies. That was bad enough, but worse happened to him, for he met the woman he loved, and he learned that she was engaged to marry another man. He might have pleaded his cause, have stood in to take his chance; but the other man, a great lord, had saved his life, and my friend is a man—oh, so unlike ordinary men!—who thinks a great deal of honor, who sacrifices everything to it. So he said nothing of his love to the lady; he gave her over, yielded her, to the nobleman, and went back to America to work, to slave, to make up for the rubies he had lost.”

Marie leaned forward, her chin in her hands, her face very pale, her eyes hidden by their drooping lids.

“So his life is wrecked and ruined,” said Linda, after a pause. “He works doggedly and without hope. He is thin and wan”—her voice broke for a moment, but she mastered it—“and unhappy; oh, very unhappy! I think if he could die honestly, fairly, he would do so. And I think what makes it worse for him is the thought, the—doubt whether the lady he loves does not care for him. And I—forgive me!—I, too, doubt. I don’t see how any woman whom he loved could fail to care for him, to return his love.”

There was a simplicity in the tone, the voice of the speaker which touched Marie more, perhaps, than anything Linda had hitherto said.

Marie’s lips quivered, she trembled all over.

“How—how did you come to know all this?” she breathed.

“Larry”—Marie started at the name—“he told me. He asked me to be his wife,” said Linda, with touching simplicity.

“And you?” asked Marie, almost inaudibly.

“I would not give him an answer; I asked him to wait. I knew that he loved this lady still. Why, he had loved her since they were boy and girl! And I knew from all he told me about her that she was a good woman; that, perhaps, she really loved him and was going to marry the other man against her will. And I said to myself that I would go to England and see her, if she would let me do so; that I would tell her how much she was losing.”

Marie rose and stood looking down at Linda with a piercing gaze.

“You, too, love him!” she said, in a whisper.

Linda rose. “Yes,” she breathed. “I love him; love him too well to see him unhappy, to see his life wrecked, without—without trying to help him!”

With a quick movement, obeying the impulse of her heart, Marie went to her, and, putting her arms round her, kissed her; and still held Linda as she cried in a low voice:

“You noble-hearted girl! Oh, there never was any one so good, so brave, so true! I feel so mean, such—such a worm in your presence!”

Her eyes were full of tears; they ran down her cheeks.

“Oh, what shall I say to you, what shall I do?”

Linda also was crying, and through her sobs she said brokenly:

“Say the right thing, do the right thing, Lady Marie! I know that you love him. I have suspected it all along. Don’t leave him there broken-hearted, don’t ruin his life, don’t kill him—for it will only be death in life for him without you.”

“But you, but you!” panted Marie.

“Don’t think of me,” said Linda.



"It's him we have to think of. I don't count—come to that, we neither of us count! We are only women, ordinary women; but Larry's a man in a thousand. He is worth twenty such as we are. Besides," she caught her breath, "I love him—oh, I'm not ashamed to say it—I want him to be happy! If you don't have him—yes; I'll speak the truth; I came here to do so—I'll chance it; I'll marry him—and try to make him happy. But I shall fail, and I shall have all the misery of knowing that while he is striving to be true to me, he will be thinking of, and longing for, *you*. There's the truth. And I want

your answer, Lady Marie. I want it *now*. If you love him, if you are a true woman——"

Marie stood, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes fixed on something beyond the confines of the room.

"Tell him," she said, in a low but distinct voice, "that—that—I leave the decision with him. That if he, knowing all that he knows, will come to claim me, I will yield myself to him."

Linda drew a long breath and stood motionless for a moment; then, lowering her veil with trembling hands, she said in a whisper:

"I knew I should win."

TO BE CONTINUED.



#### THE PARSON'S RUSE.

PARSON JOHNSON, of the Blackville Church, paused, after examining the contributions, and then said: "Will de brother who dropped a five-dollar gold piece in de box by mistake fo' a suspender-button please step forward and git his money?"

Ten men stepped toward the pulpit. Looking at them closely, the parson exclaimed: "I'se sorry—but dar wuz no gold piece in de box. I only wanted to find out who put in dem ten suspender-buttons. I will now pray fo' your souls."



#### A SURE CASE.

HAROLD—I am quite sure I love her!

JERROLD—Nothing is sure but death and taxes.

HAROLD—That's just it—her dad is taxed for two millions, and can't live two months!



#### CASHED OR GASHED.

IS this your name, sir?" asked the new teller of the Possum-Run Bank.

"It is, sah," said Colonel Bloodybend.

"Well, I don't know you, and you will have to be identified;" and the teller turned lightly from the window, and neatly decapitated an aged fly with his ink-eraser.

The colonel gasped slightly, and then said in a mildly incredulous tone: "But did I rightly undahstand yo' to ask me if this was my name, sah?"

"I believe you did," said the fly-jabber.

"And did I not reply that it was, sah?"

"Haw—yes—jesso, sir!"

The colonel shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, gently insinuated one hand into his bootleg, tapped tremulously on the glass counter with his bowie-knife, and lisped: "And do you mean to insinuate that a Bloodybend would lie about his own name, sah?"

The teller, being a man of nerve, deliberately took the risk of cashing the check—much to the colonel's discomfiture.

The  
**Out-of-Town Girl**  
 in New York  
 by Grace Margaret Gould

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. COOPER

OUR out-of-town girl didn't have to come to New York to meet Cupid. Being an unusually attractive young person, she has had for some time rather more than a bowing acquaintance with this uncertain, jolly little god of love.

Of course no one disputes the facilities which New York offers to Cupid, but leafy lanes and moonlight nights on silvery waters in a boat just built for two have advantages of their own which perhaps the little out-of-town girl might dwell upon at length, if she happened to care to. But there is one thing certain, and we know it because she has said so herself—namely, that never before has the out-of-town girl run across Cupid when he was in such a recklessly extravagant mood as she has found him in right now. He is getting ready to celebrate the one day out of the three hundred and sixty-

five which he claims for his very own, and, with the aid of the New York girl, speaking of her collectively, he has quite revolutionized the making and giving of valentines.

Getting valentines each year is no

new thing to our out-of-town girl. She can remember receiving the bits of lace paper, with their sweet love-verses, ever since the time when she wore short skirts and a pigtail down her back, and, later, the more dignified and artistic card valentines. But not until this year had she heard of the new gift valentines. Of course it was a New York girl who told her—her hostess, in fact—and she couldn't help but gasp at this new ruse of Cupid's for making his victims spend their money.

The gift valentine is New York's newest fleeting fad. It pleases the New York girl, therefore it's a success. The old-time idea of a



*It will be the fashion this spring to wear a stiff linen collar with a lingerie waist.*

valentine has faded into nothingness; the new valentines are an apt illustration of the extravagance of the age.

There is nothing uncommon about the New York girl receiving a valentine costing anywhere from ten to one hundred dollars. An edition de luxe of her favorite book, tied with a broad satin ribbon, which bears a little printed card "To my Valentine," is one of the popular valentines for 1907.

Our out-of-town girl had a chance to see some of the most novel and beautiful of the new valentines, and to her they were indeed a revelation.

One of the most expensive was in the form of a fancy straw braid automobile. At the steering-wheel sat Cupid, a pink-and-white little figure in bisque. The front part of the car was in the form of a hamper packed with bonbons, and the back seat was filled with flowers. Imagine such a gift posing as a valentine, and yet this is just the sort of valentine that many a New Yorker will receive on February 14.

Book-holders in green bronze are among the artistic gifts which will be seen as valentines. These book-holders show a bas-relief of little chubby Cupids in the act of pushing with all their might. They are the decorative feature of the green bronze book-holders. A set of two costs five dollars. One book may be held between the two

bronze standards, or as many more as one wishes.

Candy promises to be a very popular valentine—that is, if the candy-boxes designed specially for February 14 prove anything. There are boxes in the form of satin-covered hearts, charmingly hand-painted. Then there

are heart-shaped boxes of water-color paper, decorated with a hand-painted Cupid just about to shoot one of his telling love-arrows.

Other candy-box novelties look like a small, satin-covered hassock, on which, very comfortably seated, is a little plaster cast of Cupid, with so serious an expression on his chubby face that he is referred to as "Meditation." The hassock is filled with candy, and Cupid does not necessarily have to sit on this satin cushion; he can meditate and try to solve his most puzzling love-affair just as well perched on the top of bookshelves, or on the desk of the girl who owns him. To be more explicit,

the plaster cast of Cupid is not fastened to the hassock candy-box, but can be put where one pleases.

Heart-shaped picture-frames are also posing as valentines this year. Sometimes they are of silver, studded with rhinestones, with two smaller hearts intertwined at the top; and then, again, they may be home-made affairs, and very much cheaper. The girl who has a bit of an artist in her can make a



*Stole and round muff made from an old Chantilly lace shawl.*



*The latest in picture frames, which is one of the new gift valentines.*



*A heart-shaped pincushion is now regarded as a valentine.*



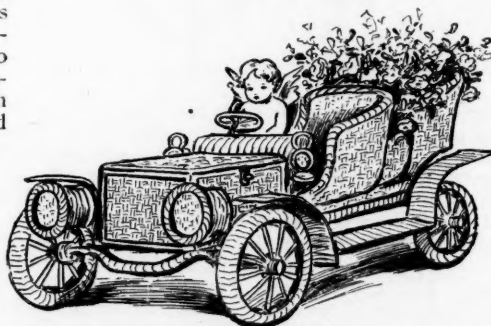
*This Cupid plaster cast may be sent as a valentine.*

heart-shaped picture-frame out of water-color paper, and she can add to its novelty and charm by making two little Cupids out of this same paper, painting them to make them look natural, and then cutting out the little figures and neatly pasting them to the top of the frame. The standard of the frame should be made of heavy cardboard.

Blotters as valentines are another novelty of the day. They are made of two or three oblong pieces of blotting-paper, tied with ribbons to colored, stiff paper in the same shape, upon which little Cupids are printed in shades of brown. Some of these tops for blotters show two little racing automobiles, each with a Cupid handling the steering-gear. Others show the little god of love shooting one of his fatal arrows straight at the heart of a pretty girl.

Heart-shaped pincushions will also be sent as valentines. Some are big silver hearts perforated with holes, through which the pins are thrust. Others are two silver hearts, clasping between them a velvet heart, which is used for the cushion; and then there is a whole array of silk and satin heart-shaped cushions, which are easy to make, and yet are attractive gifts.

After seeing all these gift valentines, it didn't surprise the out-of-town girl to learn that much jewelry will be sent as valentines this year. Heart-shaped silver buckles are considered an appropriate valentine, as well as cuff-links in the shape of hearts and hat-pins, with a jewel-studded heart for the top. A small card bearing in illuminated letters the words "To my Valentine" is always tied to the gift.



*The automobile valentine which brings candy and flowers, to say nothing of Cupid himself.*

The out-of-town girl always expects to be surprised when she is in New York. And she always is, in one way or another. Perhaps this is because the girls whom she visits are so clever and original; and perhaps it's because New York in itself is such a wonderful kaleidoscope to the stranger within its gates.

A valentine fair was one of the surprises for our out-of-town girl. It was to be held a week before Valentine's day at the very house where she was visiting. Her hostess informed her that the idea of a valentine fair might sound frivolous, for nothing but valentines of one sort or the other were to be sold, but the purpose of the fair was really worth while. Its object was to raise money to be spent entirely for Lenten charities. In planning the fair, one table had been reserved just for Cupid. Here pictures of the little god of love were to be displayed; plaster casts of Cupid, and any novelty under the sun that might appropriately be decorated with a little Cupid. Of course there was to be a candy-table, with heart-shaped boxes in great variety, all ready to be sent as valentines. The only ices and creams that were to be served, were to be in the form of hearts and Cupids. One end of the large drawing-room was to be fitted up as a rose-garden,

and in a rose-covered bower a pretty girl was to be stationed, who, by means of her knowledge of astrology, would look into the future love-affairs of each man or maiden who came to consult her.

Everything pertaining to the plans for the valentine fair were of the greatest interest to the out-of-town girl. She enjoyed hugely attending the meetings that were held at the homes of the different girls who were to take part in

the fair. That, incidentally, she learned much about the fads of fashion at these meetings it goes without saying, for clothes, of course, were discussed as well as plans for the fair.

To her astonishment she soon discovered that all the smart New York girls were giving special thought to the back effect of both their gowns and hats.

How they

looked from the back seemed to concern them more than anything else. This was specially apparent in the hats they wore, for oftentimes the front effect was very plain, while the back was strikingly conspicuous. If the hat, for instance, was trimmed with ostrich-feathers, it would be at the back that these feathers would show, not in the front. Even the brim of the hat was of no account toward the front, but would spread out in an important way toward the back, presumably as a



*It is the fashion to have the jeweled necklet and the armlet match.*

foundation for the mass of trimming that was to be banked upon it.

All the newest waists that our out-of-town girl saw were trimmed elaborately at the back; and she heard the girls talk at the meetings of the new Eton jacket that the best dressmakers in town were exploiting. It was an Eton with an Empire back, and it was to be one of

the very smart fashions for spring. Princess gowns, with these cut-up-in-the-back Eton jackets, were to be among the leading spring modes, so she was told.

Then she also discovered that it is nowadays quite the smart thing in jewelry to buy a bracelet to match one's necklet. All the girls were wearing necklets set with semiprecious stones, such as tourmalins, chrysoprased, etc., and then on the left arm a large bracelet studded with stones to match. These bracelets, or, as the girls called them, armlets, were very wide indeed, generally of a band of gold, and they had a most Oriental effect. Only one was worn, and this generally was fastened above the elbow.



*This early spring costume shows that the back of the gown is now quite as important as the front.*

Another little fashion fad that the out-of-town girl was quick to discover, was that the smartest of the New York

girls whom she met wore with their sheerest lingerie waists stiff linen turn-over collars; sometimes plain and sometimes embroidered. Generally the collar was fastened with a jeweled pin, and in place of a silk necktie a big tulle bow was worn. It was interesting to observe that the bow was seldom white; in fact, it generally matched or blended with the skirt.

The out-of-town girl always declared that to be educated in dress it was only necessary to see all the frocks and frills which her hostess called her wardrobe. There was always something unusually novel

among the collection, and frequently something which she might copy for herself. The latest was a neck-piece and big muff

made of lace. It was wonderfully beautiful. The lace was of the finest Chantilly, in white, and was mounted

over a foundation of white satin. The stole neck-piece was finished with a border consisting of a little lace ruching, and the big, old-fashioned, round lace muff had deep lace frills at the ends. The out-of-town girl admired



this unique set more than all the others which her hostess owned, and she was a very much astonished young person when she learned that her very rich New York girl friend had used her great-grandmother's Chantilly lace shawl to make the stole and muff. The shawl was an heirloom, but, though the lace was very fine and exquisitely beautiful, yet in some places it was not in

perfect condition, so it could not be made over into a lace gown, or even a lace overskirt. The quick wits of the girl who owned it, however, saw at once its possibilities for a stole and muff, so she used it in this way, with the result that it not only was much admired by our little out-of-town girl, but by many of her smartest and most up-to-date New York girl friends.



### Even-song

YOU hear the sound  
Of the reaper's feet.  
Leaf and flower they've bound,  
And tares and wheat.  
Light or heavy sheaf,  
Heavy heart or light,  
To gladness or grief,  
Good night!

"Oh, weary reaper,  
With golden grain!  
Hast thou reaped in joy,  
Who didst sow in pain?  
May the ripened corn  
Thy toil requite!  
Till the breaking morn,  
Good night!"

In tears as I sowed  
I have reaped in tears.  
I have borne my load  
Of the priceless ears.  
But the wind is cool,  
And the west is bright,  
And the sheaf is full,  
Good night!

MAY KENDALL.

# A Beauty Talk to Busy Housewives

by Augusta Prescott



HOW TO DO HOUSEWORK WITHOUT INJURING ONE'S BEAUTY  
AND HOW TO BE AS PRETTY WHEN WORKING AS  
THOUGH ONE DID NO WORK AT ALL

**I**N theory housework injures one's beauty. Actually it does nothing of the sort; and in many instances it is a real aid to good looks.

The girl who knows how to perform her household tasks in a hygienic manner is greatly benefited thereby. She keeps down her weight, she broadens her chest, she brings roses to her cheeks, and her spirits are uplifted.

But it is the girl who does not know how to work prettily who emerges from the smallest task with her hands rumpled, her back aching, her shoulders rounded, and her face the picture of woe.

The difference is all in knowing how.

There is a very pretty valentine of a girl standing in front of a fire while Cupid stirs the pot. And there is another showing a pretty girl facing a pan of dishes while the little god of love wields the dish-mop. It is merely a sentiment, merely a suggestion. But it is enough to promote the thought that a girl may be lovable and pretty even though compelled to dabble in housework.

And what woman does not do at least some housework in these workaday, practical times? It may be no more than the dusting of bric-à-brac. But it is something, and it is enough to mar one's beauty if one does not do it right.

For many of the dirtier pieces of work there come thin rubber gloves which can be slipped on. But in case one forgets them, or lacks them, there are other ways. If the woman who has been dusting will wash her hands well in soap and not too hot water, and if she will rinse them in borax and water, followed by a liberal rubbing with a good skin food, she need have no cause for complaint against the roughness of her hands. In the lack of skin food sour milk may be used, or cream, or a tiny bit of salad-oil, if one has nothing else.

There is in one of the apartment homes of New York a woman who is noted for her handsome figure. She is tall, straight, beautifully formed as to shoulders and chest; and there is not an ounce too much fat upon her.



WHEN YOU SEW SEAT YOURSELF COMFORTABLY WITH YOUR ELBOWS SUPPORTED

"How do you keep your figure?" she was asked. "And how do you keep your complexion?"

"By washing dishes," was the prompt reply. "I prepare breakfast and luncheon," said she. "And there are dishes afterward. In working I am careful always to stand erect. I never slouch down nor stand sideways. I balance myself levelly upon both feet. And I wear heels of moderate height with a good instep. I never put on bad shoes even for housework. I find that I develop my chest and broaden my shoulders by the mere motion of lifting the dishes. It is my calisthenics. As for my complexion, well, it is steamed twice a day! A little soap and water and a dash of cold-cream with a dusting of powder keeps my skin perfect."

The lesson would be a good one for all to heed. Remember that, in times of stress and strain, you can indulge in any kind of kitchen gymnastics without in the least imperiling your good looks.

Sewing is one of the most unfortunate of occupations for a woman, for the reason that it is confining, and, at the same time, it is hard upon the eyes.

A physician, when asked his opinion upon sewing as a means of destroying a woman's beauty, said:

"There is no reason why a woman should become old and tired from using the needle, no matter how steadily she may sew. The question is largely one of personal comfort. If she will seat herself in an easy chair she will find the first solution of the problem. She should, if possible, select a chair with arms so that she can rest her

elbows upon them. And she should aim to hold her work near to her eyes, so that she need not stoop. If she will do these things she can sew without becoming crippled and yellow."

There are some golden rules for houseworkers that should be pasted in every boudoir or in every room where the houseworker recuperates. And one of these is the rule of rest. Stop working and rest awhile.

Nothing makes wrinkles like fatigue, and the minute a woman is tired she should stop and rest. She should also sniff some nerve-renewing scent.

There is a club-woman who lives in a town where the life is most strenuous. And this woman has upon a glass shelf in her bathroom a row of bottles and jars that would drive away the tired feeling from any woman, no matter how fagged out!

One of the bottles is labeled "Tired Lotion." It contains nothing more than a pint of orange-flower water into

which there is put about ten drops of benzoin. This is used to bathe a tired brow after the face has been dashed with hot water. It acts as a wrinkle eradicator.

Another bottle contains an ounce of ammonia into which there is put an equal portion of the very best essence of sweet violets. This makes a most excellent inhaling odor when one feels exhausted. In another bottle there is some glycerin and rose-water to keep the lips from chapping and to make them rosy; and in a fourth there is peroxid of hydrogen to take stains off the hands and face. Besides these, there are skin foods, cold-creams, glove-pastes, and all sorts of toilet preparations for the preservation and restoration of the cuticle.

The woman who is suddenly driven to taking up the drudgery of her own housework is apt to grow neglectful. She is too tired to care how she looks; yet, as a matter of fact, nothing rests one like attending to one's beauty, when one is tired.

If the tired-out woman will shake down her hair and give it a dry shampoo, using the electric comb and brush, she will feel like a new person. After she has done this she can scatter very finely powdered corn-meal in her hair, following this with a brisk brushing with an ordinary brush. The matter of Marceling the hair is now quickly managed.

As for the complexion, no matter how hard and stiff it feels, it can be washed with soap and water. And this is followed by a rinsing

in bran-water. Then comes the light massage with cold-cream or wrinkle food—just as occasion demands—and finally there is the dusting with good face-powder. This treatment alone will drive away the headache and restore the spirits.

The matter of scent is a very important one. The woman who finds herself compelled by chance or change to do unusual work will discover the great advantage of having something invigorating to smell. It will act as a germicide and antidote.

The English housewife who does a deal of work in a morning is in the habit of wheeling a shoulder-high rose jar from room to room in order that its scent may penetrate every corner. Every few minutes she stirs it with a stick. And she also scatters sweet water, of which she keeps great jugs, and she sweetens the out-of-the-way corners



REST A MINUTE NO MATTER HOW BUSY YOU ARE

with ground sachet and powdered herbs.

There are people who are very susceptible to the right odors, and the woman who is affected by them will find them of the greatest use in the preservation of her youth. They keep up her spirits, keep down her wrinkles, soothe her nerves, and act as a real tonic. The old-fashioned woman used the camphor-bottle. But the up-to-date woman uses the flask of scent.

The woman who is busy all the time should find a moment for the rest-awhile exercise. This consists in doing nothing at all. It is an exercise of relaxation. You may think it is easy, but it is not.

There was a Hindu in New York last winter teaching women how to rest awhile. His method was to compel them to sit quietly and gaze upon something without letting the mind wander. The rule was to relax every muscle and take a good rest.

The busy woman can generally find time for the "forty winks" recommended by the old English housewife. But, if she does not care to go to sleep, she can rest her muscles and her nerves. This is accomplished only in one way.

Settle yourself, no matter how nor

where, until you feel perfectly at ease. Not a muscle must have a particle of strain upon it. Sit down, lie down, lean against something. Manage it somehow. But place your muscles at ease. Then attend to your mind.

Let your thoughts be upon pleasant things. Indulge in day-dreams. Be happy. Don't worry. Smile and rest. This may seem ridiculously impossible

for the busy woman, harried by cares. But let her try it and see! It takes but five minutes, and she returns to work feeling as though she had enjoyed a nap. It is the way the Hindus do. And they are the people who have brought nerve science to its highest perfection.

Then the woman who is working must not forget the gospel of dress. This is one that should be preached over and

over again. We cannot all wear silks and brocades. But we can all dress as well as we are able.

If the busy houseworker will conclude her labors with a swift dash into what is called a beauty bath; and if she will follow this with a quick massage with skin food; and if she will then take five minutes' brisk exercise, she will conclude in a much better state than when she began.

Good grooming rests a woman. Good grooming means that the body is cared



A TOUCH OF GOOD POWDER WILL TRANQUILIZE THE SKIN



LEARN THE ART OF TOTAL RELAXATION

for outwardly. And this means that it feels and is in good condition. The horse with a well-brushed coat is more comfortable than the one that has not been curried; and the pet animal whose hide is combed and curled is more at ease than the one who is neglected. It is a homely simile, but capable of application. The tired-out woman grows rested when she has made herself pretty.

Not long ago a certain well-known actress remarkable for her beauty was surprised in the midst of some house-cleaning. She was on her hands and knees in a forgotten clothes-press. "Say I will be ready in half an hour," said she. And then came the beauty tug-of-war.

Drawing a tub of warm water, she threw into it a handful of powdered oatmeal. "That is to soften it," said she. Then she dashed in a cup of soap jelly. There was a hasty dip. Then came a rinse with warm water in which there was nearly a cup of spirits

of cologne sweetened with oil of rose geranium—a veritable beauty bath.

Now, with swift fingers, the actress ran a comb through her front hair. The comb was dipped in alcohol scented with a drop of oil of jasmine. This made the hair pliable. And it took the iron but an instant to pull the hair into big, loose waves and curls.

The thorough massage of the face was accomplished by filling the palms of the hands with skin food, which was rubbed into the face while it was warm. This made a good foundation for some fine face-powder which exactly matched the skin. The hands, meanwhile, were rubbed over and over again until they were soft. The palms were then slapped until they were pink, while the nails were hastily polished. "I would bleach them with vinegar, if I had time," said the actress.

Finally she rinsed her mouth with a little weak tincture of myrrh, rubbed her lips with cologne to make them red, pinched the lobes of her ears for



the same purpose, and clasped around her neck a string of turquoises to exactly match her eyes. Her blouse, by the way, was cream, to match her skin, and its trimmings were pink, to match her cheeks. Her hair reflection was found in the gold of her necklace. She was a study in feminine perfection. "It isn't hard when you know how to do it," said she.

"Not hard," said a woman. "But—you've got to learn how—slowly. It can't be all learned in a day."



SNATCH "FORTY WINKS" IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY

## Answers to Correspondents

We are all so interested in SMITH'S MAGAZINE, and we think its art pictures so fine. I enclose the money for a subscription, and I would like to ask you to send me a good beauty formula. I will be much obliged to you for it.

BEAUTY SEEKER.

Thank you for the subscription. The magazine will be sent you regularly. You do not say what formula you would like; and I have nine or ten most excellent ones. I am, on chance, sending you a skin-food recipe, for it is something everybody ought to have.

I read SMITH'S regularly, and have been wondering if the beauty department is for me. If so, may I ask you for the recipe for soap jelly? I am told it is so good for the hands and face.

MARY T.

It is, indeed, good; and I am mailing it in the self-addressed stamped envelope which you enclosed. Yes, the beauty department is for all who read SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

I am a young old lady. My age is around forty, yet my hair is thin and gray, and I begin to look like an old lady. What can I do? I rely upon your advice.

AUNT GRACE F.

I will send you the formula for my hair-tonic. Your drugist will put it up for you. I do not put up anything at all. But you can get it made at your drug-store, and I think you will find it good.

I obtained from you a very good dietary for weight reduction. And now I would like some-

thing to make my hands white. I am much troubled with a red face and very disagreeable hands.

K. R.

Try the oil bath for your hands. Soak them five minutes every night in sweet oil; then manicure as usual. Rub your face with mutton-tallow thinned with almond-oil. It will take out the roughness. I am glad you succeeded in reducing your weight. No fat woman is attractive.

I am very short, and would like to make myself taller. Is there any way of doing it? Please send me your weight-reducing diet.

MAUDE W.

I do not know of any way to make yourself taller. Carry yourself well, take the stretching exercises, and do not stoop. This will make you look taller. Possibly you are too fat for your height. I send you the Berlin dietary.

I have indigestion, and would like to take your exercises to strengthen the stomach. Kindly advise me.

CAROLINE F.

Open your window mornings, stretch out your arms, and take a deep, full breath. That will help you. Most indigestion is caused by poor teeth. Go to a good dentist, and have him fix your mouth so that you can chew your food.

I am a working girl, and I would have chances if I were better-looking. The trouble is that my mouth is terribly crooked. I am ashamed to laugh. My mouth goes around almost to my ear. I know you help others. Can you not help me?

MISS F.

The trouble is, undoubtedly, with your teeth. You have a missing tooth on the crooked side of your face. Have a dentist replace it with good bridge-work. Then practise mouth exercises for a while until your face adjusts itself to the proper order of things.

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

# WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY



WE exist for years but we live in moments. Each one of us has passed through a dull monotony of days, weary and dark, perhaps, or maybe faintly pleasant, during which we seem to have been only half-awake, the memory of them is so dim and misty. But we have other memories, sharp and vivid, unspeakably precious, of the moments when we really lived, when every fiber was a-thrill with emotion and exaltation, when we were taken out of ourselves, forgot the trivialities, became real men and women, instead of dull, dream-creatures, moving monotonously in a senseless round of habitual actions.

Such moments are the mile-stones of our spiritual experience and growth. Like lightning flashes suddenly discovering an unfamiliar landscape, they give us sharp and fleeting glimpses of a horizon broader infinitely than our minds have known before.

WE have all had such moments. When we fell in love, when all the nights were moonlight and there was the scent of jasmine in the air, when we heard a symphony of Beethoven for the first time perhaps, when we succeeded in the fulfilment of some long-cherished ambitions. We can all, happily, no matter what our lot, look back to some moment when we trod on air and lived in visions, when we felt stirring within us the potentialities of great achievements, when

failure was impossible, when we beheld the wonder of the world and its majesty.

WE blunderingly seek for such moments in fast automobiles, in the excitement of the race-course, and, more blunderingly than ever, in wine and drugs. But the soul is not to be deceived by such material things, and we must surely pay a penalty for all such blunders, for, if we persevere in them, the time will surely come when all capacity for spiritual exaltation is lost forever. The greatness of the artist consists in his ability to catch the essence of the moment of spiritual exaltation; to preserve it imperishably so that we may be thrilled by its fragrance again and again.

WHEN we find a story in which we can breathe the spirit of romance, in which we can feel our emotions stirred and uplifted, we have found something worth the discovery, worth the waiting for, something that will prove a gift to thousands, better and finer than any material gift, because it can bless but cannot injure.

IN her latest novel, S. Carleton has written such a story. "Bellegarde's Girl" is its title. It will appear complete in the April number of SMITH'S MAGAZINE. It would be use-

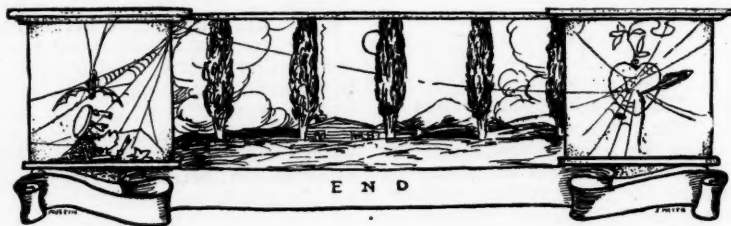
less to say more about it here. Many of you have perhaps read other stories by the same author—"The Mic Mac," "The Ribboned Way," "The Inn of the Long Year." In "Bellegarde's Girl" you will find the same interest, the same charm of well-told narrative, and something more beside. We hope you will enjoy the reading as we have.

THERE are a few men who are allowed by their positions to see strange sides of life—queer depths of rascality, weird examples of perverted ingenuity, the dark and mysterious windings of the underworld. Chief Wilkie, of the United States Civil Service Bureau, is such a man, and it is through his courtesy that we are to present to you next month the true story of the most astounding counterfeiting plot the world has ever seen. It was a plot which, if successful, would have made every national bank in the United States an utterer of counterfeit money, and would have seriously embarrassed the monetary system of the government itself. It would have meant a profit of countless millions to the individual who conceived it, and who was himself a wealthy manufacturer, well known and respected in the community in which he lived. Mr. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, with whose

work you are already familiar, will tell this fact-story in next month's issue.

THE April number will also contain a story of love and adventure by Robert Barr, "The Return of the Colquhoun"; and another of Holman F. Day's delightful tales about Captain Sproul, of Scotaze. In this latest and funniest story, the captain makes the acquaintance of a retired circus proprietor, who keeps a pet elephant, "Imogen" by name.

AFTER you have finished with the present number of SMITH'S MAGAZINE, we wish you would write to us and tell us what you think about it. A good magazine is not made by its editors. It is made by its editors and readers working together in a common cause. We feel that each month has seen an improvement in SMITH'S so far, and we can promise further improvements so long as we have your support and confidence. Our effort is not to make a magazine that you can be persuaded to buy, nor is it to make a magazine that you will buy of your own accord and then throw aside. It is to give you a magazine that you will look for eagerly, that you will keep after you have bought, that will be genuinely helpful to you.





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# Grand Opera for the Edison Phonograph



**T**HIS is the month of grand opera in New York. A new interest in the great singers of the world has been given by the opening of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, and now New York City is the only city in the world where grand opera is given on a grand scale in two opera houses at the same time. This unusual interest in grand opera gives a special point to our announcement of five new grand opera records.

- B 41—"Nobil Dama" ("Noble Lady"), "Gli Ugonotti" ("The Huguenots")—Meyerbeer. By Mario Ancona, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 42—"Guardate pazzo son' io" ("Behold Me, I am Mad"), "Manon Lescaut"—Puccini. By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 43—"Gebet (Prayer)", "Allmacht'ge Jungfrau" ("All-powerful Virgin"), "Tannhauser"—Wagner. By Mme. Rappold, Soprano. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 44—"Bella siccome un angelo" ("Beautiful as an Angel"), "Don Pasquale"—Donizetti. By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 45—"Willst jenes Tage" ("Wilt thou recall that day"), "Der Fliegende Holländer" ("The Flying Dutchman")—Wagner. By Alois Burgstaller, Tenor. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

Comment on this list is almost unnecessary. Wherever music is known and loved these songs are great. Rappold, Scotti and Burgstaller have sung in grand opera all over this country. Ancona is Hammerstein's new baritone. Constantino is now singing in the South with the San Carlos Opera Company. Two selections are from Wagner, including the always popular "Flying Dutchman." Puccini is of special interest not only on account of his "Madame Butterfly" playing here, but also on account of the fact that he is now visiting in this country and conducting his own operas in New York.

If you love good music, go to the nearest Edison store and hear these grand opera records. These five make forty-five Edison Grand Opera Records. The complete list will be sent to any one on request. If you like grand opera music, write for it to-day. Ask for Grand Opera Selections, Supplement No. 5. Anyway, if you care for music, let us send you the following Edison Musical Library. Ask for it to-day, but it will not be mailed until January 28th:

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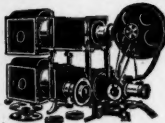
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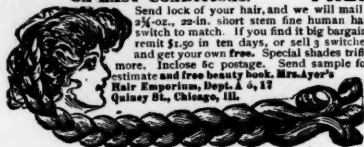
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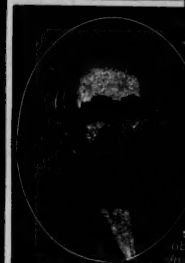


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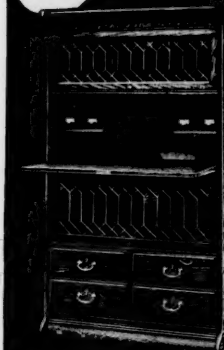
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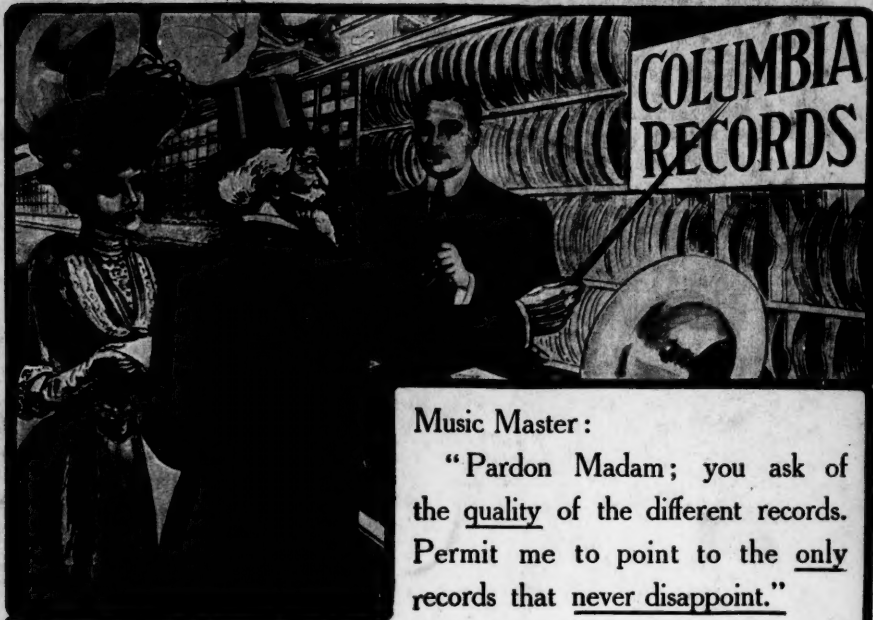


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